REAL WEST MAGAZINE

REAL WEST

50¢ CDC
A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
JUNE 1971

RW/058/EXP/094
D C SANDERS
701 SPRABERRY
MIDLAND TX 79701

TRUE TALES OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

MICHAEL BOURDON MYSTERIOUS MOUNTAINEER

JESSIE JAMES TERROR OF THE UNION PACIFIC

MONTANA'S GHOST FORT

Baker

JIM EAST WESTERN LAWMAN

DESTINY OF DOOM

THE INDIANS STRUGGLE FOR LIFE

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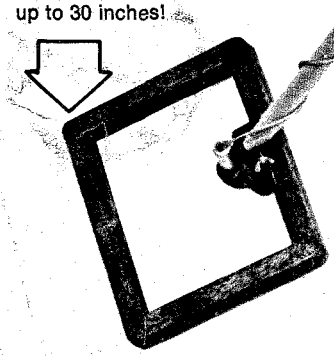

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Programmers are to be found in many types of business—in manufacturing, banks, department stores, communications, transportation, utilities. Trainees begin at good pay, and with the right background and experience can rise to fill supervisory positions at upper-level salaries.

To see if you're a natural as a programmer, send for free sample lesson and fascinating booklet "Beginning Your Career in Computer Programming." In simple, non-technical language this booklet tells you what computer programming is; what the programmer does; and how you can get your basic training in your spare time. LaSalle, 417 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

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Yes, I want free booklet "Beginning Your Career In Computer Programming" and sample lesson.

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06H

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REAL WEST

Volume XIV
Number 94
June, 1971

The Brand of Quality

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Managing Editor/Edward T. LeBlanc
Gun Editor/Major R.O. Ackerman
Treasure Editor/E.S. LeGaye
Art Director/Madelyn Fisher

Don't Miss REAL WEST ANNUAL '71

MY LIFE AS A NAVAJO SQUAW

●

ANNIE OAKLEY, LITTLE MISS SURESHOT

●

INDIANS' STRANGE SEX CODE

●

TO ST. LOUIS BY BICYCLE

●

FREDERIC REMINGTON, MASTER PAINTER OF THE WEST

●

ARIZONA'S LAST LYNCHING

●

THE SIN SISTERS WHO MADE A MILLION

●

DIARY OF A WAGON JOURNEY

●

TRAPPERS OF THE WEST

●

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, CATTLEMAN

●

DICK FELLOWS, COMIC OPERA BANDIT

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THE BARTLESON-BIDWELL PARTY, FIRST TO CALIFORNIA

●

THE BLOODY SAND CREEK MASSACRE

●

PICTORIAL FEATURE - THE JAMES BOYS DIME NOVELS

On Sale, April

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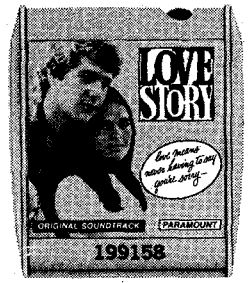

dionne warwick
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what the world needs now is love
walk on by
TWIN-PACK
196725

Engelbert Humperdinck We Made It Happen 193789
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YES, THAT'S RIGHT! You may have any 3 of the best-selling 8-track cartridges shown here—ALL 3 for only $1.00! That's the fabulous bargain for new members who join now and agree to purchase as few as six additional selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming year.

As a member you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Club's buying guide. Each issue offers scores of different cartridges to choose from—the best-sellers from over 50 different labels!

If you want only the regular selection of your main musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. Or you may order any of the other cartridges offered . . . or take no cartridge at all . . . just by returning the convenient selection card by the date specified. What's more, from time to time the Club will offer some special cartridges which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided . . . or accept by doing nothing.

YOUR OWN CHARGE ACCOUNT! Upon enrollment, we will open a charge account in your name. You pay for your cartridges only after you've received them—and are enjoying them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $6.98 (some special cartridges somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

FANTASTIC BONUS PLAN! Once you've completed your enrollment agreement, you'll get a cartridge of your choice FREE for every two cartridges you buy! That's like getting a 33⅓% discount from regular Club prices on all the 8-track cartridges you want . . . for as long as you want! Mail the coupon today!

Columbia Tape Club
a service of
Columbia House
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

COLUMBIA TAPE CLUB, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

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SEND ME THESE 3 CARTRIDGES (fill in numbers below):

My main musical interest is (check one box only):

☐ Easy Listening ☐ Today's Sounds ☐ Country

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss (Please print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address

City

State Zip

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MICHAEL BOURDON
Premier Mountain Man

By Maurice Kildare

The Mountain Men were the forerunners of civilization. To get the furs of beaver, mink, and other animals, they invaded the trackless hills and valleys of the West, despite the hostility of the Indian tribes who fought bitterly against their forays.

Photo furnished by author.

The Blackfeet hated all white trappers as well as most of their Indian neighbors. Bourdon's fur brigades were constantly fighting off attacks by the Blackfeet.

The Blackfeet had long before decided they hated all white men and most Indians. Therefore when they saw a few white skins and 150 Flatheads from Oregon hunting buffalo they made war medicine.

On a July day in 1810 on the east side of the continental divide they charged down out of the foothills.

The hunters were quickly cut out from the great herds of thousands of buffalo. They were forced to make stands in small numbers on hummocks, ridges or whatever else they could find for protection against wild charges while defending themselves.

Nearly a thousand Blackfeet warriors attacked the hunters and their entourage. They composed an almost impossible, overwhelming force to beat back easily.

One of the few experienced Indian fighters and mountain men brought along on the expedition by Finnan MacDonald of the Northwest Company and fur buyers and trappers into what is now the northwest pacific states was a French-Canadian half-breed, Michael Bourdon.

He skillfully rallied the Flatheads and the few whites in a general defensive operation. Most of them had their Indian squaws and children along, who were in immediate danger of being captured.

Once able to defend themselves, Bourdon led them forth in a wild and reckless charge against the fierce Blackfeet. Breaking through encircling lines and individual groups, they swerved to the side. Within a few minutes their families, equipment and supplies were amply protected. At least seventy Blackfeet were killed in this sanguine foray with only a loss of ten in the company Bourdon led.

Although the angry Blackfeet surrounded them the balance of the day in vicious fighting that grew extraordinarily dangerous at times, after sundown they departed roundly defeated. Their losses in numerous charges had been so great that they were discouraged from continuing what really amounted to a siege.

For his exemplary leadership against the Blackfeet, Bourdon was awarded honors by the Northwest Company. Throughout the pacific northwest

(continued on page 62)

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How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence – handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation–also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home – in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long will it take me to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

To receive a free copy of the 32-page booklet, HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH, *just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, Dept.* **270 06** *. 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. **27006** 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

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If 18 or under, check here for special booklet. ☐

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LET THE INDIANS TELL THEIR STORY

Part 1

By Stephanie Cooper Shulsinger

In Hollywood movies the cowboys always beat the Indians and even our history books tell the white man's side of the story because the Indians weren't writing the books. indeed they didn't have a written language. Now, at last you can hear the Indians' side of things.

Smithsonian Institution.

Nez Perce braves in full war dress. They battled some of the great Indian fighters in the U. S. Army and defeated them every time. Joseph finally surrendered only to protect his wounded.

In the silent dark of a lonely western plain, an Indian, wrapped in his blanket against the cold, sat motionless on his haunches, waiting. There was no wind, and the only sound in the great wilderness was the occasional cry of a hungry coyote.

Suddenly, that magic moment arrived when night begins to change into day. Almost imperceptibly the stars faded with the first light on the far horizon. The Indian shed his blanket, stood for a moment, and then began his daily run through the camp, singing the morning chant in the language of the Nez Perce:

"I wonder if every one is up! It is morning. We are alive, so thanks be! Rise up! Look about! Go see the horses, lest a wolf have killed one! Thanks be that the children are alive! - and you, older men! - and you, older women! - also that your friends are perhaps alive in other camps. But elsewhere there are probably those who are ill this morning, and therefore the children are sad, and therefore their friends are sad."

A traditional morning prayer such as this was part of life for many of the first Americans. It was one of the ancient customs of a way of life that has passed into history, but is not without interest.

Sadly, few of the old Indian ways could be recorded by Indians themselves, who had no written language, and much of what was observed by others was misinterpreted or ignored. Because of this problem in communications, there could be no early history of Indians by Indians, and those who would like to know more about the subject from first-hand accounts have a real problem. Charles M. Russell, the great cowboy artist, once said of the Indians: "These folks ain't got no books, an' books are the

(continued on page 60)

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HOW TO GET 20% to 90% OFF ON EVERYTHING YOU BUY

IF THE NEXT 60 SECONDS READING TIME DOESN'T ABSOLUTELY SHOCK YOU...you're either "filthy rich"..or just too busy to spend the 15 minutes a week that can mean a saving of anywhere from up to $100 to as much as $250 a week–and without it costing you a single extra penny!

IT'S THE BIGGEST JACKPOT IN HISTORY—over 700 Ways for you to get as much as $20,000 worth of living on an income of only $8,000 . . . $30,000 worth of nationally advertised goods and services on an income of just $12,000. YES, HOW TO TRIPLE YOUR BUYING POWER PLUS YOUR SAVING POWER OVER NIGHT . . . without raising your weekly income a single penny!

IF SOME OF AMERICA'S RICHEST MEN USE THESE PROVEN METHODS TO BUY EVERYTHING AT UP TO 90% OFF RETAIL . . . WHY NOT YOU!!!

A *Do you know that if you're paying more than* $1.05 a pound for the finest shell steaks—or 93¢ for baby lamb chops—or 88¢ a pound for top-grade bacon . . . YOU'RE BEING ROBBED! Do you know that if any one of the 3 most famous-brand men's suits cost you more than $45 a suit—THAT'S RIGHT, $45 a suit, (even though they retail for up to $150)—consider yourself a victim of the "gypsters"! And do you know that if your entire yearly wardrobe (male or female) costs you more than $150 . . . then you have been brainwashed by the "hucksters", the smart money guys who have led you to believe that the only way to get top-grade, brand-name merchandise . . . is to pay no less than 30% off list price! Nonsense! Because, in a moment you are going to see that entire theory SMASHED ONCE AND FOR ALL!

B Do you know the three big money-saving secrets that can LOWER THE COST OF YOUR RENT AS MUCH AS 30%—REDUCE THE RATE OF YOUR MONTHLY ELECTRICITY BY AS MUCH AS 60%—OR THE "LOOPHOLE BUYING-TECHNIQUES" that can CUT UP TO 55% FROM YOUR PHONE BILL, AND STILL USE YOUR PHONE FOR THE SAME AMOUNT OF TIME EACH MONTH AS YOU ARE USING IT TODAY!

C And do you know that while most folks think they're really getting a bargain when they buy a car at $400 to $700 below list price . . . there are 3 little-known secrets of the car-industry that make it possible for most anyone to drive any fully-equipped GM, FORD or CHRYSLER-produced automobile . . . **at a savings so great**—YOU END UP DRIVING ANY AMERICAN-MADE CAR . . . ANY MAKE . . . ANY MODEL . . . WITH AS LITTLE OR AS MUCH OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT AS YOU WANT . . . FOR ANYWHERE FROM $25 TO $15 *above* DEALERS COST.

In fact, you name the category . . . appliances, food, clothing, travel, entertainment, furniture, or what have you . . . and we guarantee that not only have you been outrageously overpaying . . . BUT, thanks to some recent events YOU CAN NOW GET ANYWHERE FROM 20% to 90% OFF ON EVERYTHING YOU BUY! Need more proof?—

JUST THESE 3 FACTS ALONE ARE WORTH $33 A WEEK AT THE VERY LEAST!

RULE #1: Don't ever buy any clothing in a retail store . . . YOU DON'T HAVE TO! Because, virtually all men's, women's and children's clothing is available WHOLESALE . . . in every part of the country . . . **if you know just one little secret.**

RULE #2: *Instead of buying your* weekly supply of meats through a butcher or super-market at so-called "savings prices" . . . you can actually have it delivered to your door by simply ordering from the same supplier your super-market buys from . . . AND FOR LESS MONEY THAN YOU PAY THE SUPER-MARKET!

RULE #3: During the year in every city or town the U.S. Post Office offers at auction prices (generally in the $1 to $3 range) all shipments of unclaimed merchandise . . . mostly from business firms that have gone bankrupt. And, huge carloads of this merchandise are snapped up by discount-dealers . . . then sold to the public at bargain prices. BUT, to get that same transistor radio, electric razor, typewriter, etc. for a real steal . . . all you do is get a form from your local postmaster . . . put in a bid at exactly the same price *the dealers do . . . and the Postal Department must* honor your bid. The result? you wind up with hundreds of dollars of merchandise for just $5 to $10 cash . . . and that's only the beginning!

Here is how an investment of no more than $1.50 can lop off up to $200 from the prcie of a brand new color TV set, (any name-brand set you want) . . . $50 off the price of a hi-fi system . . . **a brand new refrigerator at a saving so great** . . . IT COSTS YOU ANYWHERE FROM 25% to 40% LESS than even the discount centers sell the exact same model for.

Or, what about the 3 UNADVERTISED DAYS EACH YEAR (and we don't mean holiday salesdays) when every big department store slashes prices from 30% to 80%—*yes, 30% to 80% OFF—and these are the only* 3 days of the year you can buy all this merchandise at almost GIVEAWAY PRICES.

And talk about "inside know-how" . . . do you know that there actually exists a small, select group (45,000 in all) who have uncovered a little-known secret to travel the same airlines, stay at the same hotels, eat in the same restaurants AS MOST OTHER PEOPLE DO . . . YET, THEY DO IT FOR 45% LESS MONEY!—and that **you too** can cash in on their GOLDMINE FINDINGS . . . without it costing you a single penny!

But wait! We still haven't scratched the surface.

THEN WHY HAVEN'T ALL THESE MONEY-SAVING FACTS BEEN MADE PUBLIC???

ANSWER: They have! Many of them from the Federal gov't. itself (as long as you know which department to write to). Hundreds others (and they're listed below) are just not available simply because no one ever sat down to compile them. But thanks to the imagination and foresight of one of America's leading publishers . . . who commissioned a research team to amass all these money-saving tips, tricks and facts . . . from *now on each and every dollar you spend you can make* go 2 or 3 or even 4 times as far! And even more important . . . they've compiled them into one easy-to-read book that enables you to get 20% to 90% OFF ON EACH AND EVERY THING YOU BUY—save anywhere from $10,000 to $30,000 a year!

JUST IMAGINE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH THE EXTRA $100 to $250 A WEEK THAT IS NOW YOURS TO SPEND—SAVE—OR INVEST! and believe us you'll have it!!!

Yes, once you are armed with this "inside information"—not only do you cut food bills, rent, telephone, gas and electric costs by as much as 30% to 65%—buy cosmetics, wines and liquors, sporting goods, furniture, TV sets, air-conditioners, typewriters and hi-fi equipment AT PRICES THAT ARE AS MUCH AS 40% LOWER THAN EVEN MOST DISCOUNT STORES SELL THESE EXACT SAME ITEMS—BUT YOU EVEN DISCOVER HOW TO GET THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF GOODS AND SERVICES ABSOLUTELY FREE! Because, here's how this relentless team finally tracked down the biggest "gold strike" in America today. Whole batches of priceless nuggets like $475 worth of beauty, massage and sauna treatments ABSOLUTELY FREE (without spending one cent!)—a vast gallery of professional artwork, even *including their own portraits painted in oils* ABSOLUTELY FREE—a $5000 inboard motor-boat ABSOLUTELY FREE—plus scores and scores of other basic and luxury items FREE, once you know these "inside techniques".

THIS BOOK WILL NOT COST YOU A SINGLE PENNY IF IT DOESN'T DO THE FOLLOWING:

1. If it doesn't show you how to see the latest movies, shows, sporting events . . . enjoy de-luxe travel on every foreign and domestic airline . . . stay at top-rate hotels . . . wine and dine yourself at the best of restaurants and nightclubs in America and Europe . . . ALL AT A SAVING OF UP TO 68%!
2. If it doesn't show you the one simple method they discovered to purchase virtually any name-brand appliance for at least 30% less than some of the discount sotres sell them for.
3. If it doesn't show you how they got at least $7,000 worth of nationally advertised, name-brand merchandise—*(items that you are now buying week in,* week out) . . . FOR A FULL 90% OFF!
4. If it doesn't show you the 3 si.. ple tricks that can mean savings of up to 50% OR MORE when you purchase cigarettes, wines, liquors, gasoline—or any other merchandise that is heavily taxed by state, federal or local governments.
5. If it doesn't show you WITHIN THE FIRST 24 HOURS IT IS IN YOUR HANDS HOW TO GET FROM 20% to 90% OFF ON EVERY SINGLE CATEGORY YOU SEE LISTED BELOW . . .

10 DAYS FROM TODAY THIS LIST WILL BE WORTH UP TO $30,000 TO YOU!—

because here is just a handful of the categories you will actually be able to get for up to 90% OFF!

- new cars
- used cars
- apartment rent
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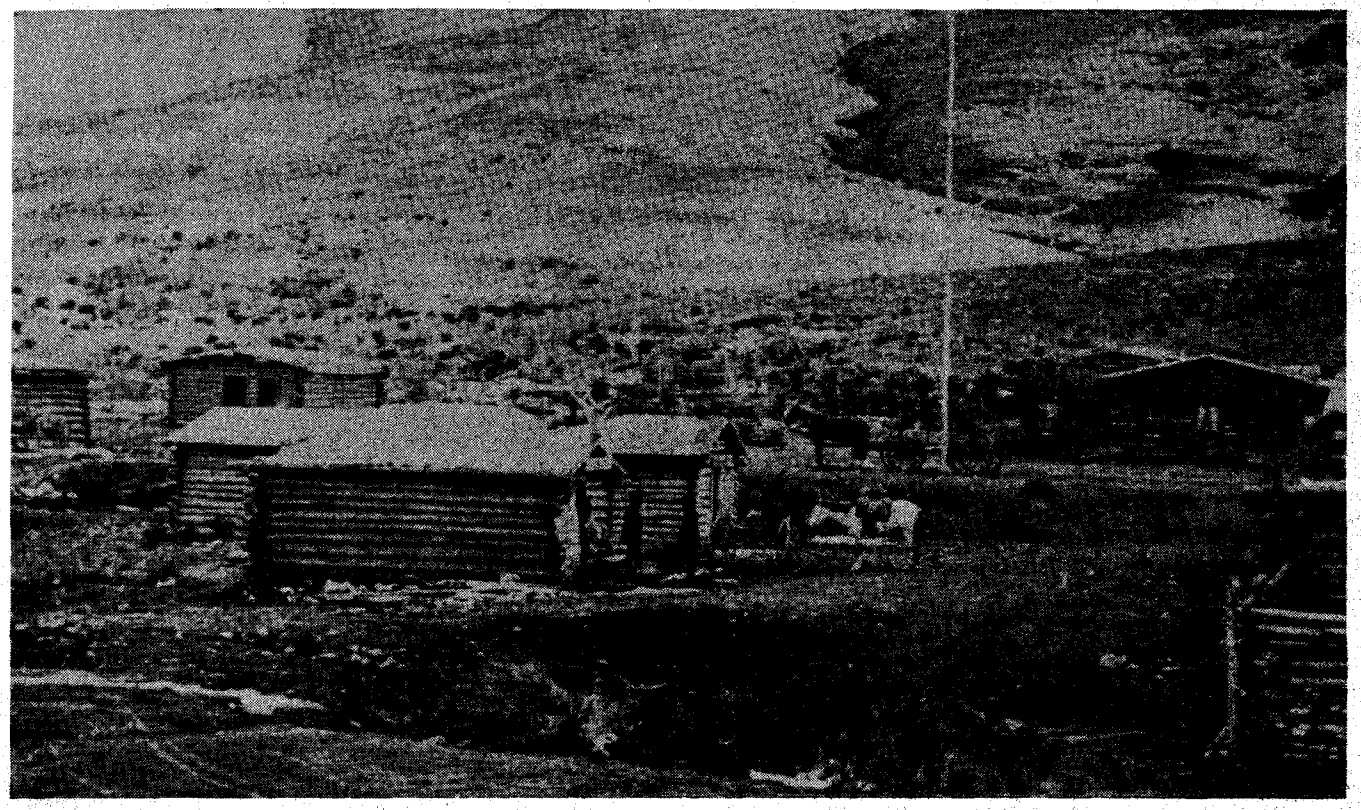

Montana Historical Society.

Camp Baker, the original site on Smith River which was constructed in 1869 following the murder of Malcolm Clarke by Piegan Indians. The post lasted less than a year until it was moved to the later Camp Baker-Fort Logan site.

CAMP BAKER
Montana's Little Used Fort

by
Robert J. Ege

When gold was discovered in Montana Territory in 1864, Piegan and Blackfoot bands roamed the region raiding cattlemen and miners at will until Major Eugene M. Baker arrived with the 13th Infantry Company. After he built his camp on the west bank of Smith River. the Indian raids were brought under control.

> ..... It just stood there,
> but as sure as a Blackfeet
> Indian ever stole a horse,
> Camp Baker had to be.

Soon after its completion, the man that supervised construction, Major Eugene M. Baker, reported to his department commander:

> "I earnestly request that authority be granted me to remove Company "G", 13th Infantry from Camp Baker, as in my opinion, there is no more necessity for a company at Camp Baker than there is in front of the Headquarters of the Commanding General of the Department."

Tactically Major Baker was correct. Strategically

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he was probably wrong. Although the troopers garrisoned at the little outpost never fought an engagement in the area the very presence of the blue-clad infantrymen acted as a strong deterrent to the bands of Blackfeet and Piegan who had raided at will before their coming.

Gold was discovered in Confederate Gulch, Montana Territory in 1864 and Diamond City blossomed from four log cabins into the richest, gayest cussedest place in the entire mountain-strewn area practically overnight. A real "boomer," the new town boasted a 5,000 population by 1865. Bedrock gold was being removed by the bucketful and some of it washed out to an unbelievable $2,000 per pan. Some $20,000,000 in precious yellow gold was produced in Confederate Gulch in 1866. Other diggings nearby, White Gulch, Greenhorn Gulch, Montana Gulch were also bonanza producers. Diamond City was to become the seat of the newly formed Meagher County.

Miners, due to the frantic clime which always accompanies a gold rush were busy people. Time taken from the quest of yellow metal was time of an unproductive wasted nature. Although Diamond City had its own group of vigilantes to cope with internal problems, few, if any of the gold seekers would allot his time to patrolling the surrounding hills to discourage Indian horse thieves. The Blackfeet, as skilled in the art of stock stealing as any who ever roamed the west, took advantage of a lucrative situation as it developed. Between 1867, records are not available for earlier years, until the Fall of 1869, more than 300 head of valuable livestock were pilfered by the tribesmen to be sold to receptive outposts in Canada or bartered for booze to illicit traders who always frequented Blackfeet bailiwicks. Among others, G.B. Smith, E.K. Hawley, and J.E. Murray were big losers of stock in Diamond City's immediate area. One James Quail was found murdered and robbed with all of his horses missing in a meadow adjacent to the Confederate Gulch gold fields.

Although never at war in the true sense of the word, the Blackfeet posed a most serious problem. The depredations attributed to them were the criminal acts of bands of young warriors intent upon raising hell at the expense of miners, ranchers and other settlers. Unlike those who settled in non-mining areas of the Territory, the gold seekers refused to band together and wage a protective campaign against the marauders. Capt. John Healy led a force of citizens farther north in the Sun River country in a successful effort that put an end to Indian depredations in that area. The miners, perhaps greed was the reason, refused to emulate the "Sun River Rangers" and looked to other sources for relief from Indian attacks. Acting Territorial Governor Thomas Francis Meagher attempted to field a citizen's army to combat the problem prior to 1867 but excessive cost in ratio to results obtained made the project prohibitive. However, his verbosity directed at National figures in Washington did result in limited military occupations in the Territory by army units. Theretofore, all troop concentration had been limited to the extreme south-central portion of Montana Territory in futile efforts to guard the Bozeman Trail from the Sioux.

The years 1867 - 1868 witnessed the advent of Camp Cooke, Forts Shaw and Ellis with the outlook of providing troops for additional protective assignments within the vast and rugged country. All of the posts were under-manned and the only answer at the time was frequent patrols over roads connecting mining and commerce centers and a scant few isolated outposts in areas where turbulence was most frequent. The military protection was far from adequate to cope with any concerted uprisings by the Blackfeet and Piegans, but gave the settlers some feeling of confidence.

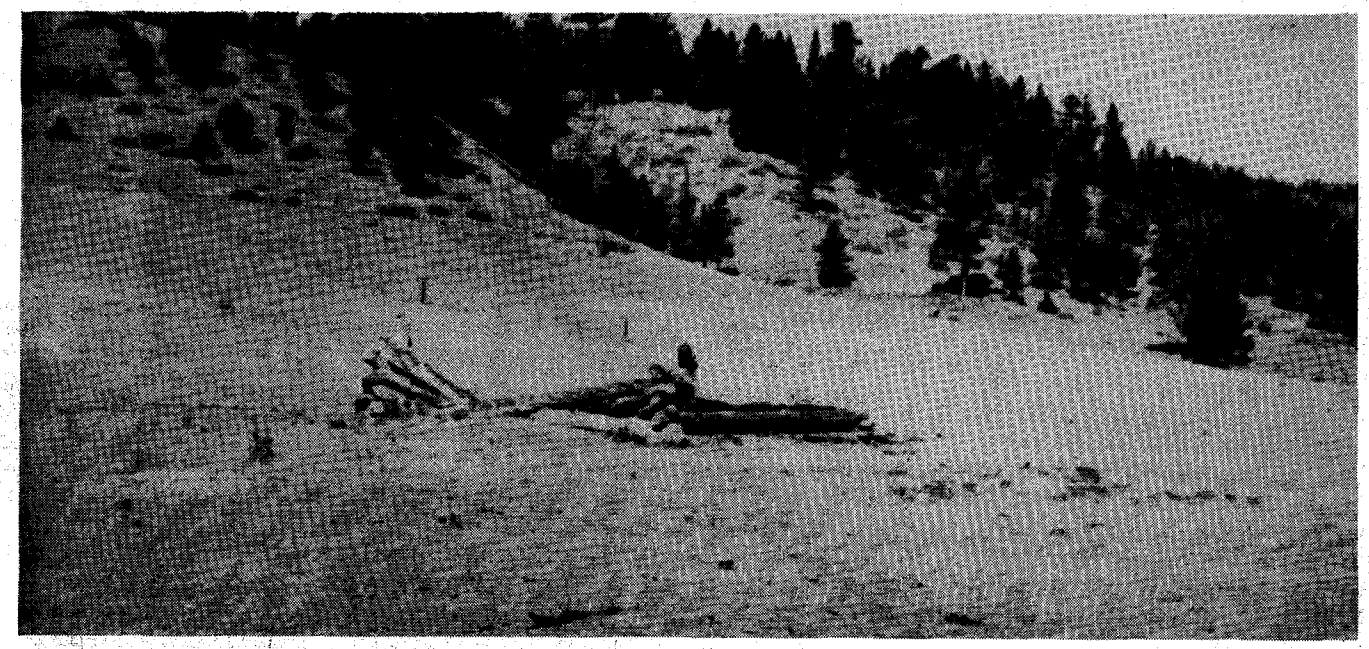

Photo by author.

All that remains of the original Camp Baker on Smith River is this tumbled-down log cabin. Sites of buildings, long since destroyed, are visible only by the remnants of stone fireplaces used for heating. Seven log structures housed the fifty-man contingent in 1869 with a guardhouse and hospital being housed by tents.

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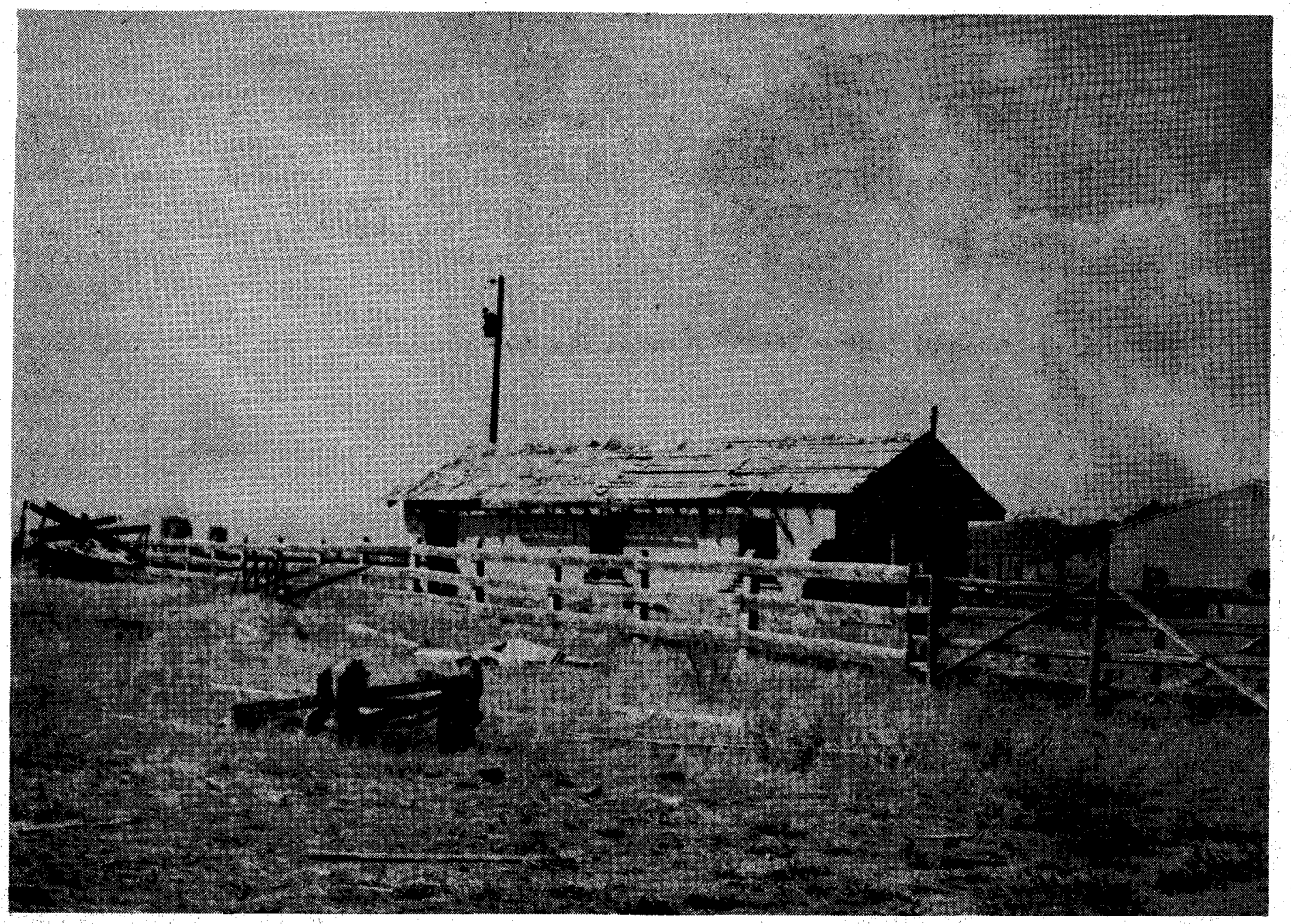

Photo by author.

The "Bakery" at Fort Logan. The floor has caved in and a few of the adobe bricks have gone asunder but the structure is still a good example of the care taken by the 13th Infantry in building the post, most of it after more than 100 years stands erect.

An episode which occurred on August 17, 1869 was the catalyst responsible for extended military operations within the Territory. This was the attack by a band of 20 to 25 young Piegan warriors on the ranch of Malcolm Clarke on Prickly Pear Creek about 50 miles from Diamond City. During the melee Clarke was murdered, his son severely wounded and many of his prize horses and cattle driven off. Although being a far cry from a virtuous citizen, even by rough frontier standards, Clarke was a prominent person whose stage stop on the Fort Benton - Helena Road had sheltered countless travelers. His brutal slaying was not taken lightly. The subsequent uproar resulted in the building of Camp Baker near Diamond City by Major Eugene M. Baker and an all-out attack upon the heart of the Piegan Nation which was spearheaded by that same able and busy officer.

History is hazy as to who picked the locale for the original Camp Baker. It is likely that Major Baker was given an approximate locale with the precise point to be selected upon examination of the terrain. Nevertheless, the locale was a poor one, Baker's building site was the choice slice of a bad piece of cake. He selected a flat about 30 acres square overlooking Smith River. About 450 feet west of the river he built seven log structures which included a headquarters building, stables, a combined commisary, cookhouse and dining room; tents were used for the hospital and guard house. The buildings were constructed of pine logs with wood floors, heated by large fireplaces and lit by one or two small windows. Water was abundant in the nearby river and the country was teeming with game.

It was a dandy place to vacation but a poor place to fight Indians, none of whom were camped within one or two hundred miles. Even mounted, the 13th Infantry Company who manned the post had little chance of intercepting, even by accident, any of the Piegan raiding parties who had been plaguing Diamond City and White Gulch some thirty miles away. This is undoubtedly the reason for Major Baker's plea to his superiors for removal of the troops from the camp which bore his name to a more suitable locale. (There is some controversy regarding the name of the camp - whether it was named in honor of Major Baker, the man who built it, or William J. Baker, the man who discovered gold in Confederate Gulch, first known as the Baker Mining District.) Construction was completed in November 1869. How

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the isolated troops spent the winter is a moot question. It certainly wasn't fighting Indians. Early in the Spring of 1870 preparations to move the post to a better spot were in hurried progress. Never known as a teetotaler, Major Baker obviously permitted more than a medicinal supply of liquor upon the post. Today, even after their brief tenure in 1869, countless shards and bits of broken whiskey bottles litter the camp site. The stalwart troopers evidently spent a warm winter in the cold, cold country. In January 1870, Baker was to lead the attack on the Piegans in the heart of their homeland on the Marias River and the blow he struck did more to suppress depredations than all of the forts in the Territory.

Camp Baker was reconstructed the following year about 12 miles south of the original site. The new location, west of what was to become White Sulphur Springs, Montana, was right on the freight wagon routes from the Missouri River landings to Helena and the Confederate Gulch mining district. Patrols from the fort were facilitated by use of the road and their presence coupled with Baker's unprecedented strike against the Piegans in January saw peace prevail in the Smith River country.

Initially, the new Camp Baker consisted of one frame building and two log buildings for headquarters and officers quarters, a log hospital building, storehouse buildings, a sturdy log blockhouse, and a log barracks for enlisted men. It was an ample facility for two or more full companies. Later, an adobe-brick bakery, sutler's store, ample stables, and houses for married enlisted men were added. About two hundred yards back of the headquarters building "laundress row" sprang up on the banks of Spring Creek. Like its predecessor, the new Camp Baker was a most comfortable post in one of Montana's most scenic areas where vast rolling plains and prairies fused with lofty mountains.

In 1870, Captain G.S. Hollister commanded Camp Baker whose coterie was then 45 enlist-

Photo by author.

Perhaps the best preserved of any structure of its kind in the world, the Fort Logan blockhouse is a prime example of frontier craftsmanship. In 1870 it served to remind passing Indian war parties that Fort Logan was a good place to avoid.

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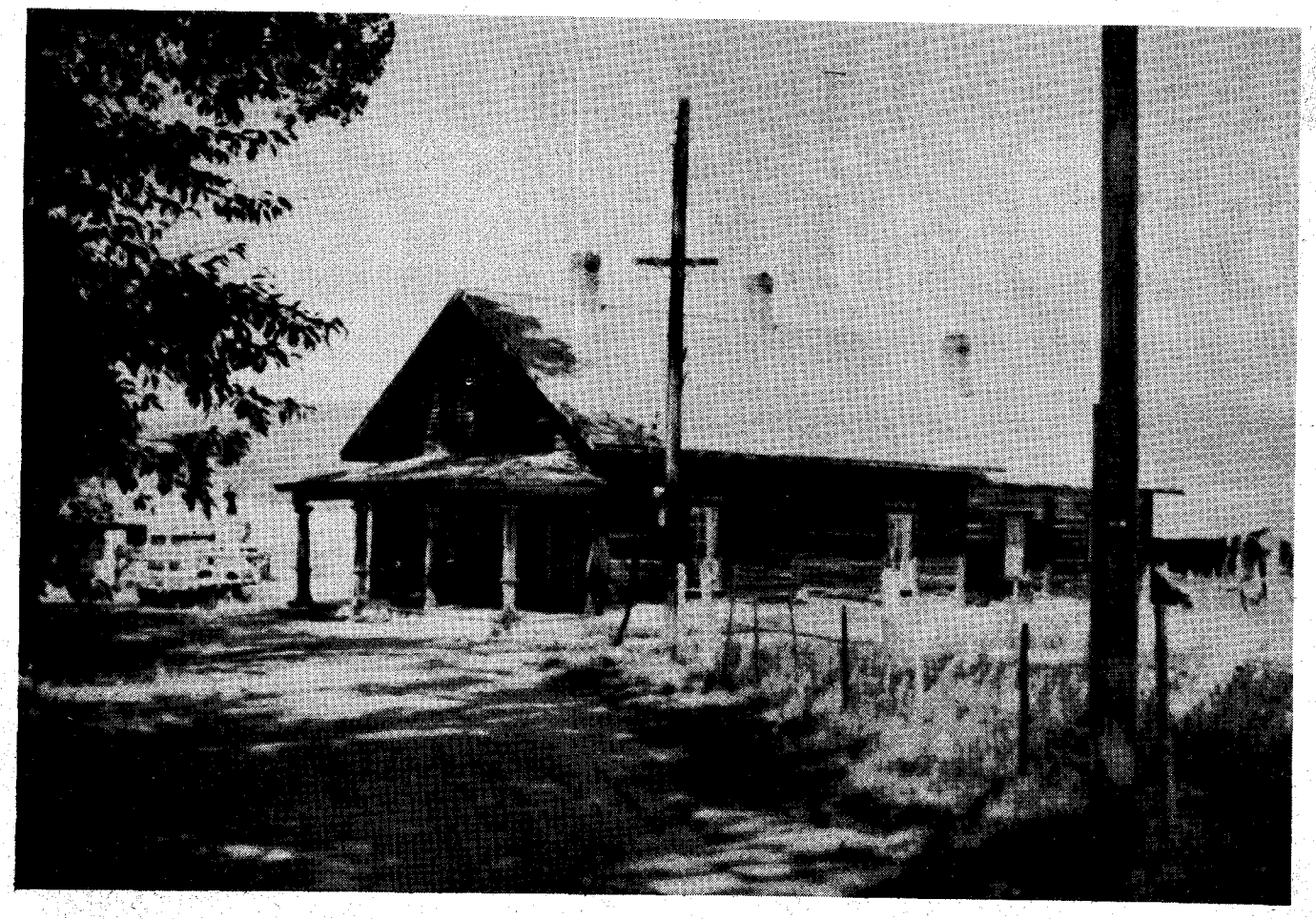

Photo by author.

Officers' quarters at Fort Logan. Today this historic building serves as the summer ranch home of Mrs. Nancy Berg who owns all of the Logan property. Although in its original condition on the exterior, the inside of the house has been redecorated and provides a comfortable season residence.

ed men and three officers. The 13th Infantry had been relieved by men of the 7th Infantry. The post remained in its one company status until 1874. Increased freight along the Carroll Trail caused an increase to two companies with a lieutenant-colonel in command. He was Lt. Col. Charles Champion Gilbert, a West Pointer with an impressive Civil War record. The experienced campaigner had been a captain in the First Infantry since 1855. He was severely wounded at Wilson's Creek in August 1861 and later served as Acting Inspector General of the Cumberland and Army of the Ohio until March 1862. He fought at Shiloh and was promoted to Brigadier General of Volunteers in September of 1862. He was most renowned for the Battle of Perryville but was also brevetted for Richmond and Shiloh. After service at Camp Baker he continued in the Regular Army until he retired in 1886 as a full colonel.

When the Sioux War of 1876 was deemed to be in the immediate offing, all of Montana's posts were reduced in manpower to supply the utmost strength for Colonel John Gibbon's column. However the Montana contingent arrived at the Little Big Horn only in time to bury Custer's dead. Theirs was a valiant effort but inclement weather and rugged terrain did not allow the frustrated Gibbon upon the scene until the last shots had been fired.

In 1877 after the Nez Perce under White Bird, Looking Glass, Too-hool-hool-sote, and Joseph had outdistanced and outfought troops under General Otis Oliver Howard, the Montana posts, in an effort to curtail the mobile Nez Perces and effect their capture, were again stripped of manpower to join the chase. "C" Company under Captain Richard Comba left Camp Baker leaving "E" Company to maintain the post. However, the apprehensive Comba filched seven men from "E" before leaving to bolster his own company. In fact, for a few days Camp Baker - all of it, boasted a total enlisted strength of three men. Although the skeleton crew faced an absolutely impossible task in event of an Indian attack they could be considered the "lucky ones." Gibbon's column caught up with the Nez Perce on the Big Hole River in southwestern Montana and after having gained an upper hand via a dawn attack, took one helluva pasting from the resolute Nez Perce defenders, Gibbon and several other officers were wounded and Lieutenant James Bradley, the officer who discovered Custer's dead at the Little Big Horn, was instantly

(continued on page 76)

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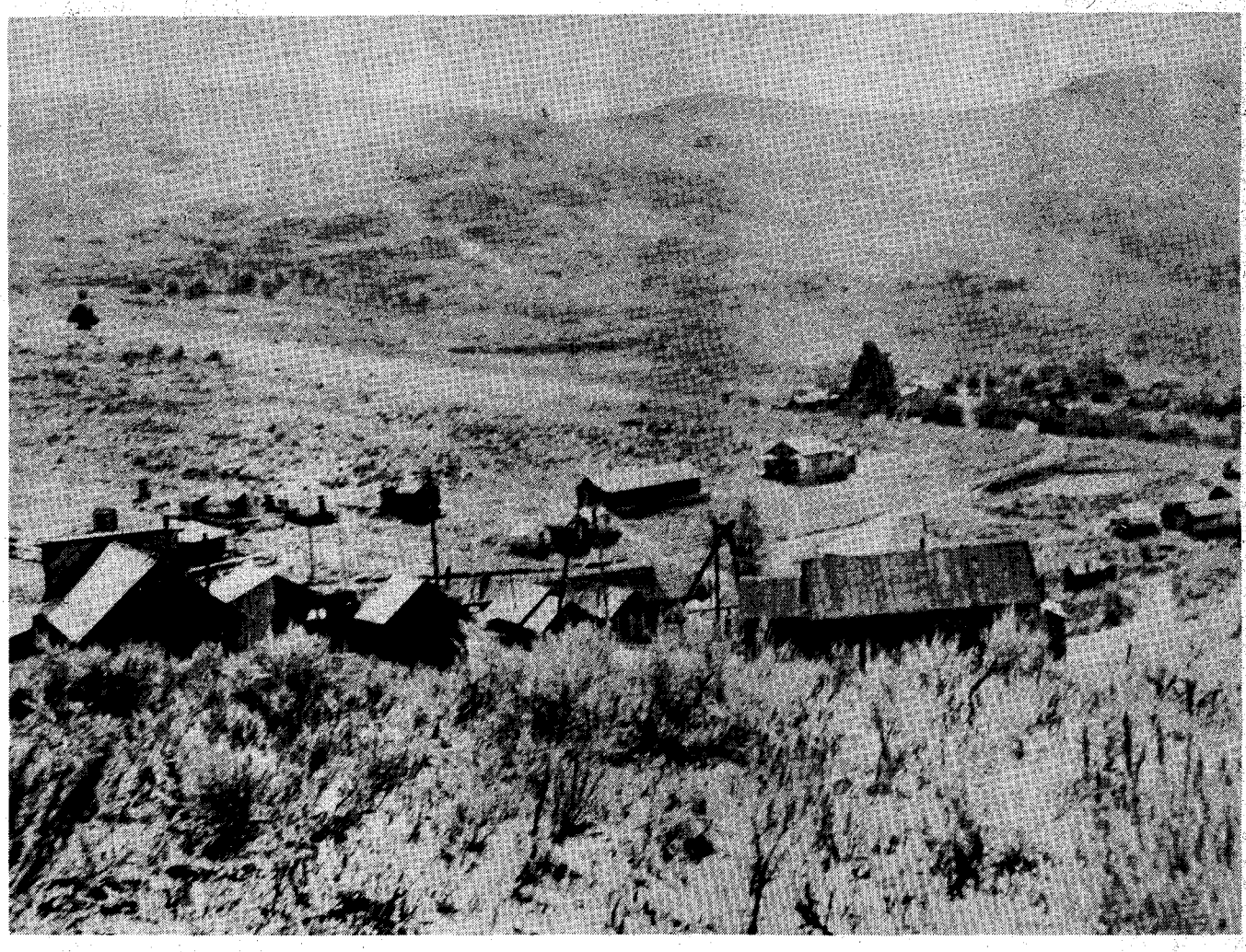
The Bungled Holdup Of THE DURKEE STAGE

by Olga Freeman

It was 9:30 A. M., April 5th, 1915, on the road to Durkee, Oregon when the hold-up man standing in the road flourished his gun and told the stage driver "Hand over the gold, Slim!" Up to that point it was a nice professional job -- after that it was all down hill!



Carl N. Connet Collection.

Miners' cabins and amid the sagebrush of Mormon Basin near the site of the Rainbow Mine.

The bold daylight holdup of the Durkee stage carrying $7,000 in gold bullion from the Rainbow mine in far eastern Oregon to the railhead was as bizarre as any Hollywood-produced Western. The calm of the entire Mormon Basin, the location of Oregon's most flourishing gold mine, was to be shattered by the events of that April 5th morning of 1915.

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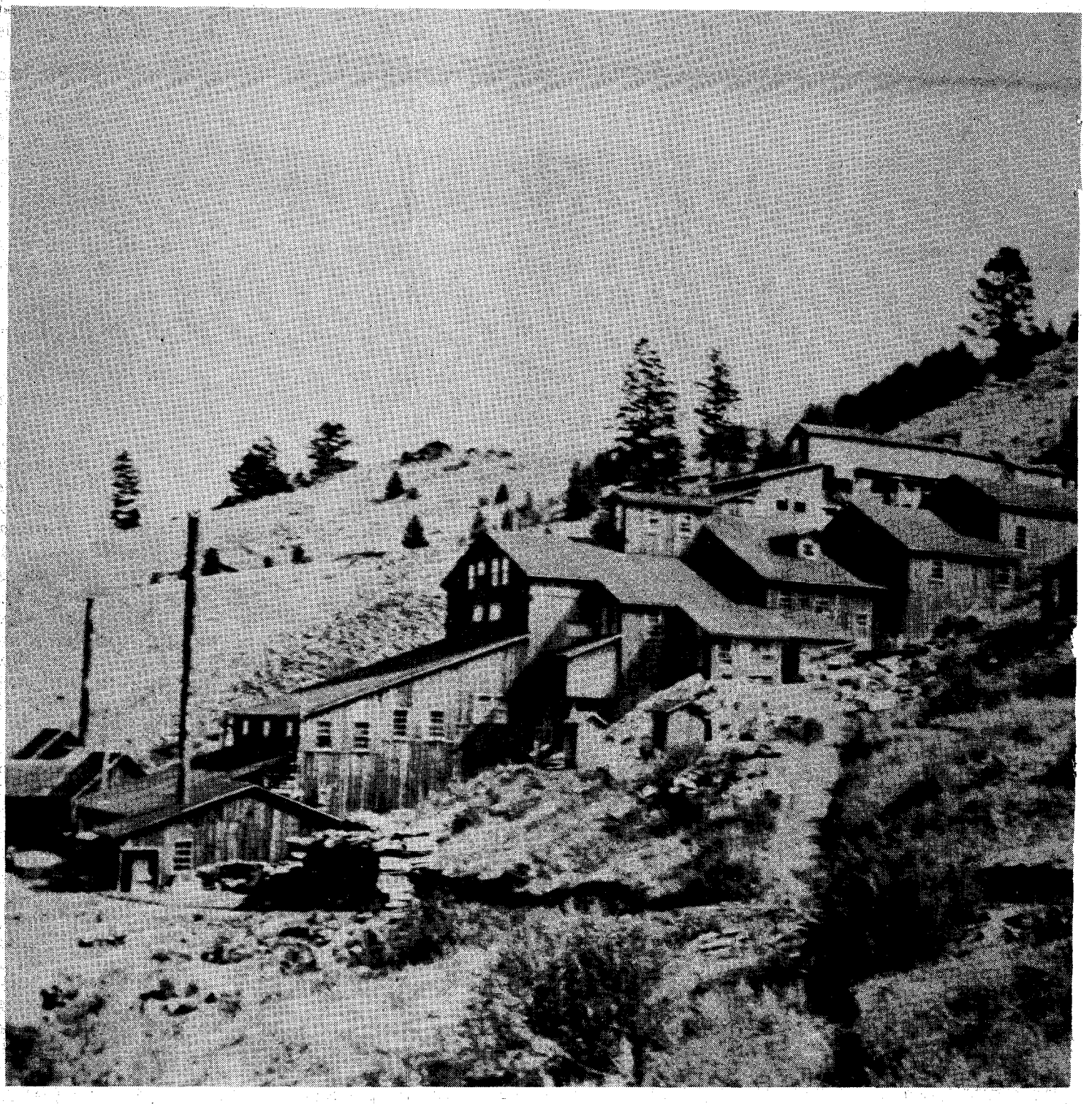

Carl H. Connet Collection.

The Rainbow mine during its heyday of gold production.

Mabel Lee awakened with eager anticipation. Her husband had suggested the night before that they enjoy the nice spring weather by going on an all-day ride over to the wood lot, pack a picnic lunch, and get in some fishing. Outings with her husband were all too few in his busy life as superintendent of the Rainbow mine.

But the ride did not come off! Instead, according to Mrs. Lee's account in her book, *The Rainbow Years*, the holdup of the Durkee stage "shook Mormon Basin to the very roots of its scrubby sagebrush."

That same Monday morning "Slim" Moorehouse was hitching up his team as usual to make the daily stage run from the mine to Durkee. He looked forward to a pleasant trip. As he glanced northward at the 6,453-foot Pedro Peak in the Malheur Mountains, he noted very little snow remaining. He was pleased. This meant that the unusually long and severe cold winter was over.

Spring was in the air. The meadow larks were singing, and the blue sky overhead presaged a fine day.

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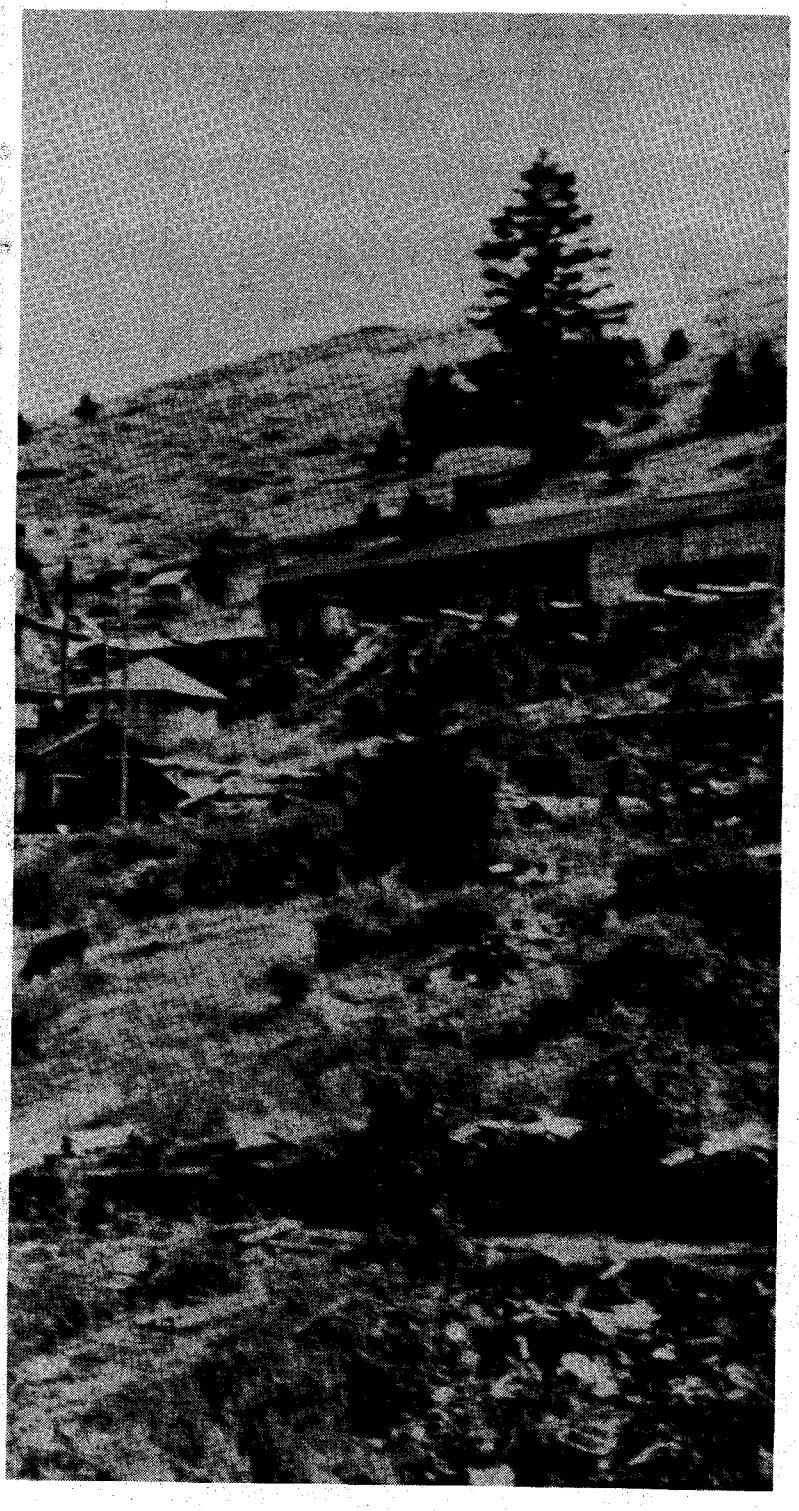

As he crossed from the stables to the mine office on the square to pick up the day's gold shipment, somewhat absent-mindedly he mused on Superintendent Howard Lee's apprehension over the possibility of a holdup. Lee was concerned over the excessive publicity given the Rainbow as Oregon's most productive gold mine. He was taking extra precautions. Each day the shipment was packaged differently, and not every day was it gold. Some days rock or waste from the dump was substituted.

This day the shipment was gold, to be expressed from Durkee to California. It was cone-shaped and in a gunny sack. It weighed about 75 pounds and was worth $7,000.

By 9:00 a.m. "Slim" was on his way. He had only one passenger, Mrs. A.H. Freitag of Durkee.

The possibility of a robbery intruded on his thoughts again as he passed the lonely grave of an early-day Chinese miner. A number of Chinese had drifted into Mormon Basin in the early 1860's and had found gold along Dixie Creek. One of them with his stake of $8,000 in gold dust atop his faithful mule was leaving; no doubt with thoughts of returning to his native land with his fortune. Fate intervened. He was not only robbed, but murdered, and finally buried along the road. "It could happen again," Slim reflected. And then it did!

Mormon Basin got its name from some miners who drifted into the Malheur mountain region from Salt Lake City and struck pay dirt in 1862. Early day placer mining was less than lucrative. Insufficient water in Dixie and Basin creeks during the summer months made mining at best highly seasonable. The winter months with big snowdrifts and impassable mountain roads restricted operations.

In 1901 the Rainbow lode was discovered. By April 1907, owner W.E. King took a full crew of men to operate the mine and stamp mill. The *Oregon Journal* of April 24, 1907, reports that the mine was shut down briefly awaiting the arrival of a hoist with which to operate the buckets that were lowered into the mine to reach the gold-bearing vein. King's expectation was to clean up $250,000 on the season's run.

The next ownership was by the Commercial Mining Company of Portland. They made arrangements with the U.S. Smelting and Refining Company of Boston to operate the mine with option to purchase. Howard S. Lee, a recent Stanford graduate, was sent from Colorado to put the mine into optimum production with a 15-stamp mill and a full crew of men.

He made many improvements. The iron buckets were replaced by smooth gliding cages. The assay office was enlarged and equipped with delicate weighing instruments. Blasts were set off in the hard rock at the end of each day's shift. At the 200-foot level nearly $250,000 was taken. By 1913 the shaft had reached the 300-foot level and production was nearing $4 million. Full force operation saw a population of 300 at the camp.

Superintendent Lee's greatest obstacle to uninterrupted production was Molly Burgett's honky-tonk in Rainbow Gulch at the foot of the last steep rise to the mine. He had tried in vain to close up the evil joint, but it was not on company land. The Baker County sheriff paid little heed to his complaints. He posted notices that drinking on the job would not be tolerated. Further, that any man reporting for work under the influence would be automatically fired. As a result, the inebriates usually stayed at Molly's until they sobered up, thus seriously disrupting the work of the mine and lowering camp morale.

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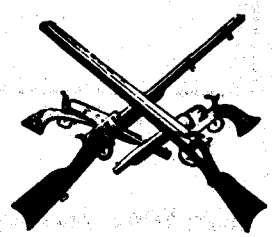
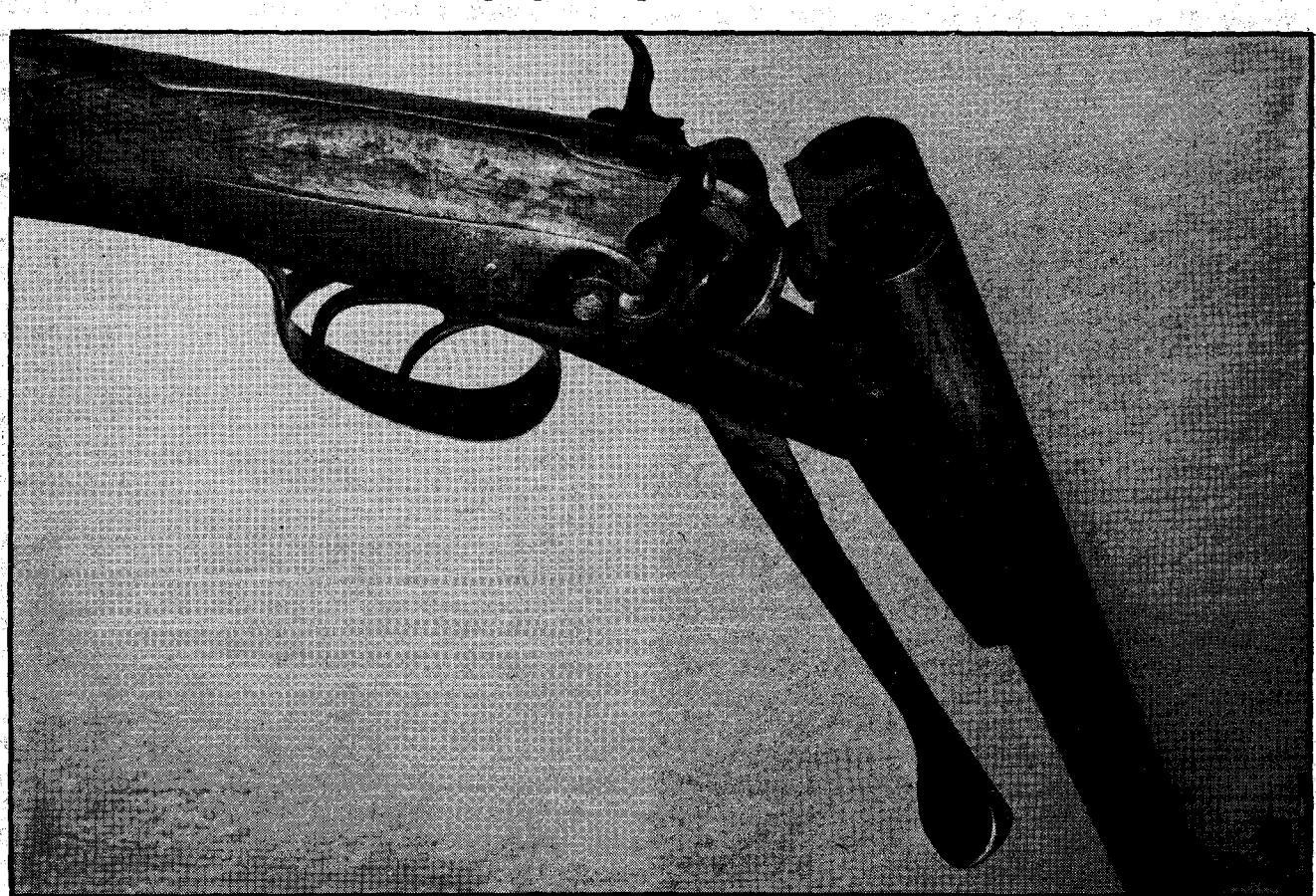
GUNS THAT BUILT THE WEST

THE SHOTGUN



by Norman B. Wiltsey

The dime novelists and the movie directors have glorified the role that six-guns played in the taming of the West but the really effective weapon when a lawman faced a heavily armed badman was always a nice little 10 or 12 guage shotgun loaded with #00 shells!



Seven Idols Gun Shop, Albuquerque, New Mexico. Photo by R. O. Ackerman.

The breech of the W. Richards shotgun shown open for loading, with extractor operating. Notice the underlever turned to the right for opening.

It is entirely fitting that this series on the famous guns that built the West should close with the story of the shotgun. Movies and Western television shows notwithstanding, the westward moving pioneers packed more shotguns than rifles or six-shooters. A man considered himself well-armed if he carried a good double-barreled 10 or 12 gauge shotgun, along with a plentiful supply of shells loaded with ball, buckshot and birdshot. So equipped, he was ready for anything from buffaloes and hostile Indians to prairie chickens for the pot.

Gunfighters on both sides of the law carried a shotgun as the essential tool of thier lethal trade. A double-barrel 10 guage with the barrels sawed off to 18 or 20 inches and loaded with #00 buckshot was the most popular weapon, but the old reliable 12 guage saw plenty of deadly action too. The guage was a matter of personal preference; what mattered in a life-or-death shootout was the chilling fact that 12 buckshot in each shell meant that the shotgun shooter had an even dozen chances to one to kill his man against the six-gun slinger.

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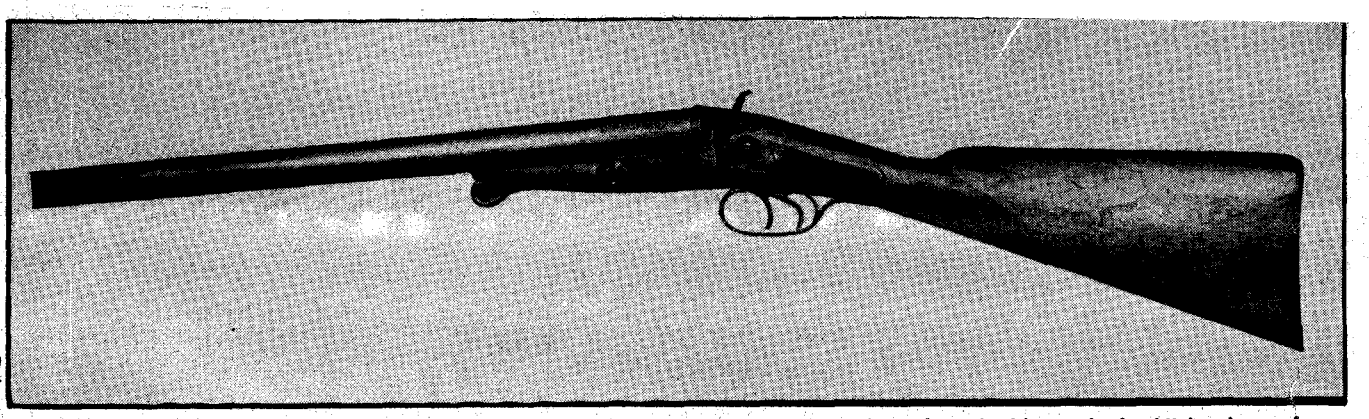

Seven Ideto Gun Shop, Albuquerque, New Mexico. Photo by R. O. Askerman.

This black powder 10-gauge shotgun of the 1870's is a relic of the day when the "double-ought buck" loads made this the most lethal weapon of both gunfighter and stagecoach guard.

Matt Dillon may never miss on TV with his bone-handled Colt, but the real-life counterparts of Matt in the Old West put their faith in the scattergun when going up against some hardcase gunman.

At long range, of course, there is no substitute for the rifle, which explains why John Slaughter, Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson and Pat Garrett, among many others, packed shotgun, Winchester, and one or more sixguns in their personal arsenals.

No man, no matter how tough, relished the prospect of a gut full of buckshot. The tubercular gunman Doc Holliday, although handy with Bowie Knife or Colt, preferred his shotgun when the chips were down. In the famous O. K. Corral fight in Tombstone with the Clantons and McLowerys in October of 1881, Doc carried his scattergun into action beside Morgan, Virgil, and Wyatt Earp. Of the six men killed or wounded in that most celebrated of all Old West shootouts, all except Tom McLowery were hit by sixgun bullets. Tom was hit by a double dose of buckshot from Doc Holliday's shotgun and was dead before he hit the ground. Significantly, all except Tom managed to get off a shot or two after being hit by 45 caliber slugs.

The firepower potential of the well-armed gunfighter of those times was awesome indeed, even when judged by the slaughter standards of today. Wyatt Earp described the well-armed man of the 1880's as carrying two 45 sixguns at his hips, a Winchester repeating rifle in a scabbard on the right side of his saddle and his shotgun on the left side, hung to the saddle horn by means of a leather thong. He carried pistol ammunition in one of the cartridge belts slung around his waist, rifle ammo in the other. Shotgun shells were contained in a belt hung over the saddle horn under the loop of the thong that held the shotgun. "And," concluded Wyatt, "of all these tools of the gunfighter, the most efficient was the shotgun."

Perhaps the most famous shotgun killing of the Old West was Billy the Kid Bonney's slaying of Bob Ollinger--or Olinger--when he escaped from the Lincoln, New Mexico, courthouse on April 28,1881. Ironically, the shotgun Billy used was Ollinger's own weapon--a fine 10 gauge Colt gun, with double sidelocks and Damascus barrels that had been cut down to 18 inches.

The background for the killing was one of seething hatred on both sides. Ollinger, Sheriff Pat Garrett's deputy and the Kid's jailer along with J. W. Bell, had sworn to kill Billy for the murder of one of his best friends. He taunted Billy on his coming execution, drawing crude pictures of the Kid swinging by the neck. He dared the young outlaw to make a break for liberty, declaring that he would fill him full of buckshot at his first move to escape.

Considering the fact that Billy was always in leg-irons and manacles, these taunts were nothing more than sheer braggadocio but they inflamed the Kid to a cold fury that he was careful to keep silent. He bided his time, waiting for a break to kill his sadistic jailer. Knowing Ollinger, Billy felt that sooner or later he would make a fatal mistake. As it developed, the Kid proved to be a good judge of character. In fact, Ollinger made not one mistake but two.

Mistake number one: Ollinger left his loaded shotgun leaning against a wall of the prisoner's second-floor room while he descended the stairs to the first floor and crossed the street to eat supper at a Mexican cafe.

Mistake number two: Ollinger, who had been entrusted with the Kid's custody by Sheriff Garrett while Pat went to the nearest town of White Oaks to find a carpenter to build Billy's scaffold, left the dangerous outlaw in the sole charge of Deputy J. W. Bell.

Bell's mistake, which triggered his own death and subsequently that of Ollinger, was wearing his Colt 45 in a hip holster within Billy's reach while he played a sociable game of cards with the little buck-toothed killer. The Kid purposely dropped a card on the floor and when Bell foolishly stooped to retrieve it, snatched his gun. Bell was a kindly man who had befriended the Kid, and the outlaw didn't want to kill him. He marched him at gunpoint down the hall, intending to lock him in a small side-room while he made his own escape. But as Bell neared the stairway leading to the first floor, he made a break for it. Billy, raising the Colt in both his manacled hands, shot Bell in the back. The deputy rolled down the stairs, his body crashing into Old Man Geiss dozing on the bottom step with his back against the door frame. The ancient handy-man, awakened by the impact, gazed in horror at Bell's corpse, and then ran across the street to warn Ollinger as fast as his stiff joints would permit.

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Upstairs in the court-house, Billy slipped his slender, supple hands out of his handcuffs, picked up Ollinger's shotgun and stepped to an open window overlooking the street. Ollinger, racing across the street with drawn Colt, was brought up short by the Kid's sardonic greeting: "Hello, Bob!"

Ollinger looked up dreadingly, knowing he was doomed. "You cowardly son-of-a-bitch," said Billy softly in his light, boyish voice, "let's see how brave you are *now* when *I'm* behind this scattergun. *Shoot!*"

Ollinger did not move to shoot; he stood as if dazed, awaiting certain death. The Kid cursed him again, then blasted his face and neck with the contents of the first barrel, knocking the deputy down and killing him instantly. Then, in a paroxysm of fury, the Kid fired the second barrel into Ollinger's dead body and wound up his murderous performance by hurling the empty shotgun at Ollinger's shattered skull with such force it cracked the stock and put a dent in one barrel.

Later, the defiant killer, armed with a rifle and sixgun from the jail armory, forced Old Man Geiss to catch and saddle a horse for him and rode out of town unmolested, tossing a silver dollar to a Mexican kid playing in the dust of the road as he rode by.

Wild Bill Hickok is reported to have "buffaloed" a hundred wild Texas trail-herders with a shotgun while serving as marshal of Abilene; a claim vigorously denied by all true Texans ever since.

Wyatt Earp faced down a raging mob of Tombstone miners bent on lynching Johnny-Behind-the Deuce for killing Old Man Schneider, and the weapon he used was not his fancy Buntline Special Colt but a double-barreled shotgun from the nearby Wells Fargo office.

Later, when Wyatt's brother Virgil was shot from ambush in Tombstone during the feud with the Clanton bunch, Earp ran amuck with a shotgun. First he killed Frank Stilwell and then Indian Charlie. He is also supposed to have blasted outlaw leader Curly Bill Brocius with a double load of buckshot at Iron Springs, Arizona, but the documentation on this affair is shaky as Curly Bill's body was never found.

In any case, Earp, like most Westerners on either side of the law, preferred the deadly scattergun to a sixgun in any close-quarter shootout.

The brawling silver camp of Creede, Colorado, was the scene of long delayed shotgun vengeance when, ten years after the murder of Jesse James by Bob Ford in St. Joseph, Missouri, Ed O'Kelly approached Ford on the street, whipped a sawed-off shotgun from beneath his coat and cut the murderer down. O'Kelly did a 10-year stretch in the penitentiary for his revenge and considered the time well spent for killing "the dirty little coward who shot Mr. Howard and laid poor Jesse in his grave." (Ed. note: The "dirty little coward" was, of course, Bob Ford, and "Mr. Howard" was the alias under which Jesse James was living at his home in St. Joe at the time of the treacherous murder).

During tough John Slaughter's four years as Sheriff of Cochise County, Arizona, (1887-90), a misguided reporter from a New York newspaper got up the nerve to ask him why he carried a shotgun along with a Winchester and a Colt sixgun on his manhunts. John, who had just returned from hunting down the dangerous Mexican outlaw Chacon, was in no mood for silly questions. "To *kill* men with, you damned fool!" he snapped, and stalked away.

Richard O'Connor, in his fine book on Bat Masterson, explained the popularity of the shotgun in a showdown shootout as follows:

"The shotgun played a larger role in taming frontier towns than may be imagined. It was the one weapon that gave pause to the most confident of gunmen. The mental picture of his guts being strewed on the ground at a never-miss range was enough to cool off almost any hot-head. Many a police officer relied more on the shotgun as a pacifier than the more publicized six-shooter."

John Wesley Hardin, the greatest gunfighter the Old West ever produced, was nearly killed by an ordinary citizen with a shotgun in the aftermath of a stupid row over a game of tenpins at Trinity City, Texas. The "ordinary citizen", Phil Sublet, waited for the legendary killer outside a saloon and gunned him down. Only Hardin's broad money-belt, heavy with gold double-eagles, saved his life. As it was, he was forced to hole up for several months hidden away at the home of a friend while a physician pledged to secrecy worked hard to pull him through.

The great virtue of the ubiquitous scattergun was the fact that it was almost as deadly in the hands of an amateur as in the hands of the professional firearms expert. The use of the shotgun at close range required no such arduous practice as demanded by the "bucking" heavy-caliber sixgun. It was especially practical at night, when it was impossible for accurate rifle shooting. The Dalton gang and the Sontag--Evans bunch of train robbers used the shotgun almost exclusively while night-robbing trains in the San Joaquin Valley of California in the 1890's.

Nesters defended their cabins and corrals from night-riding cowboys, bent on destruction, with buckshot-loaded shotguns.

When the Dalton gang tried to pull off a bank robbing first by holding up two banks at the same time in Coffeyville, Kansas, they were foiled by shotgun--wielding townsfolk; in particular, Old John Kloer and young Carey Seaman. Bob Dalton was killed, and Emmett Dalton shot down in the street when he tried to rescue his mortally wounded brother. End of the Dalton outfit.

Similarly, shotguns in the hands of ordinary citizens broke up the James--Younger gang when they attempted to rob the bank at Northfield, Minnesota, although the ball was opened

(continued on page 80)

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JIM EAST
WESTERN LAWMAN

by Rex Bundy

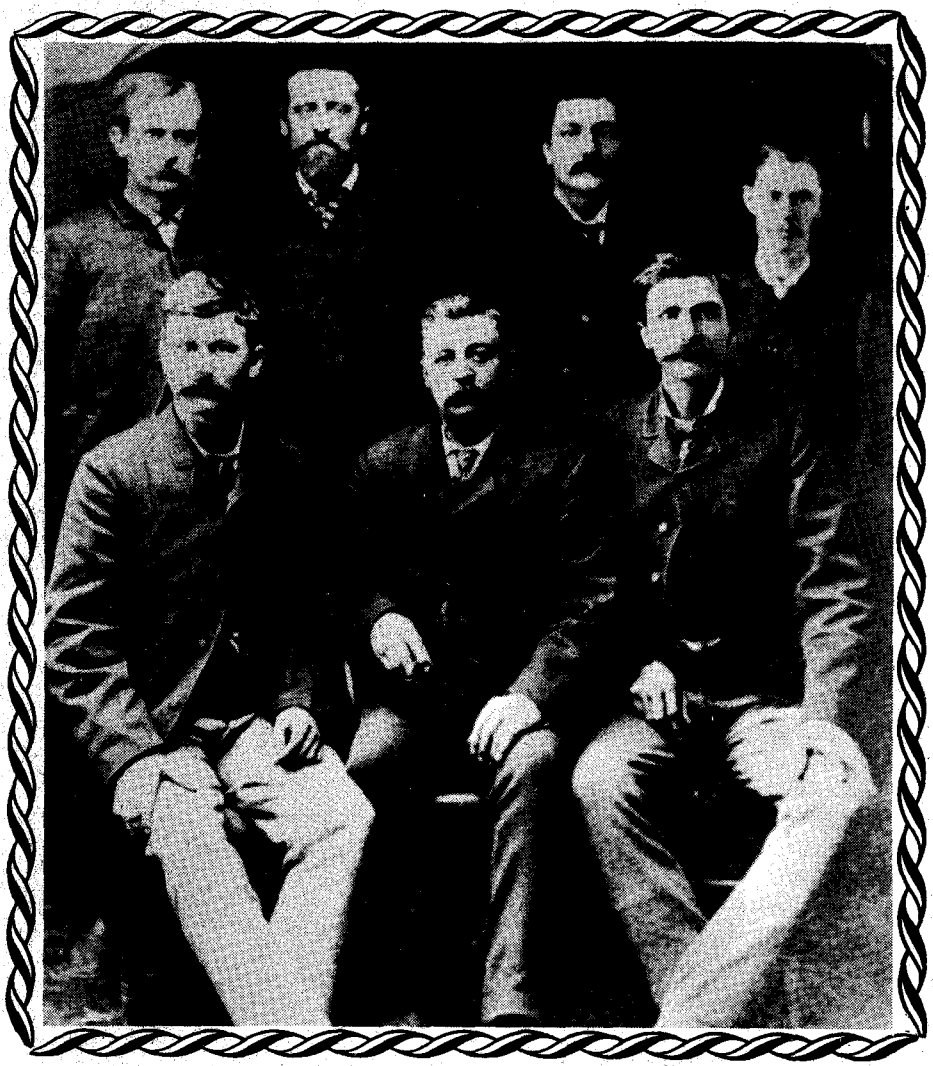

Photo furnished by author.

Young Jim East left Illinois for Texas when he was in his early teens. He saw men die in gunfights and Indian wars in those early years and he toughened into the man he was when he became one of the posse charged with bringing Billy the Kid and his gang to justice.

A group of Tascosa residents have their photo taken, November 1884. Standing are W. S. Mabry, Frank James, C. B. Vivan and one not identified. Seated are Jim East, James McMasters and Pat Garrett.

The 1870's created great changes on the Llano Estacado. Many solitary riders traveled across its enormous acreage. The majority, like the wild geese that flew above them, had no reason for their migration other than their own inherent restlessness. The chances are, this was the case with Jim East. During his early twenties, a man reacts to his environment according to his strength or weakness, but as a rule unconsciously, and Jim East was not yet twenty-five.

James Henry East was born near Kaskaskia, Illinois, August 30, 1853. His forefathers came from England in 1784 and settled in Georgia. Jim's grandfather was born there but in later years migrated to Nashville, Tennessee. While at Nashville, he served under Andrew Jackson, and, after his service with Old Hickory, moved to Kaskaskia in 1817. Here the family settled permanently, but some of the old man's restlessness was inherited by young Jim.

Jim drifted to Texas in his very early teens and before his voice had changed, had seen men die under blue mists of powder smoke. In the years of his adolescence, he had ridden the mesquite thickets, rounding up the maverick herds that had roamed this country since the firing of the first shot at Fort Sumter. Some of his companions had been as wild as the cattle they hunted. On more than

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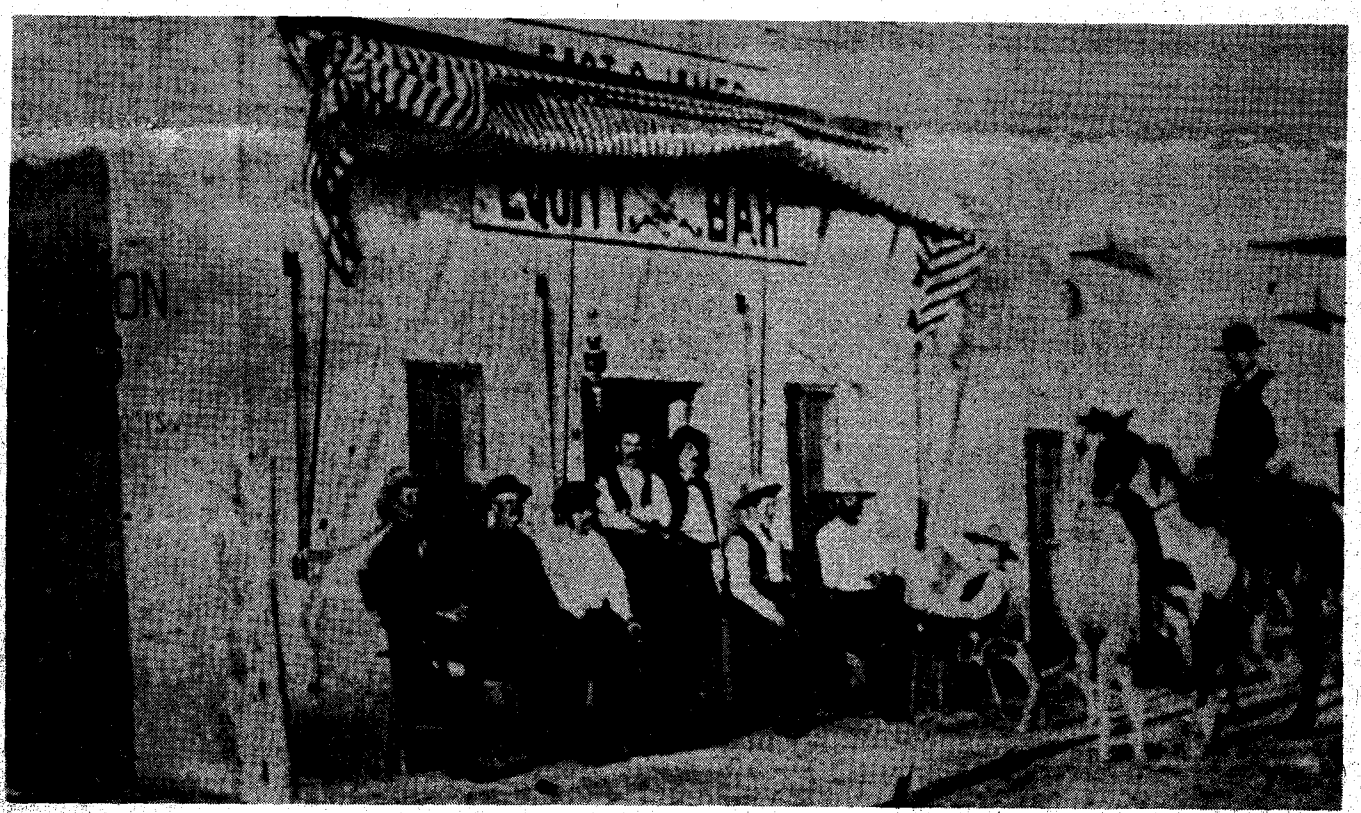

Photo furnished by author.

The Equity Bar at Tascosa owned by Jim East. The mounted man is believed to be Jim East.

one morning, he had awakened to see Texas Rangers striding into camp, and had watched comrades departing with irons on their wrists. But he left no deeds behind him to bring shame in later years.

Cattle, the spotted buffalo of the white man, were spreading over the Panhandle. The buffalo had vanished, killed by the hide - hunters. The war parties of Comanche and Kiowa were settled on reservations and were accepting the government's dole, except for sporadic raids. Southward, and to the east, the law was appearing in regions which before had been wild. So Jim East hired out to a cattle spread near Sequin, Texas.

John F. Tom was the owner's name, and he later moved this ranch to the Atosca River, a river frequently described as a wide place in the sand. From here, Jim East made his first trail drive to New Orleans in the early part of 1870. On this trip he found that the art of driving cattle was to let them do as they pleased, as long as they were headed in the right direction. This, in later years as a law officer, was his maxim in handling people.

No cowboy's life was complete without making a trail drive to Dodge City, Abilene, or Caldwell and Jim East was frequently on the trail. During this time, he worked for various cattle outfits and made numerous trips up the trail, but always returned to southern Texas.

In 1879, while on a drive north, Jim quit the herd at Rock Crossing, on the Cimarron, and rode back to the Panhandle. The nearest town, Tascosa, lay on the north bank of the Canadian River, a few Mexican adobes in a timbered bottom, with a blacksmith shop and general store on the bench above. Two hundred and fifty miles south of Dodge City, and half that distance from Mobeetie; it was a landmark in this wide expanse of free grass. Here, Jim East went to work for a man named Mitchell, who had a small ranch in what was called Mitchell Canyon in the Sierrita de la Cruz country south of the Canadian. He stayed here until a man dropped in at the ranch with smallpox. Then he drifted rapidly back to southern Texas.

In the spring of 1880, Jim was on the trail again with a Mitchell and Presnall herd bound for Ogallala, Kansas. The farther north he went, the more he kept thinking of that vast, open range of the Llano Estacado. He left the herd near Dodge City and made his way again to the little town of Tascosa. Now the plaza of Tascosa was about one hundred yards square. It, the plaza, was bounded on the north by the store of Howard and McMasters, on the east by the house of Pedro Romero, on the south by the blacksmith shop of Henry Kimball, and, on the west by the general store of Rinehart.

Here he hired out to the LX ranch owned by Bates and Beal, wealthy shoe manufacturers of Boston. Their range was due north of present day Amarillo, Texas, and a site on Pitcher Creek was the location of the headquarters. They claimed a range twenty miles up the Canadian River, twenty miles down, and a like distance on either side. This ranch was first established in 1877, and during three years, had developed into the largest ranch on the Panhandle. It continued to grow until XIT ranch began to fence its range.

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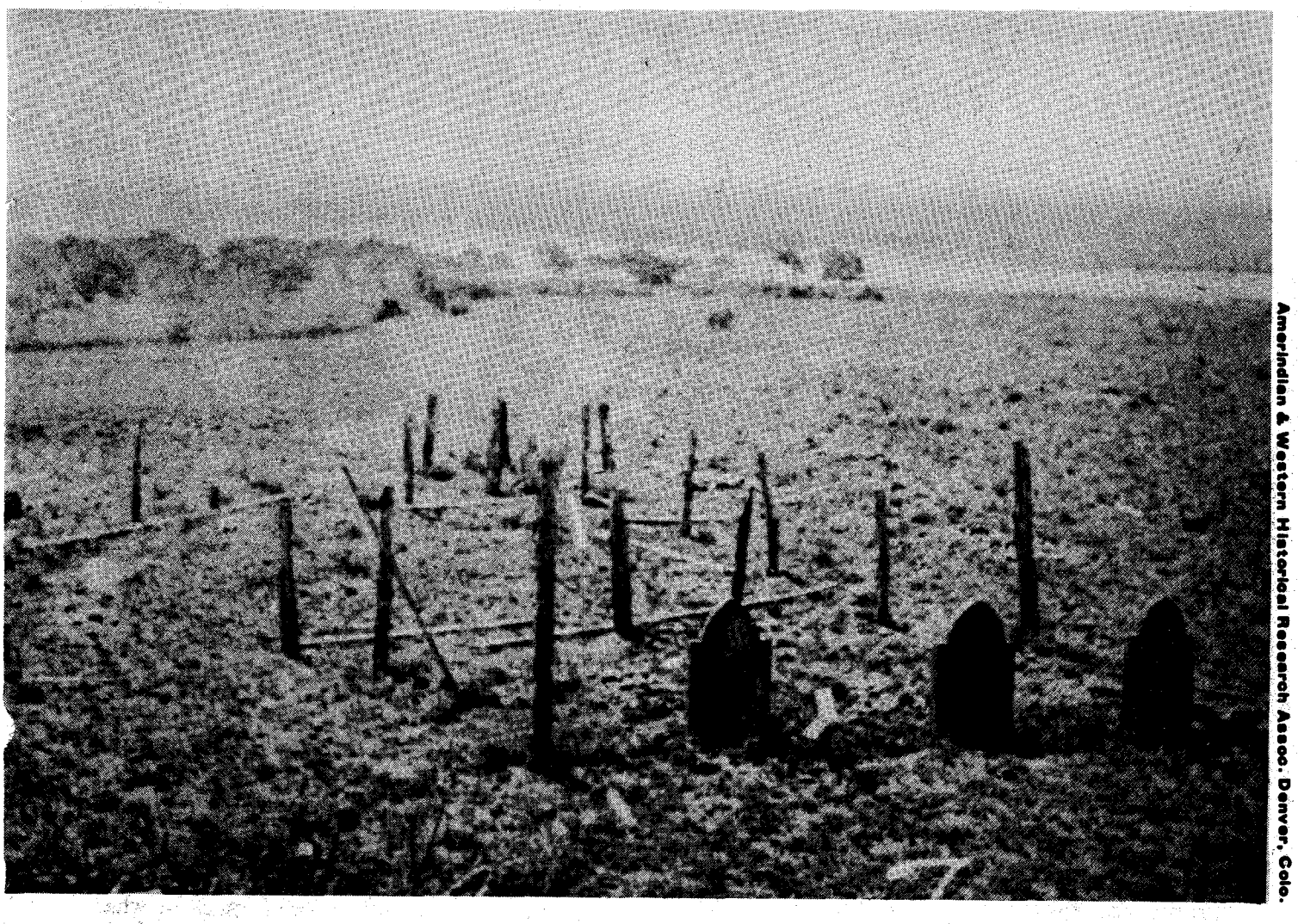

Amerindian & Western Historical Research Assoc. Denver, Colo.

Boothill at Tascosa, Oklahoma. The Canadian River flows placidly in the background.

At the LX East met others who had smelled powder smoke. Others that had been forged by those events which only the fit can survive. They, like Jim East, had drifted into the country to guard the far-flung herds from the dark-skinned renegades, who slipped down from the reservations; to battle the rustlers, and, to cut the great herds of the north-bound drovers for their employer's brands. Many of these men had killed his man, or men, and there were few who had not, at one time or another, swung a wide loop himself. Of morals, in the narrow sense of the word, these men had no more than the cow-thieves and outlaws, and it would have puzzled any of them to tell what had kept him among the watchdogs instead of with the wolves.

In Tascosa, Jim met more, Charley Siringo, Bob Robertson, Cal Polk, Lon Chambers, Tom Emory, Lee Hall, and others. Dodge City knew some of them, others were among the lawless young riders who had surged through old Fort Griffin in the days of the buffalo herds, and some had left wild memories behind on the Rio Grande.

To Tascosa, late in the autumn of 1878, arrived a group of men from the valley of the Pecos in New Mexico. They came with a herd of horses they claimed had been stolen from the Indians. These horses they sold to the surrounding ranchers.

By the peculiar code of cattleland, which was formulated in the early days of ranching when not many men could have their business inquired into, a man's business was his own. These men had stolen no Canadian River stock. Their dead lay buried in another valley. They were good companions and free with their friendship. They were also outlaws with a price on their heads and several had fought in the Lincoln County war under the long-haired, buck-toothed boy who led them.

The men of the Panhandle met them in Tascosa and drank with them over the unpainted bar in the general store. They shot at marks. They played monte. They danced with the Mexican girls of the river bottom. And many of the Panhandle cowboys fell under the spell which made some men cling to Billy the Kid through the darkest days of his outlawry.

The Panhandle men came to like tall Tom O'Phalliard and dark-eyed Charlie Bowdre as well as they liked each other. And, when the horses were sold, they said goodbye to these men with as much feeling as

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Main Street of Tascosa after the town lost much of the cattle business.

they ever showed on parting from chance companions, which was not so much after all.

The seasons passed with the spring round-ups and the long, hot days of riding in the Texas summer sun. The winters spent in dugouts along the river, if out of work. They rode often to the little settlement on the Canadian and soon they were talking of arms and a man, as Virgil had sung in olden days.

From the valley of the Pecos to the west, news of Billy The Kid was borne by every traveler. It was said the smooth faced boy with the long hair and buck-teeth was riding through that country like a scourge. As months passed and other men hunted him; his lust to kill grew stronger and he killed like the rattlesnake, which sometimes gives warning and sometimes does not, but strikes with deadly swiftness. There were villages where men feared to speak his name. Wherever he rode, Charlie Bowdre and Tom O'Phalliard rode by his side.

The cattle of the Canadian drifted with the winter winds and each spring found hundreds of them in the valley of the Pecos. In the spring of 1880, when the men sent to gather these strays returned with word they had all disappeared, the first thought was of rustlers. The cattlemen talked it over that summer when they gathered in Tascosa and several called their foremen into the conference. The foremen supplied the information that the Kid, and his gang, had holed up at Portales Lake that spring and had gathered all the Canadian stock they could find.

The cattle men of the Canadian cared nothing about the doings of Billy the Kid in New Mexico; for all they cared he could kill as many men as he liked over on the Pecos, but, when he stole their beef, that altered matters. When they heard this gang was holding some of their fattest steers near Fort Sumner, they assembled two crews with a wagon-boss, cook, and five men, to round up the cattle, and if necessary, the thieves.

So, on November 16, 1880, Jim East rode into Tascosa to join the crews of Panhandle cowboys being sent to recover the cattle from those men they had come to like so well just two years before.

The two wagon outfits, and the dozen saddle horses, gave the little town of Tascosa a lively appearance that raw, windy morning. The young men, six-guns hanging from cartridge studded belts, were doing their best to give the liveliness a hectic tinge.

Charley Siringo and Bob Robertson were the two wagon-bosses. The crews consisted of

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They left at dawn, rode all day without eating. They rode all night without stopping and finally crossed the Pecos River.

Jim East, Tom Emory, Lon Chambers, Cal Polk, Lee Hall, George Williams, Frank Clifford, Louis Bausman, and other fighting men from the surrounding range. They were taking their departure after the manner of fighting men since the world began. The question of who was right or wrong did not bother them. Billy the Kid and his gang had raided their employer's herds. They thought no less of them for that, but they were going after those cattle and the men who held them. If some one died, why that was all in the day's work. In the meantime, life was good and they were making the most of it. They took their farewell drinks and swung into their saddles. The wagons pulled out toward the west, with the young horsemen riding alongside.

They traveled through the bleak November days to the little hamlet of San Hilario. Here, one of their number, Charley Siringo, went to Las Vegas with five hundred dollars to buy supplies. But Charley had a weakness for monte, fell afoul a game, and the five hundred went the way of other hundreds in those days. He did obtain credit for a tiny supply of grub but the crews were forced to go partially "on the wolf", an old saying meaning they had to subsist on the country. It was a lean land, at best, and they came to the point where they were glad to share the mutton of such sheepmen they encountered, which, in the 1880's, marked the cowboy's last extremity.

But they pressed on, trying to obtain some news of the cattle, but these had vanished somewhere to the south. They made a joke of each misfortune, even to the one that kept their bellies empty. Their very youth kept them hopeful and they knew they had one ally waiting for them.

He was a man of their breed, a man from the Panhandle. In the days of the great buffalo herds, he had been a buffalo hunter and had wandered west to the valley of the Pecos in the fall of 1878, to settle at Fort Sumner. Not long after Billy the Kid had refused Governor Lew Wallace's offer of pardon, and turned outlaw once and for all, Pat Garrett was elected sheriff of Lincoln County. He was a lean man, 6' 4" tall, with drooping eyelids that hid most of his eyes. A moustache curtained his tight lips and he held his features rigidly expressionless. He spoke in grudging monosyllables and was also a very stubborn man. He was a fair hand with rifle or revolver and a good tracker.

It was well into December before Pat Garrett contacted them at Llewellyn's Wells, not far from Anton Chico. They questioned him and got the latest news in clipped, brief phrases. Billy the Kid was in that part of the country, along with five followers, Tom O'Phalliard, Charlie Bowdre, Dave Rudabaugh, Billy Wilson and Tom Pickett. At the present time, they were near Fort Sumner where Charlie Bowdre had a woman living and Billy the Kid was stuck on a local girl.

Six men from the Panhandle were deputized by Garrett. Jim East, Lon Chambers, Louis Bausman, Tom Emory, Bob Williams and Lee Hall. They left Llewellyn's Wells at daylight, rode all day without eating, rode all night without stopping, crossed to the east side of the Pecos River, and arrived in Puerta de Luna on very tired horses late in the afternoon. Because of their jaded horses, they spent the night here, ate like starving coyotes and spent the following day resting their horses. While waiting in Griselkoski's store, which had the only bar in town, a Mexican entered and addressed them in Spanish and his message was:

"The Kid said to tell you this for him. When you come, come fighting." With that he turned and left the room. The card players picked up their cards and resumed their interrupted poker game. And, if that greeting, the first to pass between their former acquaintances and themselves since the day they waved careless farewells in Tascosa, had set any of them to thinking, no one betrayed the fact.

The next day, another Mexican rode into Puerta de Luna and when he delivered his message, they saddled up and rode forty-two miles to Fort Sumner, reining up before daylight in front of the little adobe building where old Beaver Smith had been selling groceries, whiskey and cartridges since the beginning of the Lincoln County war. Smith informed them that Billy the Kid, and his gang, had been there the previous night, shot up his place, and he thought they were in the old hospital building where they usually stayed when in town. But when they investigated, all the building produced was one frightened government mail carrier on his way down river from Las Vegas. This time, the outlaws had ridden away.

Garrett and his crew made their camp at Pete Maxwell's house that day and put their horses in his barn. Garrett sent word around Fort Sumner that no one was to leave town under the pain of death. That evening, a Mexican approached the sheriff and begged permission to go look for his cow. There was no milk in the house and they had a little baby and it was very sick. He was granted the favor and departed calling on all his saints to bless the man who had bestowed it. Night fell. The posse ate their supper and fed their horses. Then they stole across the parade-ground

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GARRY OAK
The Mystery Tree

by William J. Betts

This slow-growing oak tree was seen and classified by a Scottish botanist in 1826. QUERCUS GARRYANA or the Oregon White oak is peculiarly fit to survive in the soil and climate of Washington's eastern pariric.

Photo furnished by author.

One of the oldest Garry Oaks in the Puget Sound region and one of the most historical. It was here that a fort (Fort Easton) was erected for the protection of the white farmers of the region during the Indian wars.

The Garry oak or the Oregon white oak, as it is sometimes called, is a mystery tree. Where did it come from? Why is its habitat the dry outwash of ancient glacial till that comprise the so-called

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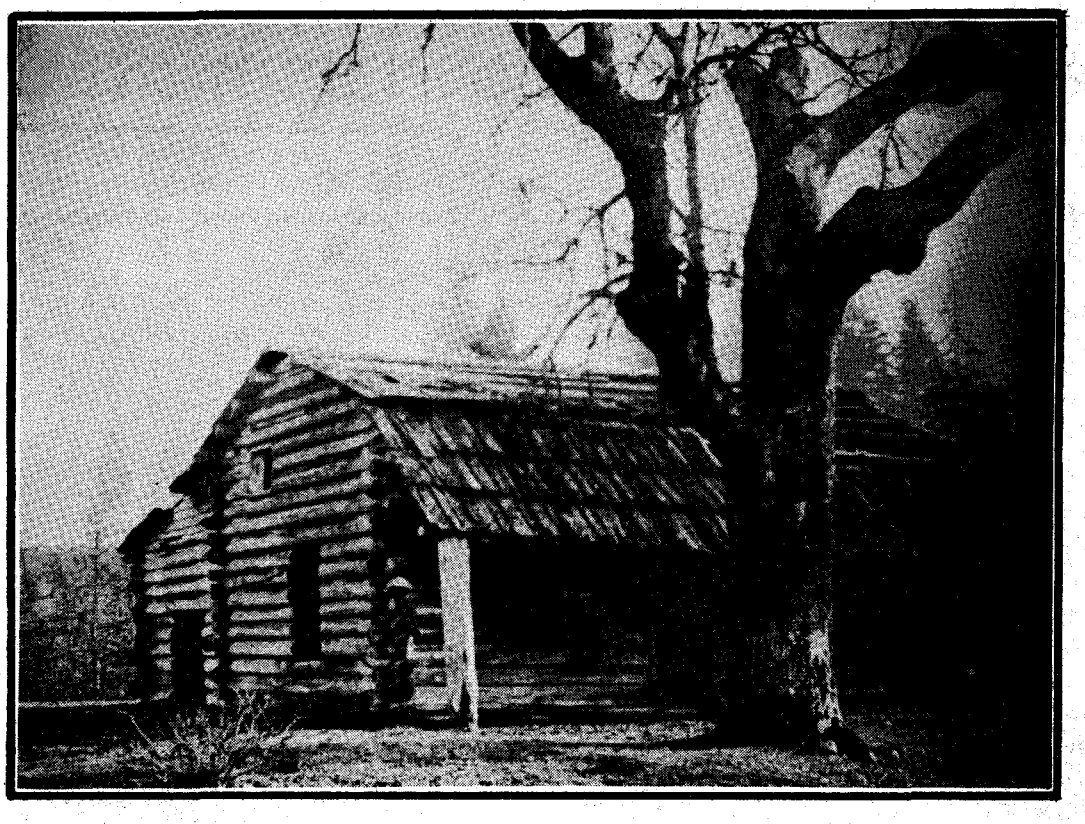

Photo furnished by author.

The old James Sales place that was converted into a fort during the Indian wars of the 1850's. A freeway has nearly enveloped this historic spot. A windstorm some six years ago finally blew this old Garry oak down. Today nothing remains but a few old photographs and documents about this battered old oak.

prairies of western Washington? Why is this the one and only species of oak to be found in the state of Washington? Puzzling questions that nature has willed us to ponder and wonder over.

The Scotch botanist, David Douglas, was the first to describe the oak. He found a large specimen growing near the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort Vancouver in 1826. Douglas named the oak *Quercus garryana* after a new found friend, Michael Garry, a clerk at Fort Vancouver.

The Garry oak grows, almost exclusively on the Nisqually Plain although stands are found in British Columbia as well as northern Oregon. The Nisqually prairie lands are composed of a fine organic soil, some eight or ten inches in depth over rocky glacial till, commonly called Spanaway gravelly loam.

The Nisqually prairie lands are hot and dry in the summer months and soaked during the winter with heavy rainfall. What little rain comes in the summer is quickly absorbed and leached away in the loose gravelly soil and for this reason the Garry oak develops an extensive root system which enables the tree to absorb life giving moisture. There may be as much oak underground as above. Despite some very dry summers the Garry oak has been able to survive year after year.

It is misleading to call the oak habitat prairie lands as we find very little of the old Nisqually Plain left today. Douglas fir has encroached upon the grasslands and have, over the last hundred years, taken over much of it.

The Nisqually Indians, before the coming of the white man, periodically burned the prairies. They burned the dry summer grass in the fall. The burn didn't kill the root systems of the grasses and in the spring the prairie was as green as ever. The fires killed the seedling Douglas fir that had begun to encroach upon the prairie lands while the Garry oak withstood the flames continuing to thrive. Thus the fires insured the continuation of open grasslands with here and there little "islands" of Garry oak.

The open grasslands of the Nisqually Plains teemed with game; deer and elk browsed over the prairies while, at certain times of the year, wolves and mountain lions roamed the area. Bear and coyote were familiar sights on the prairies. The lions and wolves remained in the higher country during the summer months and came down to the grasslands when winter snows and hunger drove them to it. Today the wolves are gone forever; the coyote has gone to the sanctuary of Mt. Rainier National Park; the mountain lions have all but disappeared even from the remote wilderness areas of the state. Only the deer have remained.

Of all the Indians that inhabited the coastal areas of Oregon, Washington and British Columbia the Nisqually Indians were the only "horse" Indians. Theykept large bands of horses on the open prairie lands. They probably received their horses from the eastern bands of Indians across the Cascade Mountains.

In the early part of the nineteenth century the Hudson's Bay Company established a farm in the Puget Sound country that took in all of the Nisqually plains. They had huge herds of cattle as well as bands of sheep grazing the open grasslands. The Company shipped salted meats to the settlements in California as well as to the Russian fur trading posts in Alaska. The cattle and sheep were allowed to roam over the many thousands of acres and were rounded up annually.

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The first influx of Americans to the Puget Sound region in the late 1840's and early 1850's sounded the death knell for the Hudson's Bay Company. The newcomers took up claims on the lands belonging to the Nisqually as well as those of the Hudson's Bay Company. There were conflicts over this and the actual title of ownership to the land wasn't resolved until years after the Oregon Country went to the United States. Finally in 1863, the two powers agreed on a settlement and the Puget Sound Agriculture Company, as the subsidiary of the Hudson's Bay Company was known, was given $200,000 for their Nisqually property rights.

From the very first the American settlers were a thorn in the side of the British. Not all of the men arriving in Puget Sound country were honest farmers. Some, if not outright criminals, were not a bit bashful about making a quick buck at the expense of others. A band of rustlers was formed from these shady characters by the son of an early settler. This band of rustlers preyed upon the Hudson's Bay Company's cattle as well as other farmers and ranchers in the district. Eventually some of the men were caught and hanged from the nearest Garry oak. The leader, however, was never caught. Legend has it that he went on to become a banker and a prominent man in the state.

But to get back to the Garry oak, the Nisqually Indians utilized the acorns as a food. Since the oak acorn has too much tannic acid to be palatable without removal the Indians used a process of leaching, a method used by many tribes where oak is abundant. The acorns were put in loosely woven baskets and placed in a stream where they were submerged with rocks. After a period of time the acid was leached from the nut and a flour was made from grinding the kernel. This flour could be formed into cakes and dried or baked on hot stones making a sort of tasteless "bread."

Birds and animals were attracted to the acorn crop as well as the Indians. The western grey squirrel was abundant in the old days among the oaks collecting and caching large quantities for use during the winter months. The Indians in turn killed the squirrels for food but the balance was always kept. Later, with the coming of the whites with his more skillful hunting methods as well as the gradual disappearance of the Garry oak, the grey squirrel has all but disappeared over much of its former range.

Birds also fed upon the acorns of the oak. Crows and Steller's jays were fond of them. The early days saw large flocks of the band tailed pigeon sweep into the trees to harvest the acorns. The pigeon was hunted for food by both the Indian and white man. Today there are few pigeons to be found in the remaining oaks.

The Indian left the oak growing where he found them on the prairie but not so the white man. He found the close grained wood hard and tough, ideally suited for making handles, wagon tongues and wheels. They cut and burned great quantities of oak in their cookstoves and fireplaces as well. Gradually the groves began to disappear before the onslaught of the farmer's ax and the encroachment of the Douglas fir. Only a remnant of the former oak groves is left today.

The Garry oak, like other species in the genus *Quercus*, is a slow grower. Some of the larger trees, where core samples have been taken, were found to be well over 600 years old. Some of the oaks on the Nisqually Plains were seedlings when Columbus was in swaddling clothes. A sapling, three inches in diameter and not over fifteen feet tall, may be fifty years old.

The clump or cluster stands, which seem to be the predominant growth type in many sections, grow faster and more vigorously than single specimens. These stands may be survivors of extended root systems having withstood fires as well as browsing deer and cattle.

During the Indian Wars of the 1850's Governor Stevens had many forts built for the protection of the settlers from the marauding bands of Indians. At least two of these sites were built next to huge Garry oaks, perhaps to have a handy hanging tree! The oak near old Fort Eaton still stands. A stone marker commemorates the fort that has long since become dust.

Until just a few years ago another huge oak stood where the old James Sales farm was once located (James Sales was the first white baby to be born in what is today the city of Tacoma). Near the tree was built a huge barn - like building of logs that was used as a fort during the wars. Sales used it as a barn after peace came to the Puget Sound country once more.

How the first Garry oak "settled" on the Nisqually Plain is one of nature's secrets. Perhaps the seed was carried from farther south after the great glaciers receded, sometimes in the late Pleistocene. It is a known fact that band tailed pigeons carry viable acorns in their crops and sometimes fly many miles from the area in which they ate them.

David Douglas (how indebted we are for his observations) tells in his journal how he once shot a pigeon in the Willamette Valley (Oregon) that had viable nuts of the giant chinquapin (a type of chestnut growing on the western slopes of the Cascades of Oregon and California) that could have come only from an area some 100 miles distant. So, perhaps, the band tailed pigeon could have helped bring the Garry Oak northward.

In the local areas both the Steller's jay and the grey squirrel collect and store acorns from the Garry Oak. Caches of acorns forgotten by the owner would germinate and grow. Perhaps, this also, would account for the groves appearing well away from the "mother" tree.

Although the Garry oak didn't

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play as big a part in the economic growth of the area as did the Douglas fir or the western red cedar, nevertheless it did supply a hardwood that was needed by the pioneer farmer for handles and wheels as well as a fuel supply. The encroachment of our spreading suburbia and the miles of freeway, are taking many of our last big Garry oak trees. Only a few of the old giants are left. Still, enough remnants of tiny prairie lands, with their clusters of oak, remain to give us an idea of what the countryside must have looked like in a less complicated time and era. ●RW

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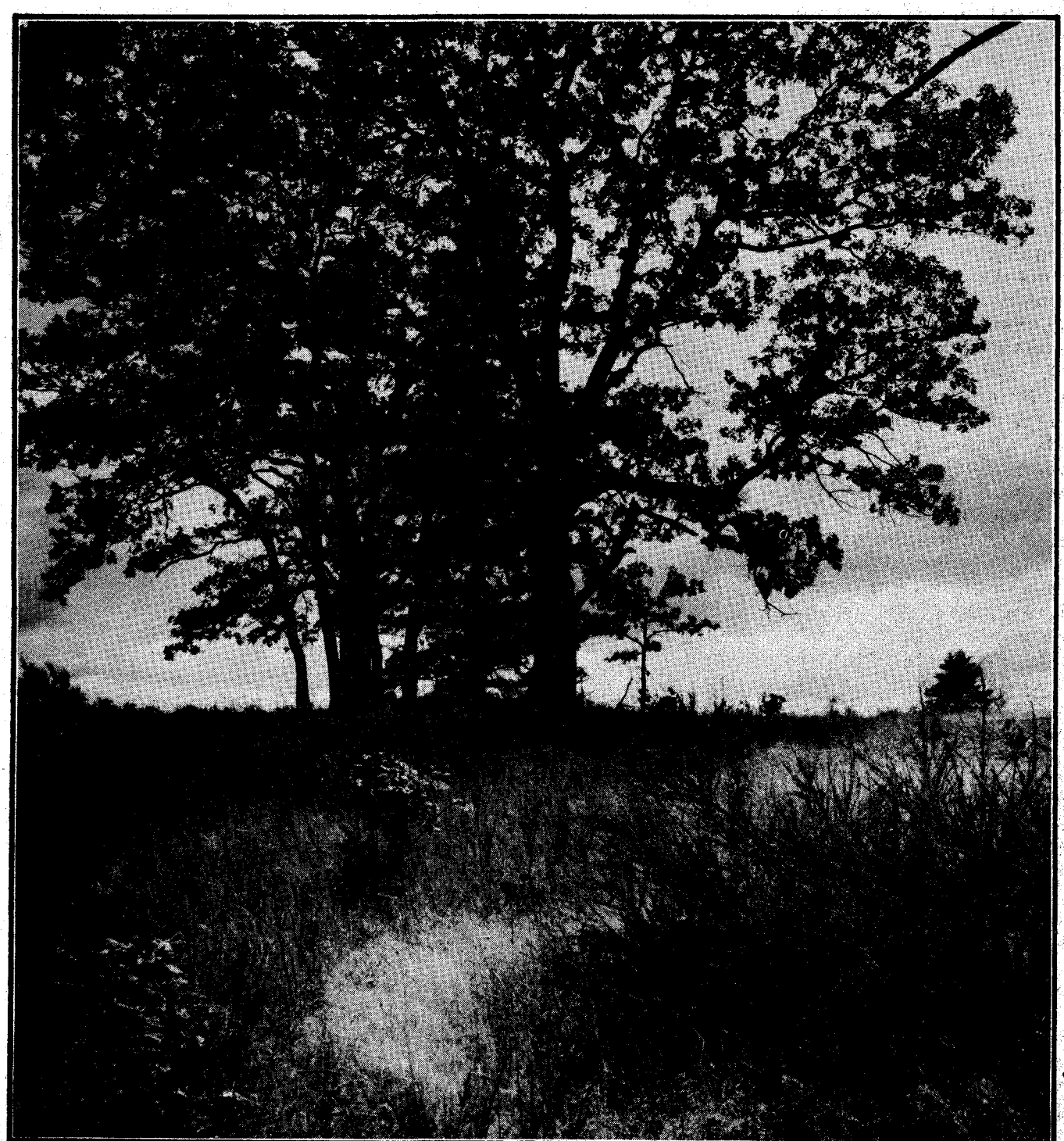

Photo furnished by author.

These oaks have long since fallen victims to the freeway that swept through the prairie lands on which they grew. This is a typical oak growth and probably was the sight that greeted newcomers from the east as they settled in the Puget Sound country.

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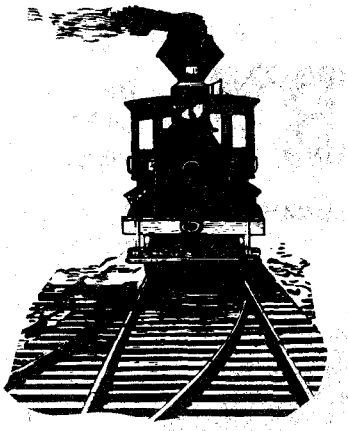

JESSE JAMES'

When the Reno brothers committed the first train robbery of all time in 1866, they set the pattern which Jesse James was to follow so successfully later on. Their first effort was against a Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific train near Council Bluffs, Iowa.

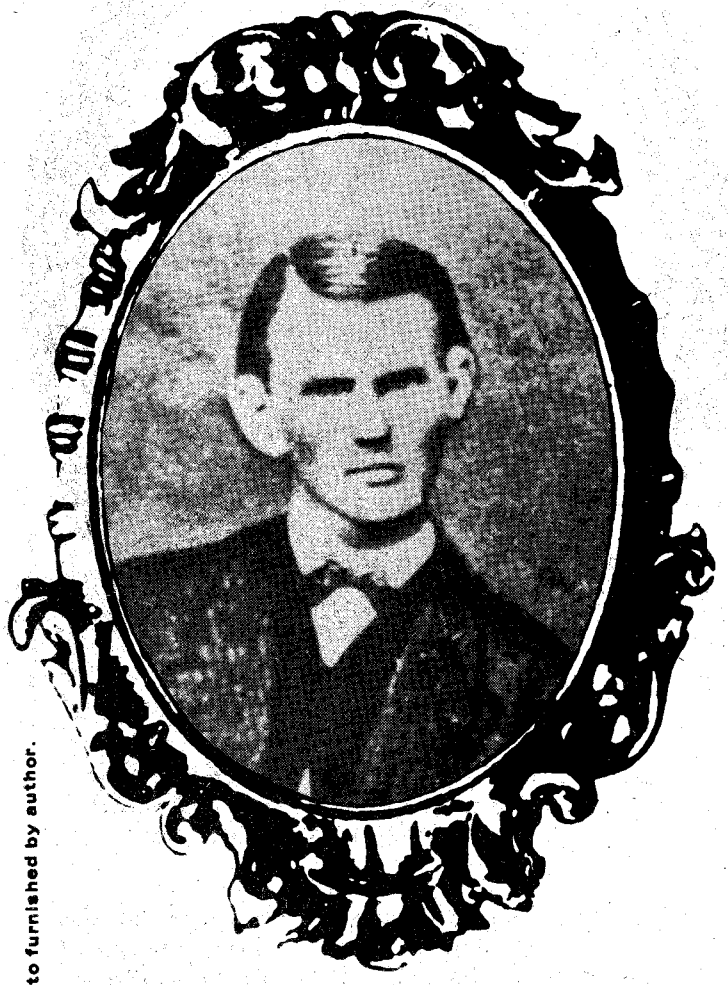

Photo furnished by author.

Jesse James from a posed photo taken in 1870.

Train robbery was an unheard happening in this country until the night of October 6, 1866, when an Adams Express Car was boarded and robbed. The train had been boarded in the dark forest a few miles outside of Seymour, Indiana by two masked men who crept along the tops of the cars until they reached the car which held the safe. Carefully swinging down between, they ripped through the door and blackjacked the messenger in charge. They then laboriously shoved the great safe across the floor of the car, tumbled it through the door, rifled the small express safe of sixteen thousand dollars, and pulled the bell cord.

It was eventually proven that the Reno brothers, John, Frank, Simeon, and William, had been responsible for the first train robbery in the world. John was later lodged in the Missouri State Penitentiary for holding up the county clerk at Gallatin, and his three brothers were hanged by a lynch mob on December 12, 1868 at New Albany, Indiana.

Apparently the fate of the Reno brothers did not bother the James boys or the Younger brothers. No doubt they considered themselves smarter in the art of robbery than most outlaws; they would not make the same mistakes as other badmen did. It was with this thought in mind and looking for new opportunities that Frank James and Jim Younger left their hiding place in Jackson County, Missouri and made a trip to the northwest, going through Omaha and as far west as Cheyenne, where they remained for some time.

Both the Youngers and the Jameses had relatives in California, and it was thought that information concerning gold shipments over the Union Pacific Railroad from San Francisco could be obtained easily. An uncle of Jim Younger owned a large general store there, while Frank's uncle Drury Woodson James operated the Paso Robles Hot Sulphur Springs in San Luis Obispo County.

Back in Missouri other members of the gang were growing restless awaiting the return of Jim Younger and Frank James. The winter of 1872-73 had been a severe one, and when May rolled around the bandits began to become itchy for action.

It was decided by Jesse James that the five members left in hiding in Jackson County should go into action. With Cole and Bob Younger, Clell Miller, Bill Chadwell (alias Bill Stiles) and himself, the five would ride to Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, and plunder the bank. On the 1st of May, 1873, the five robbers left Jackson County, and stopped a short time at a country place a few miles south of Springfield. From there they went to Bismarck, on the Iron Mountain Railroad, remaining there but one day. From that point they rode through Ste. Genevieve County and on the morning of May 27th, the five outlaws appeared in the town, three entering from the south and two from the north.

It was shortly after nine o'clock when the bandits made their appearance, and as three of them

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FIRST TRAIN ROBBERY

By Carl W. Breihan

entered the bank they found no one inside except the cashier, O. D. Harris, and a son of State Senator Firman A. Rozier, the president of the bank. The robbers leveled their pistols and demanded the safe be opened. Young Rozier began to speak but was cut short.

"You keep still, you damned little rat, if you don't want to die in an instant!"

"For what?"

"Not another word. That's enough. A babbling tongue can be stopped damned easy."

Fearing to remain and impelled by a sudden and overpowering desire to take his departure, young Rozier sprang down the steps, near the landing of which he had been standing, and fled swiftly from the building. The two bandits who stood guard outside fired three times at the fleeing boy, one bullet passing through his coat, but doing no bodily injury. Mr. Harris accepted the more sensible alternative and opened the safe door, allowing the outlaws to remove all the funds then in the bank, amounting to about $4,000. The money, much of which was silver, was thrown into a sack, and mounting their horses, the bandits rode away.

The robbers were frustrated in several ways. As they left town the money sack fell to the ground, spilling silver all over the place. The bandits were compelled to return to scoop up what money they could before making a hasty departure. A hasty posse was organized, but, as in previous cases, the "brave citizens" were induced to return home after the bandits had fired a few volleys in their direction. The robbers were really fit to be tied when they learned their timing had been terrible. At the time of the raid the bank was winding up its business, and to facilitate this, the capital and funds were deposited with the Merchants Bank in St. Louis, and all the deposits had been drawn out, except for the small amount the robbers took, and which had been left behind to carry on the daily business of the bank.

When the five outlaws reached Jackson County from Ste. Genevieve, they found Frank James and Jim Younger in waiting. A new campaign was planned. Hitherto they had depredated on the banks; but they were about to commence another line of business. The whole question was, no doubt, discussed with profound interest in their secret conclave. Such a thing as plundering a railway train was something new. The public mind had not become accustomed to read accounts of the arrest of railway trains and the robbery of the passengers by a band of armed outlaws. The Missouri bandits thought to offer the thrill-seeking public something new to gasp over.

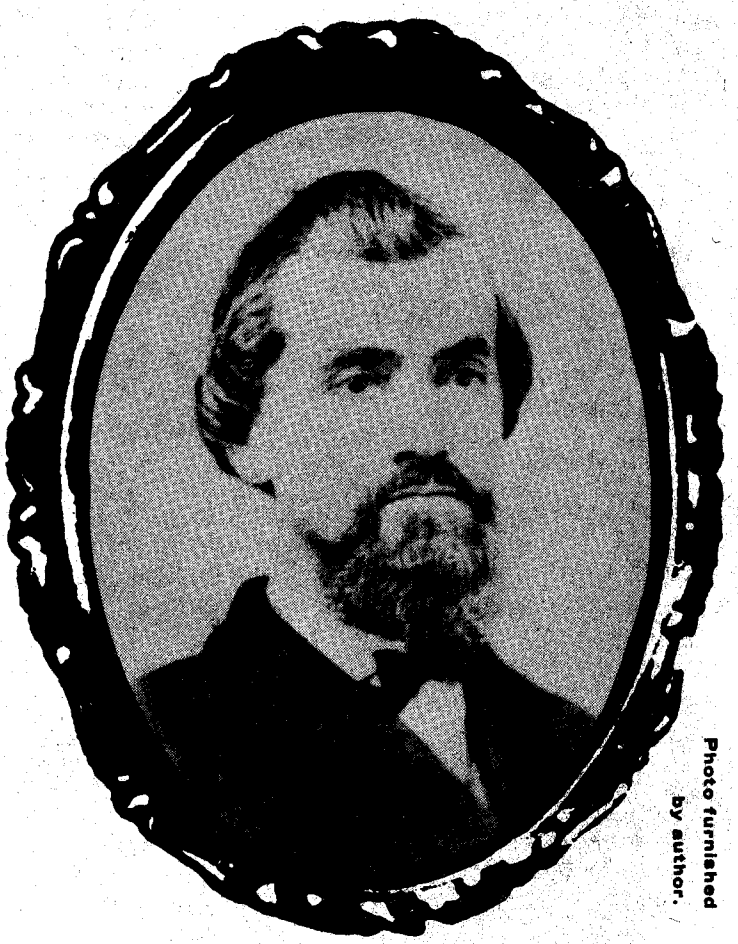

Photo furnished by author.

Frank James at the age of 33. Both he and Jesse took part in the first train robbery west of the Mississippi River on July 21, 1873 at Adair, Iowa.

The first suggestion was to rob a train on the Hannibal & St. Joe Railroad, or some other road in the State of Missouri. But this idea was rejected after due deliberation. The plan for going into Iowa was suggested and met with favor, for it had been learned by Jim Younger and Frank James that a fortune in gold would be shipped over the Union Pacific Railroad, reaching Omaha on the morning of July 21st. The plans for the raid were laid before the gang separated. On the 14th of the month the bandits met at the house of a mutual friend in Clay County and the final arrangements were made; a place of rendezvous was designated and the gang then separated into couples. As usual, Frank and Jesse James took the same route; Cole Younger and his brothers another, and Chadwell and Miller another route. It has been claimed that two of the robbers were outlaws named Bob Moore and Comanche Tony, but this has never been substantiated.

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The bandits leisurely pursued their journey, and on the 20th of July they were near the line of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, some fourteen miles east of Council Bluffs, Iowa. On the afternoon of the 21st it was agreed to wreck the evening passenger train. The spot selected for this purpose was about a mile or so west of Adair, a small town in Adair County, where there was a sharp curve in the road which obscured the rails sixty yards in advance of the engine. The outlaws tied their horses some distance from the tracks out of sight from the train, and procuring a spike-bar loosened one of the rails. To this loose rail they tied a rope leading several yards out into the grass, where they concealed themselves. The passenger train consisted of seven coaches, including the two sleepers, and was due at the point of ambush at 8:30 P.M.

As the cumbersome train trudged up the incline Engineer John Rafferty spied the rope from his cab. Quickly he realized the situation and threw his engine into reverse, but the distance was so short, while the momentum of the train was so great, that the engine plunged through the break in the tracks, crashed into the ditch, and toppled over on its side. By some miracle the cars remained upright. Rafferty, trapped in the engine, was scalded to death by the steam, and in the coaches men, women, and children screamed in fright.

From the wrecked engine Dennis Foley, the fireman, got up and staggered forward, screaming in agony, his back and waist aflame with oil-soaked overalls. Rolling desperately in the high grass, Foley was able to extinguish the flames, but he was desperately burned. It was an heroic effort on the part of this young man in his twenties. Engineer Rafferty, the real hero of the disaster, a man who refused to leap to safety from his post, was about 35 years old, married, and the father of one child.

Undismayed with the results of their plan, the robbers quickly boarded the cars, two of them entering the express car, while the others forced the excited and demoralized passengers to deliver up all their money and valuables. The express messenger, John Burgesse, was forced to open the safe and give the bandits what money he had therein; but the amount was small, consisting of around $3,000. This was a bitter disappointment to the raiders, for they expected to find not less than $50,000 in gold in the safe. The express messenger told them that the heavy shipment of gold was scheduled to pass on the following train, and therefore Jesse's first train robbery was a failure - it was twelve hours too soon! When Conductor William A. Smith walked toward the express car the bandits fired into the air, chasing him back into the coaches.

The entire booty taken in the holdup amounted to about $26,000, and with this in the proverbial grain sack, the seven daring train robbers waved their hats and shouted farewell to their victims, and leaping onto their horses, they rode away to the south.

Some years ago Mrs. John F. Rafferty said this about the robbery: "My husband is the son of the engineer who was killed. He heard it from his mother. He says it is best you should bring

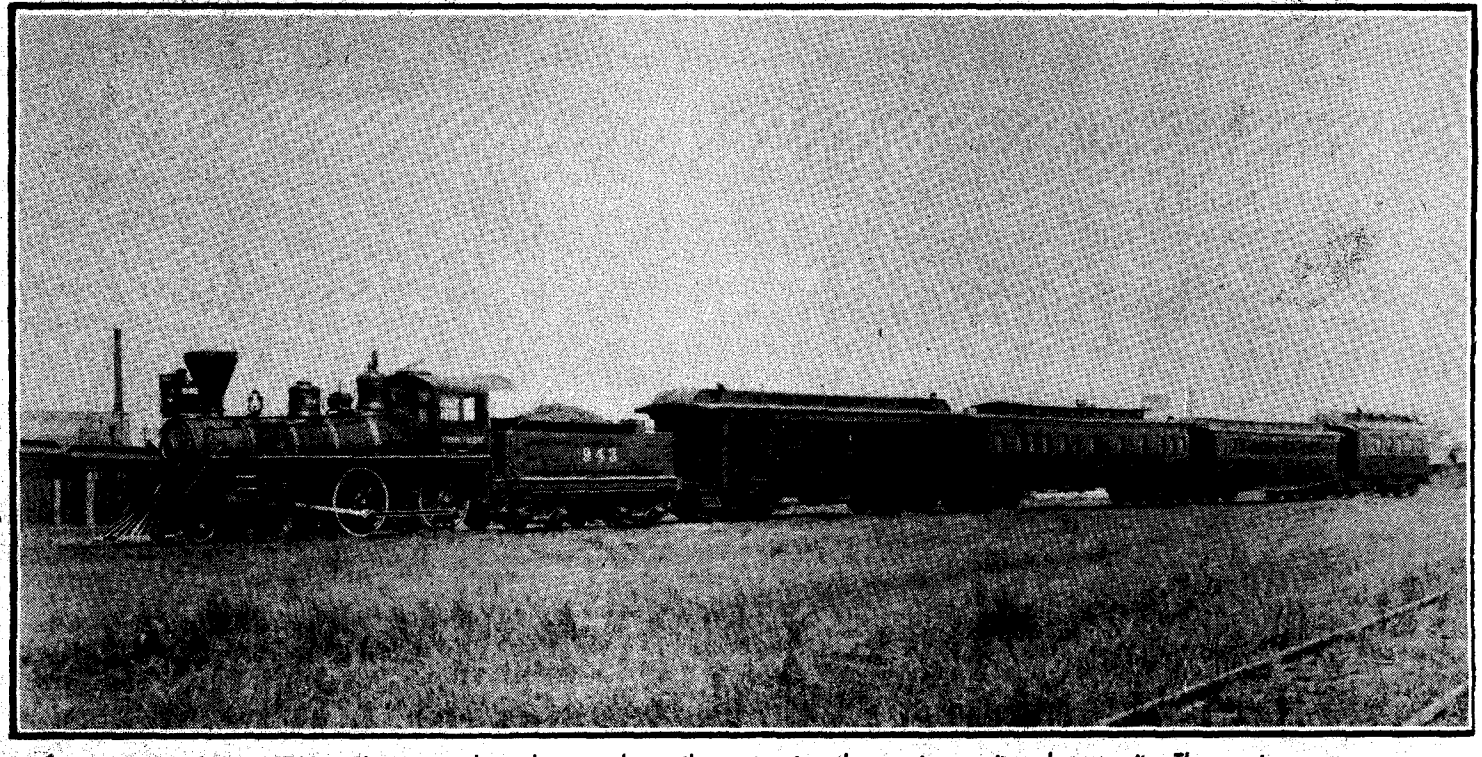

Photo furnished by author.

Typical train of the 1870's. The James boys loosened a rail overturning the engine as it rode over it. The engineer, John Rafferty, stood his post trying to stop the train before reaching the fated spot. He could have jumped to safety. Instead he was scalded to death. Allan Pinkerton from a photo taken by Matthew Brady during the Civil War. The Pinkerton Detective Agency spent years chasing the James Boys without much success.

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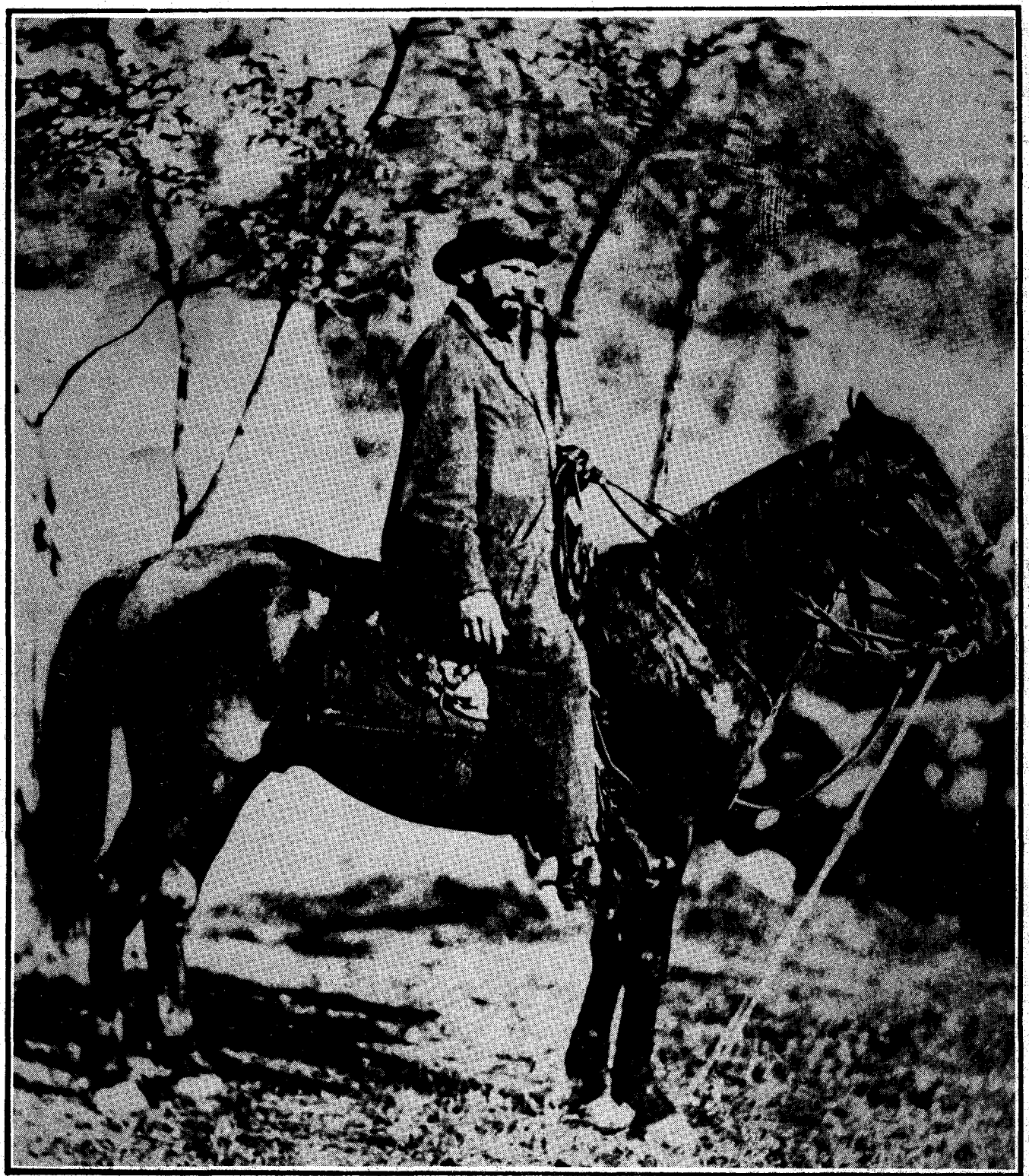

Courtesy Pinkerton Detective Agency.

Allan Pinkerton from a photo taken by Matthew Brady during the Civil War. The Pinkerton Detective Agency spent years chasing the James Boys without much success.

it out that his father could have saved his life and jumped. He was a hero, but is usually not given credit for sticking to his post at the cost of his life."

It is most fitting that at this time due recognition is given to this brave and courageous engineer who gave his life while trying to protect limb and property assigned to him. I, for one, shall make it a point to always talk about his deed.

The excitement created over the dreadful outrage was very great and hundreds of brave men volunteered to track down the desperadoes. The trail led straight through Missouri and to the Missouri River, where there was unmistakable evidence that the outlaws swam the stream with their horses. Following the tracks on the other side, the

(continued on page 75)

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PRIVATE BRADFORD'S LETTER FROM FORT DODGE

By George Hart

This delightfully frank letter is reprinted exactly as it was written by a G. I. in 1867 just after the Civil War. Bill Bradford had his dreams when he wrote it and the author follows his career to the end and shows us which of them came true.

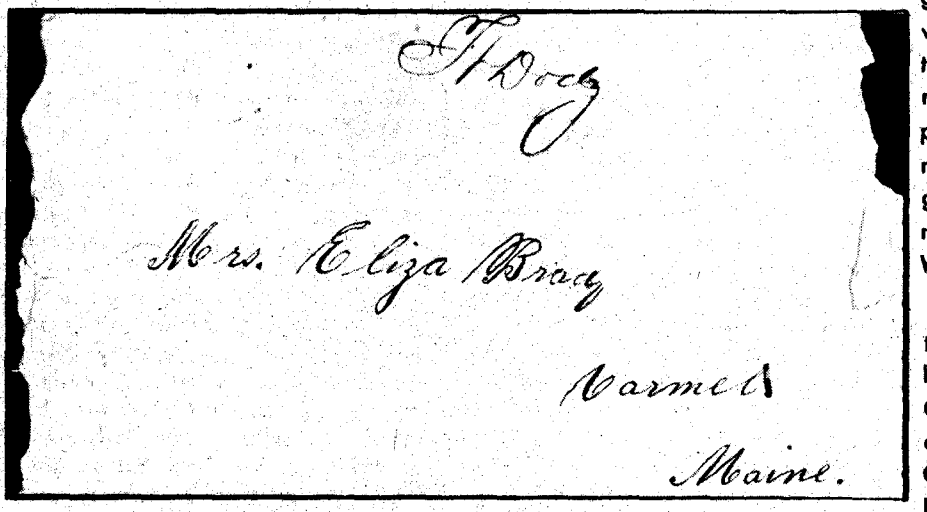

Photo furnished by the author.

The letter from Ft. Dodge written by Private William W. Bradford on October 14, 1867. Although in poor condition the Ft. Dodge return address can still be seen. Some enterprising stamp collector probably lifted the stamp before the letter found its way into the author's collection.

In the autumn of 1867, Pvt. William W. Bradford of Co. I, 37 U. S. Infantry penned the following letter to his sister in Carmel, Maine:

"Fort Dodge, Kansas. Monday
October 14, 1867
Dear Friend,

I now take this opportunity to write to you to let you know that I am well and I hope you are the same. The weather is quite pleasant here and I think the red-skins must be getting scarce for we have not seen many lately, not since we had a brush with them up to Simerone (sic -- Cimarron). We are now learning a new drill which I think is much better than the old one. We drill some most every day. We had orders this morning to start next Friday for Fort Union, New Mexico (Territory). We may have to fight them red fellows on our way there, no doubt but we will, for they have done some horrible work here this summer. They scalp every man they can get. They have scalped two out of this company. We had some fine shots at them red-skins this summer while we were escorting the mail over the Smooth Plains. There is no woods to be seen here. The worst two tribes of Indians here are the Shyans (sic -- Cheyennes) and Kiwars (sic -- Kiowas). I did not think when I enlisted that I was coming to Kansas to fight Indians. Well Eliza this is not much like cooking. I suppose you know how I would like to have some of them fried cakes that I brought over to the house last winter. We get enough to eat to keep us alive and that is about all. I think I would believe in old Carmel as to be out here, but I have not been homesick yet. My bunkmate is from Maysville, Aroostook County, Maine. My other bunkmate deserted. They desert very fast out here. I think I shall go to California if they do not use us right. I am very glad to hear that Peel is getting along well in his shop. I would like to be up to Abbot on another visit. I have left off all bad habits since I left. I would like to see Smith Small. I hear there is two good looking girls below our house. Speak a good word for me. I don't like the name of the baby, but I hope we shall soon all meet again and have some more pleasant times together. I have no more to write now, so I will bid you good-bye until I hear from you. Give my love to all from your brother.
William W. Bradford"

Pvt. Bradford's story was probably typical of many young men who enlisted in the Union Army during the Civil War. He was nineteen years of age when he started his service with Co. A, 22 Regiment Maine Volunteers. Illness contracted while in the army may or may not have had something to do with his not reenlisting when his term was up. In any event, he was mustered out on August 14, 1863.

The young veteran returned to his parents' farm in Carmel, Maine. He remained there throughout the war and for two years after its end, when he again joined the army. He failed to list his prior service on his enlistment papers. This was perhaps an intentional omission due to a fear of not being accepted because of ill health.

Bradford was about 24 and had been serving for six months with Co. 1, 37 U.S. Infantry when he wrote the above letter. After rereading the delightfully frank communication several times I became more and more interested in the ultimate fate of this soldier. Especially intriguing is the part dealing with desertion. It seems not to have been looked upon as anything very serious, at least not from the enlisted man's point of view. Of course they were aware that it could mean death if apprehended, but this doesn't appear

(continued on page 80)

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

INDIAN CULTURE GROUPS IN THE UNITED STATES

The most accepted theory regarding the origin of the American Indian is that, some fifteen thousand years before Columbus arrived, they came from Asia via the Bering Strait. They followed the great game animals, and by the time Columbus landed the natives were living in scattered villages in all parts of North and South America. All were given the name Indian, but their way of life had been influenced and developed from the part of the country in which they had settled. They spoke different languages, had different customs, religious beliefs, and dress. Some were primitive hunters, and some agriculturists; those living in the same type country had developed similar customs and were somewhat alike. These have been divided into various culture groups. Some historians call these groups, the Eastern and Southeastern Woodland tribes; the Northwest Coast tribes; the California tribes; the Southwest tribes; the Plateau tribes and the Plains tribes.

The tribes living in the vast forests that stretched from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic Ocean and from the Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico were referred to as the Eastern and Southeastern Woodland groups. Tribes to the far north in this group included the Naskapi, the Saulteaux, and the Ojibwa. A little to the south of them lived the Abnaki, Micmac, Mohican, Pequot, Iroquois, Ottawa, Huron, Wyandot, Susquehanna, Delaware and the Erie. To the west lived the Menomini, Sauk and Fox, Pottawatomi, Kickapoo, Miami, Illinois, Shawnee and Winnebago. In the far south lived the Creek, Powhatan, Cherokee, Choctaw, Yuchi, Tuscarora, Quwpaw, Tonkawa, Atakapa, Chickasaw, Natchez, Biloxi and the Seminole.

Most of these tribes of the Eastern and Southeastern Woodland groups lived in villages fortified with palisades of sharpened poles. The villages were made up of a number of dwellings known as wigwams. These varied in form from the tipi-shaped one of the Naskapi, to the gabled long house of the Iroquois and the dome-shaped shelter of the Ojibwa.

The wigwam, often mistakenly referred to as the tipi, was built on a framework of poles and saplings then covered with the most suitable material the Indian could find in their part of the country. In the far north this was the caribou skin, in the south the palmetto leaves and a plaster, made by mixing clay and Spanish moss, made excellent walls and roof coverings. Bark and mats made of cat tails, or other rushes, were also common material for this purpose.

The women of the tribe wove rush mats in different sizes, and when traveling these could be folded up in long bundles to be easily stowed in a canoe. When camp was made, a frame could be fashioned of saplings tied together with strings of fiber. The largest mats were then tied to the sides and the smaller ones thrown over the top, so they overlapped, forming a waterproof roof. A small hole was left in the center so smoke from the fire inside could escape. The Iroquois, had the largest dwelling of the eastern tribes. This was the longhouse which was built by setting up a framework of poles and covering it with slabs of red elm or ash bark that had been flattened and dried. These houses were often from eighty to one hundred and fifty feet long and about twenty feet wide and nearly as high.

The main supply of food for these tribes was from agriculture. They were good farmers and each year would raise large crops of squash, pumpkins, beans, watermelon, sweet potatoes, and corn. They also raised tobacco for ceremonial purposes. In the far north where farming was not possible, the caribou were killed. If the meat was not needed it was dried for future use. Other tribes living in this vast area of the Woodland tribes hunted the deer; those living near the Great Lakes caught the great sturgeon and other fish. Maple sugar was part of the food of the tribes living in what is now New England; wild rice was gathered around the Great Lakes, and berries, persimmon bread, peanuts, hominy and hickory-nut lent variety to the food supply.

The soft tanned deerskin was used for clothing. The men wore leggins or kilts, breech-cloth and a sleeves shirt. The women wore a skirt and a jacket. The moccasins of both the men and women were soft soled with puckered fronts and were decorated with porcupine quillwork. Only a few tribes made pottery, birch bark was used in making all kinds of utensils. Their main weapon was a wooden bow, and wooden war club. This country of many lakes and rivers also had the birch bark canoe, the pattern we use when making our canvas covered crafts.

The Northwest Coast Tribes were those tribes living near the Pacific coast from southern Oregon to Alaska. They were best known for their totem poles. Important among these tribes were the Tlingit, Tsimishian, Haida, Bellacoola, Kwakiutl, Nootka, Coast Salish, Chinook, Wailatpuan and Chimakuan. They lived in villages of wooden houses, on or near the seacoast, and their main source of food was from fishing. These were the best woodworkers of any of the Indians.

The great amount of rainfall in the region led these people to develop permanent homes. These were rectangular in shape with low gabled roofs, the houses were often of great size. On huge posts set in the ground a framework was built of heavy poles, then sides and roof made of planks split from the white cedar was fastened to it. The principal supporting posts of the houses were often decorated with carvings and paintings representing the characters in a tribal myth. Outside the house a carved painted pole was erected, this had the crests or totems of the family on it, a legend or some other important family happening. These were as high as fifty or sixty feet. These tribes had a peculiar and decorative art form, and this highly developed art was displayed on their houses, poles, ceremonial dress, household implements or anything they possessed.

The climate was cold and rainy, but the people often wore little, if any,

(continued on page 72)

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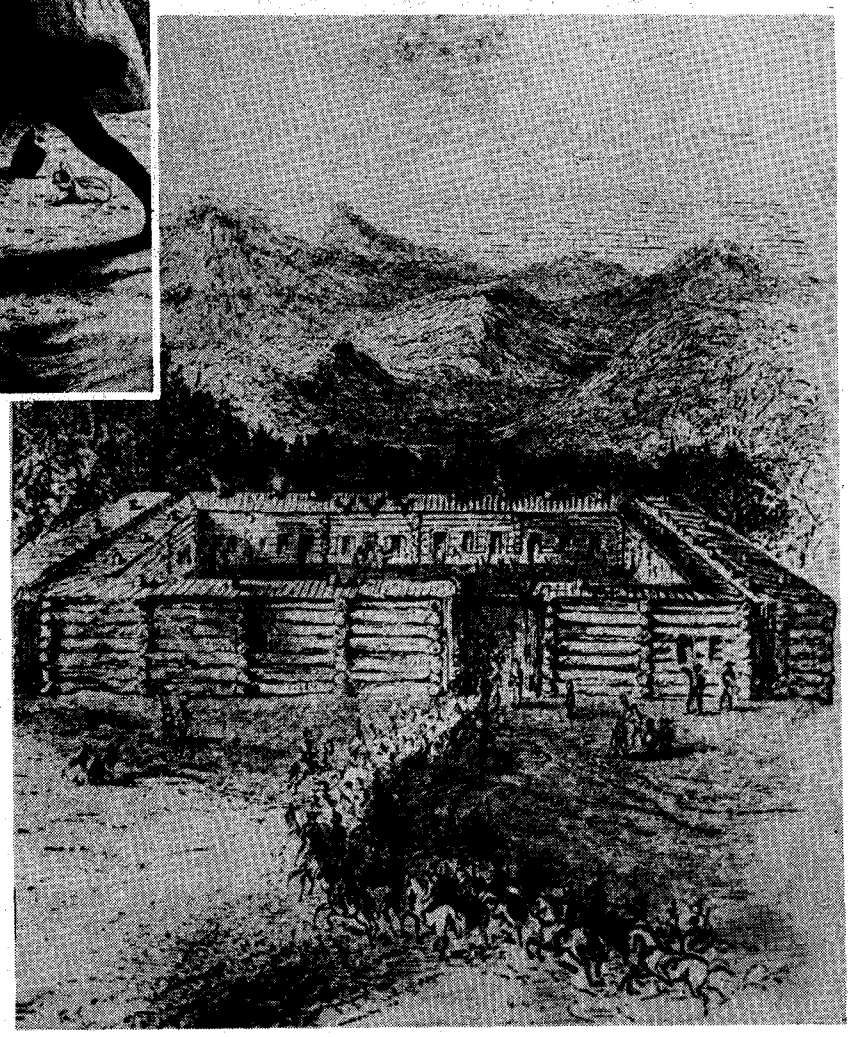
SECRET SERVICE
OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.
No. 1113 NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1920. Price 7 Cents
THE BRADYS AND "BADMAN BILL"
OR, HUNTING THE HERMIT OF HANGTOWN.
AND OTHER STORIES

Edward T. LeBlanc dime novel collection.

DIME NOVELS' GLORIFYING THE WEST NO. 17. SECRET SERVICE. This dime novel series featured the detective adventures of the two Bradys who ranged far and wide in their search for evil doers. A good part of their time was spent in pursuing enemies of the law in the West as pictured above. The series was published by Frank Tousey beginning January 28, 1899 and continued every week until May 1925.

Denver Public Library Western Collection.



Fort Massachusetts was the first military post in Colorado. It was established in 1852. In 1858 it was relocated 6 miles north and renamed Fort Garland in honor of Brigadier General John Garland who at the time was commander of the district. During 1866-7 the fort was commanded by Col. Kit Carson. In 1883 it was abandoned; peace had come to Colorado. It is now a State Historical Monument and is in easy reach of tourists off State Route 159.

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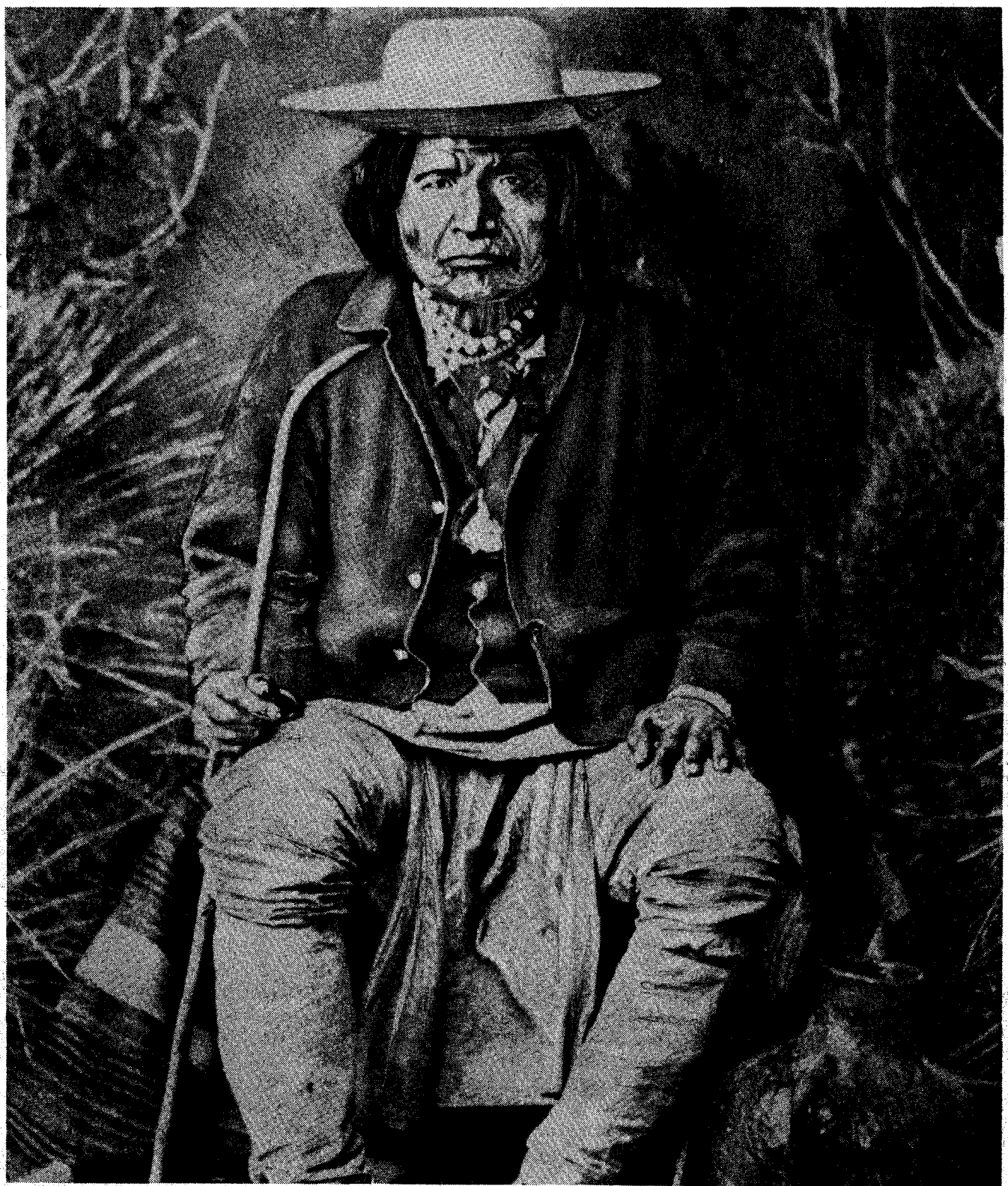
PICTORIAL



REAL WEST INDIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY NO. 33. NANA. *A subordinate warrior Chief of the Chiricahua Apaches during their hostilities against the settlers in the 1870's and 80's. In July 1881, when around 80 years of age he and fifteen warriors raided into New Mexico. They were finally driven into Mexico. On May 15, 1882 he along with two hundred and sixty other Indians surrendered, saying they were tired of war.*

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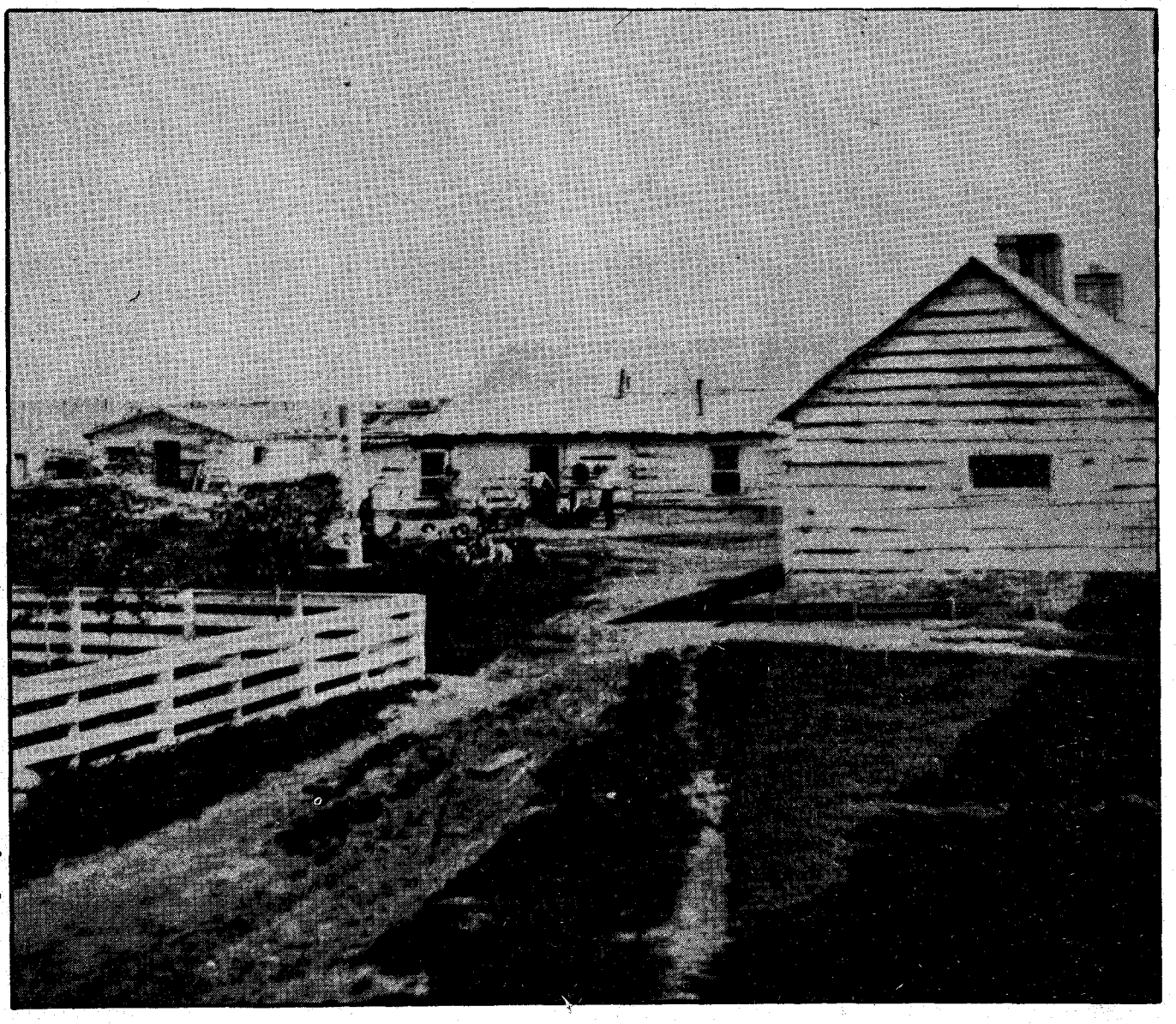
The Legend Of

On March 12, 1880, Dread Dan Williams was tried for the crime of murder but there were many men in the Pacific Northwest who'd tell you that the huge, dark-visaged outlaw was a mighty good man, more sinned against than sinning.



Courtesy Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Ottawa.

Fort Saskatchewan as it appeared in 1890. Here in 1880 Dread Dan Dan Williams was tried and convicted of killing a police officer. He was hanged on March 29, 1880.

"Dread Dan" Williams hunched in the courtroom chair, his quasimodic features twisted into a mask of venom and viciousness. From his lips came mumbled words, "Lawd, help your poor Dan, who needs You now. Lawd. . ."

From other lips, such words would have had a sacredness but from Dan the beseeching was almost an obscenity. His enormous bulk, his apparent strength and his defiant attitude didn't encourage sympathy. Revulsion would have been the better term. Dan was dark suggesting a mixed lineage, perhaps cajun, perhaps negroid, per-

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DREAD DAN WILLIAMS

Bob and Jan Young

haps Indian. What did it matter? Dread Dan's color had no relation to his psyche: He gave the appearance of being bestial and his vile deeds and actions substantiated it.

The little courtroom in Fort Saskatchewan was crowded that march day in 1880. Most of the spectators were there to see Dread Dan Williams, who had long been a scourge in the Canadian Northwest. Dread Dan was considered dangerous enough that he was avoided by even the hardiest of northern people and most were people to be reckoned with themselves. Canadian children immediately obeyed when their parents threatened them with "Be good, or Dread Dan will get you!" Now they were gathered in the courtroom to see the accused outlaw, murderer and thief held to account for high crimes against the Crown.

"Lawd, help your poor Dan. . ."

Dread Dan's mutterings were cut short by the sharp rap of the judge's gavel as he called order again. It was near the end of the trial and the last witness was as unruly as many others had been. He was Banjo Mike McGinney, a Peace River trader, and a friend of Dan's.

"Lawd, done sent yo, Mister Banjo," Dread Dan said, as the runty, red whiskered man pushed towards the witness chair. His first words were: "Whatinhell they doing to you, Dan? Yo ain't done bad." Banjo Mike was warned to be quiet and finally had to be cited for contempt.

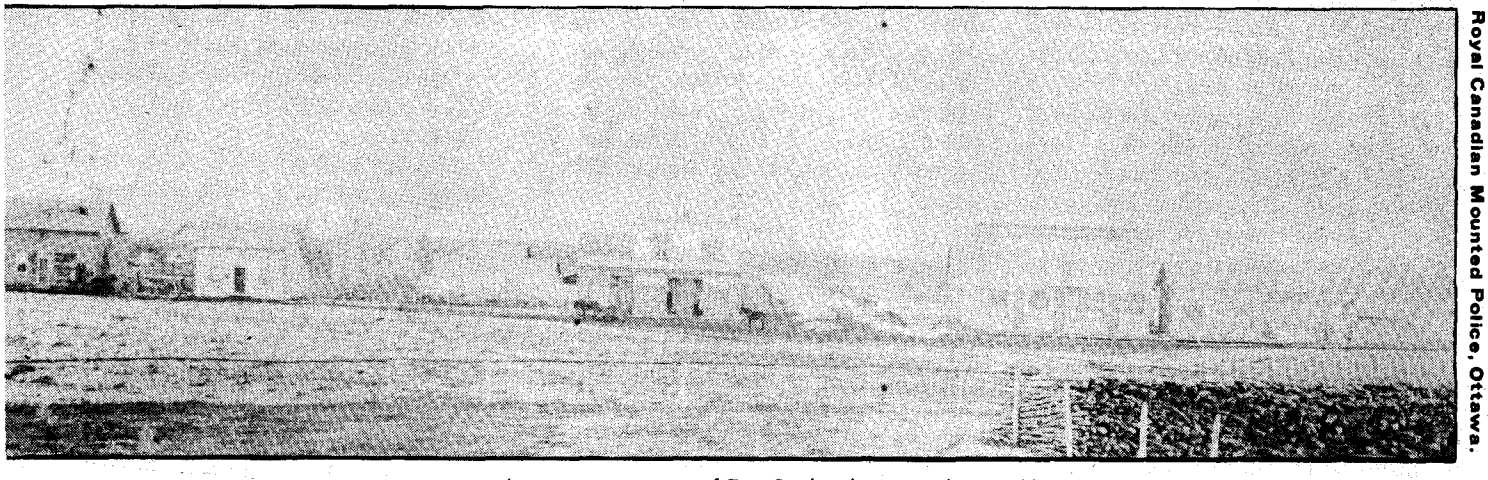
"Dan's a dead shot. Never misses. Can shoot a duck in the eye at 300 yards flying," Banjo Mike insisted. "If Dan had wanted to shoot Constable King, -- and I don't think it would be a bad idea -- Constable King wouldn't be sitting here. Dan don' shoot at no one what ain't shooting at him. That's all I got to say."

With that, Banjo Mike lifted one leg up on the waist high railing and vaulted over. Even the grim old judge was startled. The prosecutor made much of Banjo Mike's appearance. "Here again we see the uncouth, the barbarism, the outlawry evident in these men. . ."

With the evidence in and the summations made, the jury finally retired to consider the fate of Dread Dan Williams. It was March 12, 1880.

While most of Dan Williams' story had been sketched in during the trial no one really knew too much about him, nor probably wanted to. In wilderness areas such as the Peace River, a man was judged for what he seemed to be then, not what he might have been before. Dan had first appeared at Fort Vermillion about 10 years previously. He was moving on with Joe Potter, a barrel shaped man; homely, mean and enormously strong. Potter, and the ton-sized Dan Williams had both been in bondage and servitude. They heard freedom was in the north, so they reasoned the farther north they went, the freer they'd be. The logic may not have been unassailable but both Dan and Joe didn't brook any interference with anything they wanted to do.

Dan was a curious combination of simplicities: his faith in freedom and a moving religion that was a mixture of everything he had ever heard, especially from an itinerant evangelist named Preacher Sam. Dan's was a personal religion, even though he always shared his beseechings. "Lord, take care of yo sinnin' Dan. He's drunk and sick, Lawd." In that he always recovered, the evidence of faith was good enough for Dan.



Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Ottawa.

A panoramic view of Fort Saskatchewan taken in 1894.

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Dan and Joe had worked a stretch on the Great Lakes ore boats, spending their few dollars on whisky strong enough to wrench the scalp from a gorilla and on women who were, at best, brides of the world.

A saloon - keeper steered a Hudson's Bay Company man on to them, since both were good workers. Daniel scratched out his name laboriously on a sheet, just like he had seen on a Bible page. Joe made an X, and both received one dollar. They were then both Canadian citizens and in the pay of the Crown.

Can and Joe didn't object to the work but both rebelled when they heard the fur company was heading the Great Slave Lake country. "No sah," Dan said. "We don' go on no more. No more slave country."

When they were finally convinced it was only a name, Dan and Joe pulled the sweeps with a will as they moved towards Fort Vermillion. Dan and Joe being the least skilled hands at the Fort were released by the Hudson's Bay Company when a wandering minister, Rev. Davidson asked to have them along for an excursion into the Indian country.

It shaped much of Dread Dan's life thereafter. He learned marksmanship and became one of the best in the entire northwest. Dan also became a Bible-spouter and these traits supplemented each other. Joe became an excellent camp cook and Dan provided the meat. They were indispensable.

They moved into the Peace River country, above Fort St. John, where Banjo Mike, a trader who would steal a dead fly from a blind spider, trimmed the Beaver Indians out of their best furs with worthless gee-gaws, then took gold dust from the prospectors returning from the northern areas, and those who were working the Peace River gravels. Banjo Mike recognized the value of Dread Dan -- his size, his marksmanship, his desire for attention and his stupidity, made him a useful tool. And Banjo Mike kept Dan busy when he wasn't hunting.

"Hey, Dan, get the canoe. Thar's Beaver Injun across the river," Mike hollered. When they beached the canoe, Mike split to talk with Attalu, who was wearing full dress regalia. Dread Dan moved upstream to look for game, which had thinned out on their side of the Peace River.

Banjo Mike's offers of gifts was coldly rejected. Attalu wanted nothing to do with a "black spirit," referring to Dan. Mike was trying to dicker with the Indians when he heard one shot, then several others, spaced. Frightened, because he believed Dread Dan had been ambushed, Banjo Mike turned and fled headlong to the river and pushed off in their canoe: Dan was left to the mercy of the Indians, who were in a savage, brutal mood because of a humiliating defeat by the Chippewas.

Banjo Mike scurried for his trading tent, not telling anyone. But when he saw a plume of smoke spear into the sky, even he felt some remorse. "They're burning, Dan. Burning him!" He shuddered with the thought but decided some allegiance was owed Dan. Banjo Mike thought a moment, then rushed from the tent:

"Gold. Dread Dan's discovered gold," he hollered. There was no reason for the miners to doubt him. That was the way he "worked." Banjo Mike traded the miners out of the dust after it had been extracted from the ground. He didn't dig for it. In a few minutes, Banjo Mike was leading a flotilla of canoes across the Peace River to the new "strike." When the canoes had scrunched up on the shore, Banjo Mike pushed towards the fire, where he expected to find Dan. Mike would then decide if it would be necessary to alert the miners for help."

Dread Dan smilingly greeted Banjo Mike offering him a moose steak, broiled over the small fire! Dan's plain, homely features were wreathed in smiles. He told Mike that he had seen the Indians gathering the trees and brush but just then a moose ran into the opening pursued by several black wolves. Dan raised his rifle and killed the wolves one by one. When they were all dead, Dan finished off the moose for camp meat. He had begun broiling steaks for Banjo and himself but had plenty for all the men that had come.

The Indians had melted into the thickets when they had seen the phenomenal shooting of the "black spirit" and decided they would vent their venom on someone else. This giant was too much for them.

The miners swarmed about Dread Dan, eating his steaks, then waiting for him to reveal his gold strike! He, of course, shrugged off their questions, until they became infuriated, and someone called him a liar.

"Lawd, Dan ain't no liah," Dread Dan said. He picked the accusing miner up by the shirt front and shook him as he peered in his face. "You heah me?"

Another miner drew a weapon and Banjo Mike felled him with a blow to the chest with a spade. The angry miners crowded around Dan and Mike and the Reverend who had just arrived. Realizing that they were overwhelmed, they turned to run for shelter. A shot or two rang out, one zinging nearby. The men dropped for cover.

Dread Dan poked out his rifle, aimed and fired. One man twirled and fell. Dead. Dan fired again and another man went down with a mortal wound. The miners withdrew but the three men knew they would plan an assault. Banjo Mike threw a few things in some possibles sacks, gave Dan his rifle and Bible, then told him to get. It was dark and Dan slipped out to the river and into the canoe before anyone knew he was escaping. Holes were kicked in the remaining canoes and Dan was free.

"Lawd, guide yore Dan'l so he never comes back heah," Dread Dan muttered as he felt the river current grab and hold the canoe. Dan was lovingly removing the Bible when there was one shattering shot and he felt the Bible ripped from his hands. He fell to the bottom of the canoe, still clasping the Bible to him. He felt the ball which had pierced the Book and stopped there. It had saved his life, just as Dan

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was sure it would. He was at peace with his Lawd and was soon asleep in the bottom of the canoe.

Dan wakened with a start as his canoe crunched on the river beach. He looked up, the sun streaming into his eyes momentarily blinding him. He had no idea how far he had traveled. He jumped from the canoe, carefully hid it, plucked out a few supplies then struck off across country. Searchers would look for the canoe and not finding it believe that he had drowned.

Dan stuffed his pockets with shells for the Sharps breechloader, his Bible, tinderbox, hatchet, knife and some needles. When he couldn't find a cup, he was beside himself.

"A man's gotta have a cup. It's right," Dan spoke loudly. "My first food come from a cup and Lawd I needs one now."

When none appeared, Dan struck off across the treacherous, trackless wastes, rife with every conceivable danger; yet with two murders to his credit, his main concern was with the absence of a cup. A security cup, perhaps.

Back in the Ft. St. John area where the murders had taken place, the miners were preparing to move on. They would have relented about Dan if he had returned within a few days but since he was still away he was now a renegade. The men broke camp and pushed off towards the Fraser River country.

Dread Dan waded out of a swamp, brushing mosquitos and insects which swarmed about him. His heart leaped as he saw familiar terrain, but there was something wrong. No tents, no smoke, no men. Everyone was gone and he was alone. He was sitting down wondering where next to wander when he saw the figures of three men standing at the fringes of some trees, scarcely 100 yards away. Dread Dan was not alone as he had thought.

Dan smiled as he walked towards the Indians. He held his hands extended. Dan had nearly reached them when they turned to flee. Two of them did, but the third stumbled and fell and Dan was standing over him like Gulliver before the slender Indian could get up. Knowing he was then in the power of the smiling black giant-spirit, the Indian faced death bravely, without emotion. Then Dan uttered the one Indian phrase he knew of peace and good will, and tugged the Indian to his feet. The other two Indians stood in the shadows watching. They didn't know what to do. Here was the Great Black Spirit but it could be touched. It smiled. Laughed.

Dan meant them no harm but he knew three of them could outwait and eventually catch him napping if he didn't make sure they didn't dare invoke his wrath. A small herd of deer appeared on the horizon and Dan touched the Indians muzzleloaders for them to shoot at the deer. They shook their heads. Dan then raised his rifle, aimed and dropped the lead buck in one effortless motion. The Beaver Indians chattered among themselves, then paced off the distance to the fallen deer. Incredible. The three Indians stood in awe of the giant newcomer. Together they ate, then the Indians took Dan across the river to the empty encampment.

"Foah cups. This here child got four cups," Dread Dan said as he fondled the containers found among the things. He had also found a scrawled note from Banjo Mike which said: "Follow to Dunvegan. Miners alright now."

White Owl, one of the three Indians, made signs that he wanted the "great hunter" to visit Beaver village. Dread Dan gathered up supplies, a few things for gifts, scratched 3 crosses by the trading post, then headed downriver toward the village of the Beavers. He felt a "call" to convert these heathens.

His decision would have curious results.

Dan spent as much time as he could learning the language of the Beavers as they moved along. He acquired it rapidly, almost as if it were meant to be.

The four men beached their canoes and struck off inland, crossing a swamp which was dotted with grassy mounds on which they found footing. The Indians moved easily from one mound to another but Dread Dan's mammoth frame jolted each time he hit the ground, and he decided to wade through the swampy pools.

It was a mistake.

Dread Dan began to sink. He sank faster as he floundered. He had his rifle in one hand, a tea kettle in the other. These he held at arms length to prevent being sucked down over his head. Dan saw the Indians casually watching his struggles, making no move to help. Such people were notoriously fatalistic. Perhaps, the Great Spirit wanted the Black Spirit to die this way. Should they help? They chattered and argued, and finally White Owl convinced them that they could touch and talk with Dan, perhaps he was a mere man. They rushed to help. Not a minute too soon. They grabbed his flailing arms even as his head went under. Dan came up, sputtering, gasping and spewing gouts of slime and mud. The Indians pulled him to a mound then beat the water and mud from his lungs, and Dan lay there gasping as they recovered his rifle and tea kettle.

Dread Dan knew he had lost face with the Indians because they had saved him from the sump-hole. It would take even greater effort to convert these heathens now. "Lawd, Yo made Dan's burden heavier, but it is Yo way, I know."

Dread Dan's missionary burdens were even heavier when he immediately offended Komaxala, chief of the Beavers. Dan was tired when the chief entered the circle and didn't get up, offer his hand nor any gifts. But some of the tension was overcome in an odd way. Dan asked time to wash, which he did at a nearby river pool. But when he returned, the Indians pressed about.

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"Wash not do good," the chief grunted.

Dan didn't understand at first, thinking the Indian referred to his filthy clothes, which he said would be washed next day.

"No. Face no clean. Indian brown. White man pale. . ."

Dread Dan grinned, flashing an expanse of gleaming teeth. He realized that his dark color was the reason for their wonderment. They had never seen a man like him before. After that, Dan gladly permitted the curious Indians to inspect him without clothes to assure them that Dan wasn't wearing spirit paint of some kind. They never tired of the inspection game.

Komaxala gradually relented toward Dread Dan and made him a chief among his own people. A youngster, fast and strong, named Gnanisk was assigned to do simple chores for the Black Spirit. It was a great honor for the youth, provided Dread Dan proved to be as great as he said, and White Owl related.

The Beavers moved to their summer camp to kill and dry game and fish for winter supplies. Dan watched and learned the Indians' customs but not quickly enough.

Dread Dan saw a lithe young Indian girl, with handsome features and luminous eyes. He felt a surge of interest at once. He attempted to speak with her and was cut short by Komaxala:

"She is my daughter but she is untouchable for at least two moons. Her husband was slain in a fight over her. Perhaps she has bad spirits and two moons will cleanse. No one must speak with her."

Dan shrugged, if that was the Indian way, but he didn't forget Thela. She was to shape his life.

Komaxala was determined to test Dread Dan's prowess as the great hunter. He suggested a lone hunt with Dan to prove merit.

Komaxala spotted a warning bird and began his approach towards a moose, slithering through the grass almost soundlessly. Dan marveled at his skill as the Indian moved in for the kill. But his attention had been riveted on the moose and he hadn't noticed the giant grizzly also making an approach. Bear and Indian started a charge at the same time, but when the grizzly scented man he veered away from the moose and lunged on Komaxala!

The Indian tried to bring his spear about to pierce the great bear but he was engulfed in a great cloud of fur, a fetid, hot breath smothered him. Komaxala felt the raking slice of the keen claws, then lost consciousness. When he awoke, Dan was tenderly wrapping his wounds with strips torn from his shirt. The giant black man grinned as he tended the man who had been badly mauled and had his ribs crushed.

Dan grinned as the Indian fingered the huge bear head which lay within arm's length. One hole still drained blood, directly from the brain. Dan's unerring skill had placed the shot where it had to be to save the chief's life.

In tribal rites, Dread Dan was offered the great grizzly's head but he took the fur instead because he needed it for a robe and to repair his worn clothing. Saving the chief's life restored Dread Dan to great tribal glory, it reduced the enmity of Old Iketa who hated Dan because he wasn't an Indian, and Dan was even permitted to share his bowl of bear's brain with Thela, despite the tribal rules.

To restore herself to full womanhood, Thela was to undergo certain secret tribal rites. Gnanisk violated all customs by secretly following Thela to a secluded area near the lake. To get a better view, he had to climb a tree and had fallen from a faulty branch. Gnanisk fell directly upon a porcupine, its quills piercing his eyes, his face, neck and throat! Since the quills had pinned and blinded his eyes, the Beavers immediately wanted to abandon the youth but Dan asked that he be permitted to treat him. The Indians shrugged. They knew the poisoned wounds would kill the boy; besides what use was a blind Indian?

Dan tore strips of his battered Bible and made a pultice of the pages, then laid the damp pad on the boy's wounds. He wiped Gnanisk's fevered face and sat night and day with him. The boy wasted away, eating nothing.

"Lawd, Dan don't ask much for he. But help Gnanisk."

In time, Dread Dan's fervent, repeated prayers were answered as Gnanisk recovered his life, but lost his sight.

It was a curious combination: Dan to whom Komaxala and Gnanisk both owed their lives; Thela sharing his bear feast with her, and Old Iketa who grudgingly admitted Dan was the greatest hunter of them all. Because of his prestige and good work, some Indians became interested in the Black Spirit's religion. Dan was happy.

He was with Komaxala when the tribe moved to stalk caribou near a lake a few miles away. Boldly, Dan took both Thela and Gnanisk with him. He left them as he moved with the tribal hunters, and they were forced to return when a great storm broke suddenly sweeping the lake into froth and bending the great trees as wisps. Gnanisk was warming himself by a small fire when Dan returned and he was told Thela had taken a raft to ride the waves. She had not yet returned, despite the stygian black of the sky. Dan saw Thela drifting on the lake, trying to paddle the bulky raft with her hands. He shoved off a canoe despite the mountainous waves. From time to time Dan would lose sight of her as the frail craft rode the crest, then plunged into a trough of water. Once he saw her but when he rose again, she was gone. The raft was protruding from the water. Thela was nowhere in sight. They had struck a submerged rock and capsized.

Dan's immense arms drove the canoe towards her. Thela's head

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now bobbed above the water as Dan slid up to her. Even in the tumultuous water, he managed to grab her, slip a thong under her arms, then swing the canoe towards shore.

Lawd, give me strength and quiet them waves."

Dan managed to beach his canoe, then drag the half dead Thela to the shore. Quickly, he beat her until water spewed from her mouth and she smiled up at him. He then carried her to the safety of the small cave opening where Gnanisk sat by the fire. Dan threw a great robe about Thela. No one spoke a word.

The storm continued, growing worse as one day passed into a second. Dan had supplies and Thela had recovered. The fire flickered low and Gnanisk slipped from the cave to gather more wood. Though he was sightless, he could feel his way well with the long staff which Dan had fashioned for him. But the wind and water had scattered things and Gnanisk wandered. Thela became hysterical and ran from the cave looking for him, though she was scarcely able to control herself. Her hair streamed behind her in the wind, her sculptured features were highlighted as the lightning flashes sparked the sky into daylight. Thela stood as a lone figure when a long, jagged bolt snaked down from the heavens and speared the ground. She stood like an insect pinioned on a card, then crumpled to the ground. The sky god had struck her down.

Dan had been following her, looking for both she and Gnanisk when the lightning struck. He rushed to her side and cradled her in his arms. Looking up at the sky, he shook his fist in anger:

"Lawd, have Yo left Yore Dan?"

But Dan's great spirit hadn't abandoned him. He took Thela back to camp where he prayed over her for a long time. Already her father, Komaxala, was chanting the songs of the dead. His daughter, Thela, had been struck down by the Great Spirit.

Life seemed to have been extinguished but it suddenly flickered alive again and Thela sat up as though she had been awakened from a refreshing sleep. It was a miracle. Dan was even more fervent when Gnanisk excitedly said he could see the dim outlines of his "father" Dan and "mother" Thela.

Komaxala commanded that there be a tribal feast and dance to celebrate the Black Spirit's medicine, which was strong. Old Iketa the tribal medicine man glowered with the triumphant of this great medicine. He had no way to match it as the Indians became more interested in Dan's black spirit religion. He knew their language well enough now to speak fluently with them.

Dan hunted with his tribe brothers now, but he saw his ammunition was running low. Without his mighty shells, Dan knew he was nothing. But he kept the tribe supplied with meat, making every shot count as he hunted. The Indians feared him and respected his prowess but they still didn't accept him completely.

Even when Dan pitted his strength and medicine against Osawask in lifting the Medicine Stone from the lake, Old Iketa challenged Dan's medicine. Thela had given Dan a secret Yellow mixture to smear on his hands in lifting and Old Iketa accused Dan of cheating, rather than being a true spirit.

Iketa brought his charges against Dread Dan in the Beaver tribal councils, accusing him of being a false spirit. Iketa found Dan Cleaning his rifle and trying to tell him of great events in the making, he grabbed Dan's shoulder.

"Don't touch Dan that way, Indian", Dread Dan said with venom in his voice.

Iketa was furious with being shoved away and he snatched up a hatchet. "Black man make medicine now," he said as he rushed at Dan.

Dan looked skyward even as he gripped his rifle. "Nev'mind now, Lawd. Dan'll take care of this one."

Dan shot from the hip, the huge bullet smashed into Iketa's midriff and the tribal medicine man crumpled on the ground, his weapon still clutched in his hand.

Dan reached in his pocket and found nothing. That had been his last shell!

Dan knew if the Beavers realized that he no longer had the great power contained in his rifle and deadly aim they would become bold and eventually force him into an impossible fight. Dan thought quickly and announced he was leaving the tribe to talk with the Great Spirit. He left Gnanisk behind but took Thela with him, and they set out for Fort St. John and Vermillion.

Dan was now more Indian than some Indians and the white men treated him with scorn and contempt. The new factor with HBC was outspoken in his scorn. He refused Dan and Thela any sort of accommodations and accused him of theft, which was probably justified. The matter festered for a long time with Dan and Thela moving back and forth between the white men and the Beavers.

Banjo Mike, who had a fondness for the hulking Dan, tried to counsel him about getting along with the white man. But Dan was between worlds neither Indian nor white, and scorned everywhere. Gnanisk had died, or was killed. He was at odds with Thela and his dedicated foe was George Kennedy, the HBC factor.

Kennedy, suspecting that Dread Dan was stealing pemmican and fuel wood, loaded the food with an emetic and the sticks with black powder. He considered both a huge joke, one which was not shared by Dread Dan. And when Kennedy moved to have Dan legally driven from the area, the flash point arrived.

"You and that trollop will have to go," Kennedy thundered.

"Yo ain't drivin' me out -- nowhere," Dan replied.

(continued on page 80)

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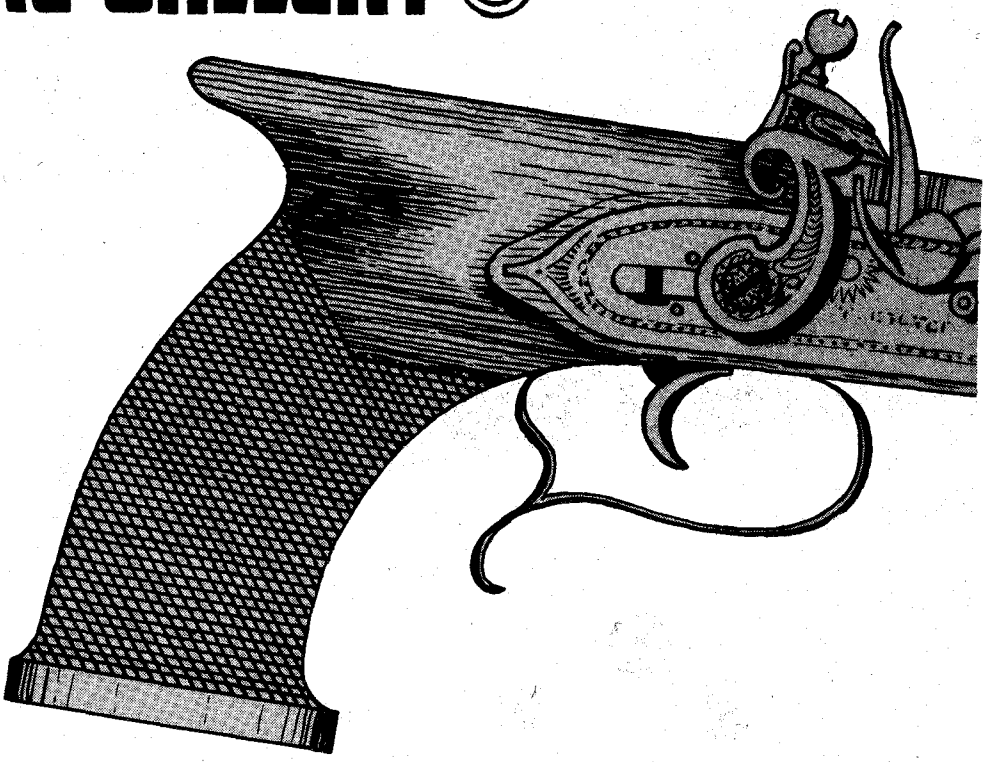
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



When we think of the early flintlock dueling pistols, in our minds' eye we see two European dandies meeting in the swirling mists of dawn, with their seconds and a surgeon. This is the popular conception, that this highly formalized type of lethal duel was only popular in such countries as France or Spain, while the New World contented itself with dry-gulchings and rowdy brawls to settle differences of opinion.

On the contrary, the formal duel to the death was actually resorted to fully as much in America as in some European cultural centers. We even had our own set of rules to govern the precise procedure. This was THE CODE OF HONOR, by John Lyde Wilson, Governor of South Carolina from 1822 through 1824. Governor Wilson engaged in quite a number of duels himself, and his record of bloodshed causes us to smile at his assertion that his book of rules was designed to save lives!

Incidentally, every gun collector would enjoy having a copy of this historic volume, as it was adopted by duelists across the nation in Governor Wilson's day. An exact reprint of it, with the Irish Code of Honor included as an appendix, has been published by Ray Riling, 6844 Gorsten St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19119. If you display a copy with your gun collection, it will attract more attention than the guns.

The popularity of the formal duel, to avenge an insult, first spread from Europe to our Eastern seaboard. There, two schools of thought developed - New Englanders following different rules from those favored by the deep South. The "Code Duello" of the small sword and single-shot pistol, however, became more standardized after the publication of Wilson's book.

There followed an era during which each move was dictated by rote. A challenge was delivered by an exact procedure, the seconds handling all details. If the challenged party chose pistols, even the loading of these was by the book and carefully supervised. A perusal of these rules is fascinating. For instance, it is not generally realized that some cased sets of dueling pistols consisted of four guns instead of two. These sets had the two identical, long-barreled duelers. Then there were two smaller pistols known as "second's pistols". These had two alternate functions. If the seconds became that involved in the argument, they could take part in the duel. As the principles fired at one another, the two seconds could do likewise - at right angles to the first line of fire. The result would seem to be that there would be no safe side upon which the surgeons and spectators could stand!

Another fact which does not seem to be generally known is this. Under an optional rule which was sometimes followed, the seconds were to hold their pistols upon the principles. If either of these failed to go through with it, he immediately was shot down by

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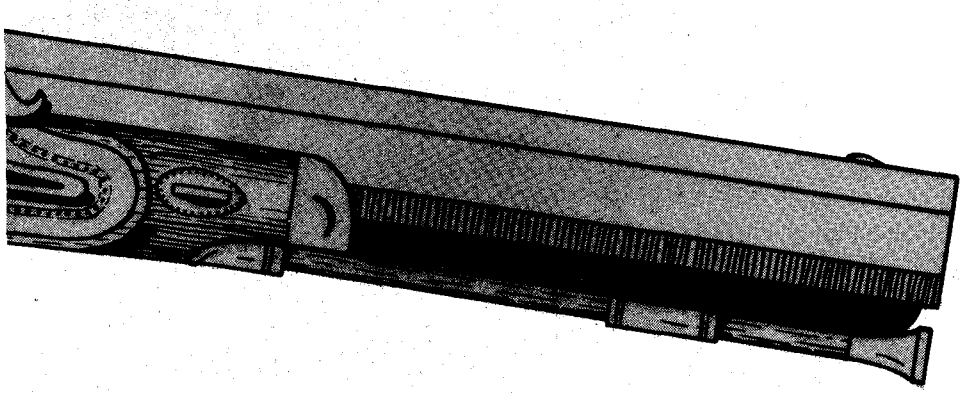
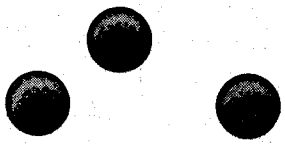
DUELING PISTOLS IN THE WEST





Sketched by author

three men - his opponent and both seconds!

Legalized mayhem in those days was for keeps!

As we approached the middle of the nineteenth century, the "Code Duello" duel became illegal in many states. Duels continued to be fought, however, in secret. Also, they became more flamboyant in nature as the rule book was gradually forgotten.

Especially in the West was this the case. In contrast to the "fast-draw" gunfight of a later era, various types of duels were common between 1800 and 1850.

Kit Carson accepted a challenge at a fur trappers' rendezvous, from an overbearing French-Canadian bully. Each man trotted his horse to one of the opposite ends of a field, carrying a single-shot muzzle loader. Then they started toward each other at a hard gallop. The big Canuck fired and missed. Kit's horse pistol boomed and he didn't.

Another Western type of duel was fought with huge Bowie knives. The principles would be tied together by their left wrists, then commence upon signal. A brief flurry of activity - then the winner would be cut loose from the body of the loser.

Even buckshot-loaded shotguns were used at times, as formal duels became limited only by the inventiveness of the rugged frontiersmen.

Throughout it all, oddly enough, there remained staunch adherents to the original Code of Honor and the dueling pistol. Most of these purists were the landed gentry of California, with a number of them among the wealthier young men of San Francisco. As in an earlier era back East, these hot-blooded Westerners favored the beautifully-made and fairly accurate dueling pistols which were usually of European make. English, Irish, Belgian, French, Spanish and other types were imported. Although some were made in percussion, the flintlock system remained popular in duelers after it was obsolete in sporting firearms.

Our drawing shows a top-quality English flintlock dueling pistol, of a type popular between 1800 and 1825. This superbly-made "saw-handled" piece represents the latest and highest development of the dueling pistol in flintlock. Its bore was anywhere between .50 and .68 caliber, for a patched round ball. The touchhole was generally lined with platinum and the rainproof pan with gold. Ramrod might be hickory, ivory, horn or whalebone. Barrel was usually Damascus steel, and stock of checkered Juglans regia. Cased with a pair of pistols would be all accessories for loading and cleaning.

President Andrew Jackson was noted for the number of duels he fought and won, although badly wounded on several occasions. His personal pair of dueling pistols were almost identical to this, in .66 caliber, and with the hammer safety as shown.

As this was the most advanced pattern of flintlock dueler, it was a type most likely to be popular with the dandies of San Francisco.

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BUTCH CASSIDY & CO.
Long Riders of the Outlaw Trail

by Carl W. Breihan

This is the conclusion of Mr. Breihan's story of the notorious Hole-In-The -Wall Gang. It relates how these cold-blooded killers were tracked down and killed or captured one by one until only Butch Cassidy and Harry Longbaugh survived in South America but not for long!

Courtesy Frontier Enterprise.

Tom Horn, colorful character of the Hole-in-the-Wall area. A former Indian scout, lawman and Pinkerton detective, he soiled his record by becoming an exterminator of rustlers. How many outlaws met their end by the hand of Tom Horn is unknown.

Conclusion

Mr. Breihan, in the first part of this article traced "Butch" Cassidy's history from his birth in Circle Valley, Utah in 1866 through his rustling activities, his sojourn in Texas and his joining the McCarthy brothers bandit gang in the Hole-in-the-Wall country in Wyoming. We rejoin the narrative shortly after "Butch" Cassidy became leader of the gang.

In June of 1899, a robbery was committed by members of the Cassidy gang and it rocked a nation already groggy from numerous holdups and robberies. At 2:00 A.M. on June 2nd Flat - Nose George Curry, Harvey Logan and Elza Lay held up and robbed the Overland Flyer, a crack unit of the Union Pacific Road, near Wilcox, Wyoming.

To assure the success of their venture Curry blew up a wooden bridge to prevent the train from escaping. In a drenching rain the robbers flagged the engineer with red and white lights, causing Conductor Storey to stop his train to ascertain what the trouble was.

Kid Curry swung up into the cab of the engine, menacing six-gun drawn and forced the crew to a halt.

"Pull up the road a piece," commanded the Kid.

The engineer did as instructed and brought his engine to a halt several blocks from the spot where the bridge had been blown up.

"I've got the black powder," said George Curry, "come on, we'll hit the express car."

Elza Lay was left to guard the engine crew while Kid Curry and George rushed to the Adams Express Car. Express Messenger J. Woodcock refused to open the door of the car.

"Damn you, we'll blow you to hell if you don't!" cried the Kid.

The conductor pleaded with the messenger to open the door or the outlaws would blow up the car.

"To hell with him," said George, as he touched a match to the fuse. A tremendous roar rocked the night air as the black powder exploded. The express car shook like a toy and Woodcock staggered from the wrecked car, groggy and black from powder. What money was found after the terrific explosion was thrown into a grain sack and

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the robbers dashed off into the night.

The following day the Rawlins *Tribune* said about this bold robbery:

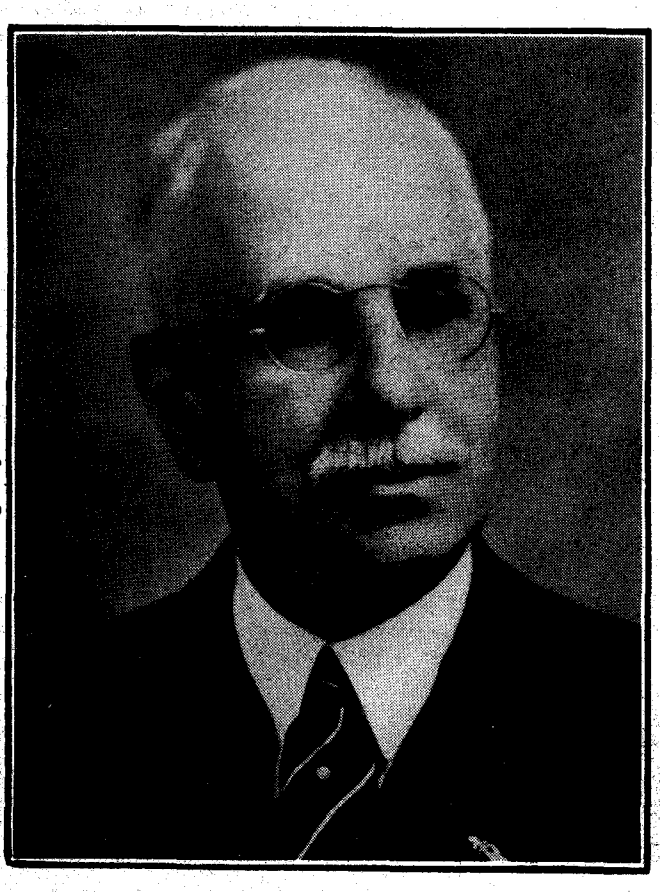
The robbers at Wilcox obtained $26,000 in money and about $10,000 worth of diamonds and a large amount of bills was destroyed by the explosion.

The following Saturday a special train rolled into Casper, Wyoming, carrying Sheriff Joseph Hazen of Converse County and Sheriff Oscar Heistant of Natrona County, both veterans in the art of tracking Butch Cassidy and his men. A rancher told Hazen he had seen several suspicious looking men in the vicinity of Casper Creek, not far from town. A posse was quickly racing towards the spot outlined by the rancher. Sheriff Hazen found an empty cabin. His quarry had flown. He picked up the trail and followed three riders west of Horse Ranch on Salt Creek. He was about to tell his men something when a rifle barked and one of the possemen dropped dead.

"Find cover!" cried Sheriff Hazen. "They're going to make a stand here."

Several more shots were fired by the outlaws, one of them striking Sheriff Heistant's horse and killing it.

"Get to Casper as quickly as you can," said Hazen to the horseless Heistant. "Bring more help and some supplies."



Courtesy Pinkerton Detective Agency.

Frank Dimaio, the famous Pinkerton detective who chased Cassidy to South America. Always one jump ahead of the officers, Butch met his death at San Vicente in 1911.

SAINT PAUL PIONEER PRESS

TUESDAY, JULY 12, 1904.

KID CURRY IN HIS GRAVE

Photographs Reveal That Notorious "Bad Man" Killed Himself While Chased After Committing Train Robbery.

Courtesy Pinkerton Detective Agency.

Photos of the dead Kid Curry as published in the St. Paul Pioneer Press on July 12, 1904. When wounded by pursuers and about to be captured, Kid Curry committed suicide.

Kid Curry had ordered a retreat, so when the posse became bold enough to investigate they found the outlaws gone. Late the following morning, Sheriff Hazen was investigating some trail signs that led into a draw. Kid Curry, well hidden behind a large boulder, watched the sheriff as a cat does a mouse. Suddenly he threw his rifle to his shoulder, took careful aim and fired. Sheriff Hazen dropped to the ground, dead.

The outlaws later abandoned their horses and walked miles downstream in a shallow creek to ward off further pursuit. They then made their way to the Little Muddy, near old Fort Washakie, where the money was divided and the men separated. The Kid and Elza joined Cassidy near Alma, New Mexico, while Flat-Nose George rode into Mexico with a band of cattle rustlers.

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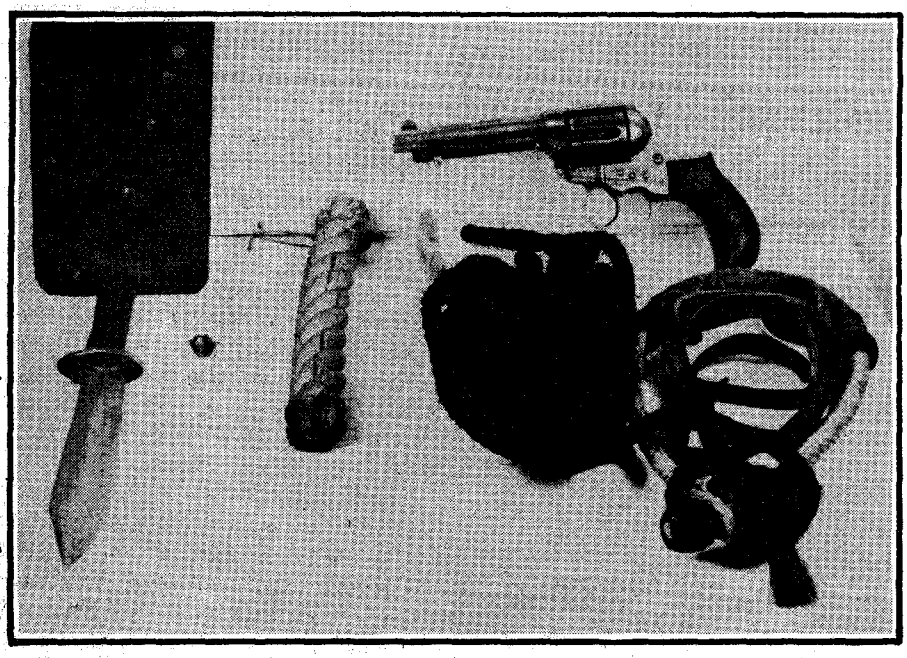

Courtesy Frontier Enterprise.

Tom Horn's pistol, knife and other personal effects.

Following the robbery of the train at Wilcox, the Wild Bunch pounced upon another at Folsom, south of Trinidad. The band of robbers consisted of the Ketchum brothers, Black-Jack and Sam; Elza Lay, Kid Curry and Deaf Charley Hanks. On July 11, 1899, close to midnight, Kid Curry, Lay and Sam Ketchum boarded the train, and at Folsom the Kid and Sam left the coach, slid down the tender into the engine cab and covered the engineer and fireman. At the last minute Black-Jack Ketchum had backed out of the picture so that his older brother Sam could lead the raiding party.

"Bring this damned thing to a halt and quick," ordered Kid Curry.

The iron monster came to a grinding halt at the prearranged spot, with Hanks moving in from out of the shadows, leading the getaway horses. He was left to guard the crew members.

The outlaws banged on the express car and demanded entrance. The brave messenger refused to open the door so the outlaws shattered the lock with pistol bullets and rushed into the car. The brave messenger refused to open the safe even though he knew it was empty for all the valuables had been taken off the train at the last stop.

Kid Curry set off a charge of black powder and blew the safe door halfway across the tracks.

"Dammit, the safe's emtpy," said Sam. Turning to the messenger he said, "Did you take the money out and hide it?"

"No, it was removed at the last stop."

"By God, all this work for nothing," exploded Kid Curry. "Let's get the hell out of here."

A posse followed the robbers to Turkey Canyon, where a young man named Tom Smith from Trinidad was killed by Kid Curry's rifle. Several minutes later Sheriff Farr was killed. Several more of the possemen were wounded as the Kid crawled silently from spot to spot, ever waiting to get in another good shot. He was not wounded but Elza Lay and Sam Ketchum had not fared so well. Lay was wounded in the shoulder and in the side. Sam received a gaping wound in the right arm, the pain of which almost sent him reeling into unconsciousness. Sam pleaded with the Kid to ride on with Lay and to let him remain there to fight it out. Sam Ketchum managed to ride several miles farther but finally collapsed from loss of blood and was captured. He was taken to Trinidad where the doctors wanted to amputate his arm. He refused to allow this and died shortly thereafter from blood-poisoning.

Elza Lay tried to get to Carlsbad in order to lie low while his wounds healed. However, his companion, Deaf Charley Hanks, was spotted by a man who knew him and who also informed the United States Marshal's office. On the morning of August 15, 1899, the ranch house where Elza Lay was hiding was surrounded by a posse. The wounded man fought them with the fury of a wounded tiger, but to no avail, the power of the law triumphed and Lay was taken to Carlsbad in a wagon, shackled hand and foot.

Lay was given a quick trial and sentenced to life imprisonment at the State Penitentiary at Santa Fe, New Mexico. In 1905 his sentence was commuted to ten years by Governor Miguel Otero. On January 10, 1906 he was released. He never rejoined the gang but married and settled down. He died in Los Angeles, Calif. in 1933. Elza Lay whose real name was William McGinnis, never spoke of his past life, and it is said that his children never knew their father had once been a notorious outlaw.

Lonny Logan, alias Lonny Curry, brother of Harvey, was the handsome one of the Wild Bunch. He was born at Dodson, Missouri and raised by an aunt, Mrs. Lee. He took part in the Johnson County War; later becoming a member of the Butch Cassidy bunch. Wanting to shed himself of the Cassidy cloak, Lonny roamed over the land, always afraid to stop very long at one spot; always suspicious of anyone who looked at him too long. He was operating a saloon at Hardin, Montana, when Detective Charlie Siringo trailed him down. Lonny tried to make contact with old members of the Brown's Hole bunch, only to find they had fled the hideout. In the spring of 1899 he made his way back to Missouri and the little log cabin near Dodson. There he probably would have remained undetected except for the fact that he cashed a bill taken in the Wilcox robbery, and which had been given to him

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by his brother Harvey. On February 28, 1900, at 8:00 A.M. Pinkerton Agent Sayles and his men surrounded the cabin. In half an hour Lonny Logan was dead. It was a cruel blow to his aunt, Mrs. Lee, who always thought the nephews she had raised were fine boys. The body was taken to Kansas City for burial so that the shame that had come to the name of Logan would not taint that of the Lee family of Missouri. Ironically enough, Bob Lee, alias Bob Curry, first cousin of Harvey and Lonny Logan, and son of the Dodson Lee family, was one who also took his alias from Flat-Nose George Curry, and also was a member of the Curry rustling gang. He later established a small ranch in Montana, using stolen cattle to stock it.

Later a member of the Wild Bunch, he was arrested February 28, 1900 by Pinkertons at Cripple Creek, Colorado. He was returned to Wyoming; charged with train robbery, found guilty, and sentenced to serve ten years in the State Prison.

The hand of Fate was weaving a desolate cloth for the Wild Bunch. Next to go was Flat-Nose George Curry, who was head of a vast rustling ring in the Wyoming Territory. After the Johnson County War he became a member of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang, and rode the outlaw trail with them. In 1900 he was hiding out near Thompson, Utah, when the sheriff was informed of this fact. On April 17, Sheriff Peerce surrounded Curry's hideout near Thompson Springs. A fierce fight followed and Curry was killed. The body was taken to town and photographed so proper identification could be made. After positive identification had been made, the body was buried in an obscure spot, unknown at this late date.

Others went by the wayside as the long arm of the law closed in: Black - Jack Ketchum was captured and sentenced to be hanged for train robbery. He was hanged at Clayton, New Mexico on April 26, 1901. Today his grave is a prominent attraction to many tourists who ask to see it.

Butch Cassidy, Kid Curry, the Sundance Kid, and Deaf Charley Hanks held up the train west of Tipton, Wyoming on August 29, 1900. The net take from the express car was less than $100, so the frustrated robbers marched through the coaches, compelling the passengers to hand over their money and valuables. This was a rare occurrence for the Wild Bunch, and probably the first and last time they employed it.

On September 1, 1900 Butch Cassidy, Harry Longbaugh, Ben Kilpatrick and Harvey Logan rode into Winnemucca, Nevada. It was around noon time and few people were on the streets. Tying their horses to a hitchrack, the four men strolled into the First National bank and robbed it of over $30,000.

Edward A. Ducker, later Justice of the Supreme Court of Nevada, was a member of the posse which trailed the outlaws. At the time of the robbery he was studying law in the office of C. D. VanDuzer, which was located a block from the bank.

Gunfire from that direction brought Ducker and other citizens into the street. On Bridge Street in front of the bank building, President Nixon(bank president) and a man named Johnson were waving their arms, and shouting the bank had been robbed.

To the east, about one-eighth of a mile, was the bridge spanning the Humbolt River, and four horsemen were seen galloping their mounts across this bridge. A mad rush was started to secure horses and arms in order to take up with the pursuit. The Southern Pacific Railroad tracks ran parallel with the road taken by the outlaws, and while the posse was getting started on horseback, Deputy Sheriff George Rose and another party rushed to the railroad, where there stood a switch engine with steam going strong. Commandeering the engine, the man hunters were soon speeding along the rails, and the engine soon overtook the raiders. For about five miles the race continued but to no avail. A distance of some five hundred feet separated the tracks from the road, shooting was inaccurate from the bouncing engine. Finally the rails ran farther from the road so the pursuers had to admit defeat and return to town.

The mounted men, however, kept on the trail. Six miles from Winnemucca they found the spot where the outlaws had previously camped overnight. It was at this spot that Butch left a fourth companion, a homicidal maniac named Bill Carver.

Carver waited for the outlaws with fresh horses at this camp and soon they were well in the lead of the posse. As they crossed the river the lawmen saw their quarry far across the sagebrush flats, headed east towards the Ruby Range, several miles ahead.

Some years back this writer covered the route taken by the outlaws that day. It ran as follows: by - passing old Golconda, Battle Mountain and Dumphy, then between Elko Carlin and Palisade, and across the Flats into Lamolle Valley, and into the foothills which led into Secret Pass (sometimes called Soldier Pass), which leads across the Ruby Range into Pole Canyon and Clover Valley.

Reaching Clover Valley, the outlaws headed north and arrived at the Suers Ranch. Butch was a methodical man and left little to chance. A week prior to the holdup he and his men had stopped at this ranch, leading a string of horses, and stating they were cattle buyers and horse buyers going into White Pine County to purchase stock. They requested they be allowed to leave their extra mounts at the ranch until their return. Butch paid Mr. Suers for the keep of his animals and the outlaws then

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rode south.

The posse pulled into Clover Valley about dusk, both men and horses about worn out. The following morning most of them gave up the chase and returned home. Five of them stuck to the trail, however -- Shorty Johnson, Jack Lowrie, Jim Coldwell, Frank Stone and E. A. Ducker. They followed the trail of the bandits as far as the Idaho line, where they lost it.

Safely back at their hideout, the outlaws divided the loot. They then headed for Fort Worth, Texas to have a grand time. Into the town rode Butch, Sundance, Kid Curry, the Tall Texan and Will Carver.

For the novelty of it, they promptly decked out in fancy clothes and had a group picture taken at the John Schwartz Studio in Fort Worth. They ordered several dozen copies of the print and paid in advance for them. Schwartz was proud of the picture and his well - paying customers so he displayed a copy of the photo in his store window. Fred Dodge, a Pinkerton agent, passed the gallery one day and glanced at that photo. He started to walk on and then darted back to take another good look. He recognized Bill Carver as a long wanted man. The others in the group he failed to recognize. Dodge procured a copy of the photo and hurried to police headquarters. There he learned the identity of the men and they realized what a catch they could make. But in some manner the outlaws were warned and quickly disappeared before they could be arrested. Schwartz was the winner in this little drama for he sold thousands upon thousands of this particular photo.

Butch Cassidy and his friend Harry Longbaugh went into hiding at San Antonio, while Bill Carver, Ben Kilpatrick and Harvey Logan went to visit at the Carver home near Bandera, Texas. Shortly after, the trio paid a visit to the Kilpatrick Ranch, located between Eden and Paint Rock, in Concho County, Texas. Life around the ranch was dull so Carver, Kilpatrick and Logan, accompanied by Ben's brother George decided to visit Eden. Not far from Eden lived a rancher named Oliver Thornton, who was in town when the Kilpatrick boys and their friends arrived. Thornton knew Bill Carver and it cost him his life. In fear that Thornton would betray him into the hands of the law, Carver drew his revolver and wantonly killed the man. This brutal and senseless slaying of one of the community brought about quick action. A posse of irate citizens took after the killer and had they overtaken Carver, he would have been hanged on the spot.

The party did not return to the Kilpatrick Ranch, however, but headed for Sonora, Texas, where they camped at the edge of town. Their hurried departure from Eden found them in need of supplies, so Ben Kilpatrick and Harvey Logan prepared camp while Bill Carver and George Kilpatrick headed for town to buy things they needed. While in town, the two rough - looking characters had aroused the suspicions of Sheriff E. S. Briant, so when they left town he and a deputy followed them. Carver was in no mood to argue with the law so he began shooting instead. This was on April 2, 1901, and when the fighting was over, Bill Carver was dead. George Kilpatrick was wounded but was not a wanted man so he was released. Ben Kilpatrick and Harvey Logan heard the shooting and knew what it meant. They fled the territory at a fast clip.

In the early part of 1901, Butch and his remaining riders were gathered at the ranch of Johnny Logan, brother of Harvey Logan, in Chouteau County, Montana. They were gathering railroad data and laying plans for another raid on the railroad. Their victim was to be the Great Northern Railroad and the spot was to be Wagner, Montana, several hundred miles east of Great Falls.

On July 3, 1901, the Oriental Limited, crack train of the Great Northern, stopped at Malta, Montana to refuel and to take on water. It also took on two passengers -- Charley Hanks and Harvey Logan. As the train rolled on, Logan made his way to the platform of the first car behind the engine. Five miles west of Malta lay a sharp bend, and in order to safely negotiate the curve, engineer Thomas Jones slowed his train and had rounded this bend onto the straightaway, paralleling the Milk River, when Harvey Logan went into action. He crawled over the tender and was covering the fireman and engineer with his pistols before they knew he was there.

"Throw on the brakes."

As the train came to a halt Butch joined his men. He had waited on the O'Neill ranch with horses for their getaway. Also with Butch on this trip were the Tall Texan (Ben Kilpatrick) and his lover - accomplice Laura Bullion, alias Della Rose. Laura had once been Carver's girl, but after Bill had been killed at Sonora, Texas, Laura teamed up with Kilpatrick and he brought her into the Wild Bunch. The only other woman to ever ride with the Wild Bunch was Etta Place. Some said she was a school teacher from Denver, who fell in love with Harry Longbaugh; others that she was one of the "girls" in Fannie Porter's bordello in Fort Worth.

"Uncouple the express car and pull down the tracks," came the next order.

Half a mile farther and the engine was halted again, and the trainmen escorted back to the car. They were ordered to instruct the express messenger to open the car, but the man refused to do so.

"We'll blow up the car and you with it if you don't," threatened Butch in a loud voice.

Hesitating no longer, the express messenger threw open the door and leaped out. He fired at the outlaws but missed. Butch put the man out of commission by wounding him in the shoulder. The outlaws then took $60,000 in new currency from the vault and left the train.

Back at Fannie Porter's place in Fort Worth, the band divided the money and made a startling discovery. The new bills, which were being sent to a bank

(continued on page 70)

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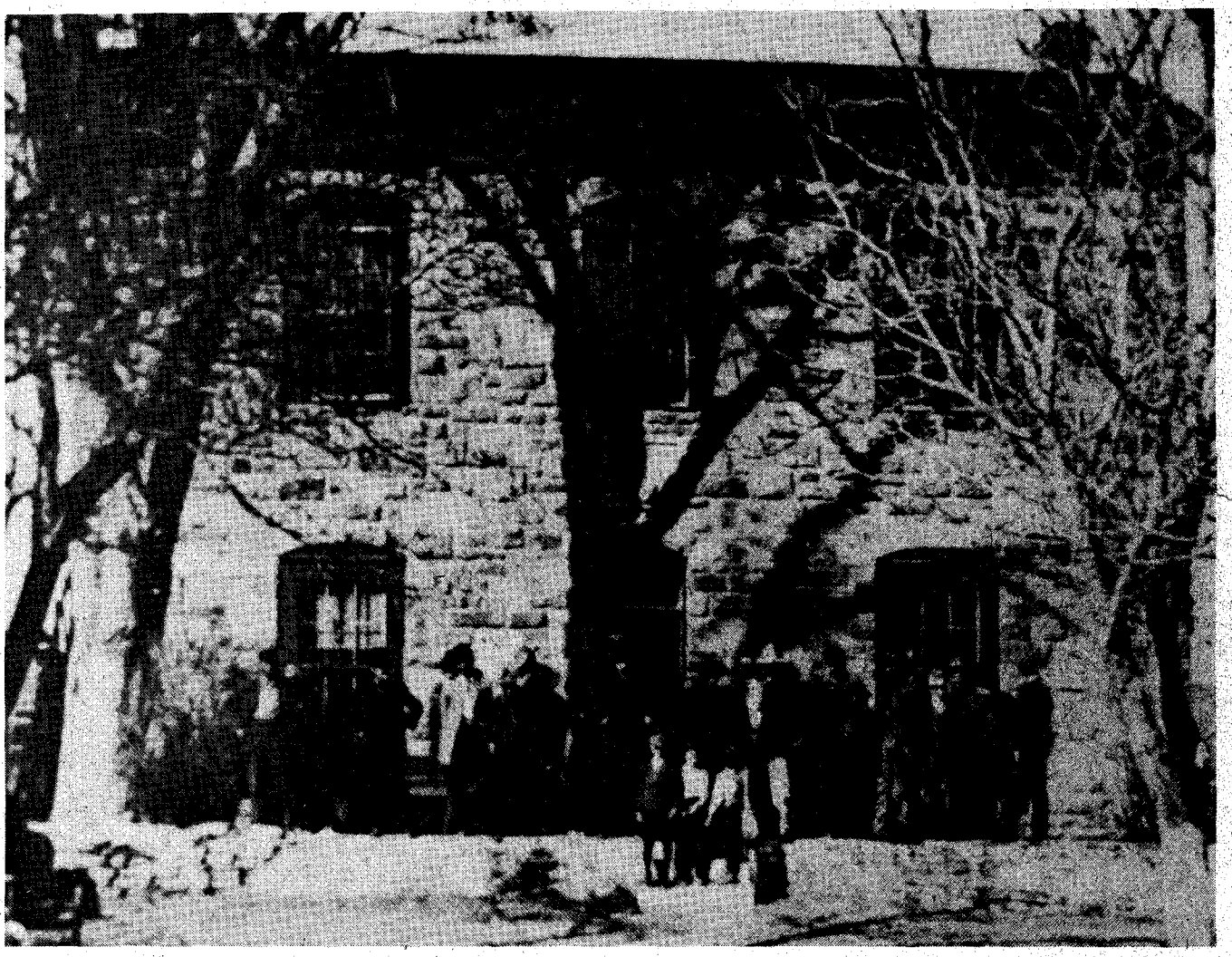
JIM EAST

(continued from page 25)

Courthouse at Tascosa in 1911.



Amerindian & Western Historical Research Assoc. Denver, Colo.

and took quarters in the room where they had come so close to killing the mail carrier the previous night. Lon Chambers went on guard. Jim East rolled up in his soogans to get some sleep before taking his turn as sentry. The others sat down to a poker game around a blanket spread on the floor.

The Mexican, who had told of the sick baby, rode through the night up the Arroya Taiban to Stinking Springs. Here, near the gully's edge, stood one of the little stone houses still so common in the New Mexico hills. He whistled a signal, then approached the door and told of the posse.

It was nearing eleven o'clock, the poker players sat around the blanket engrossed in their game. Their shadows crawled back and forth on the walls taking queer shapes in the fire's flickering. Swift footsteps sounded outside; the door was flung open and Lon Chambers said quietly.

"They're comin'."

The men sprang to their feet and seized their rifles. A moment later they were in the yard. The sky was overcast and the snow reflected what little the dark forms of the posse showed as vague blurs. Somewhere in the night the scuffle of hooves sounded. The noise increased and abruptly six horsemen appeared at the corner of the building.

"Hands up!" Garrett shouted.

Several tongues of red licked the darkness and the dry rattle of rifle shots echoed against the adobe walls. The shapes of the horsemen merged into a thick mass which disintegrated as suddenly as it had come into being. The outlaws wheeled their horses and fled. Only the man in the lead remained and he was bearing down on the men from the Panhandle.

"Don't shoot! I'm dying!" They recognized the voice as

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Tom O'Phalliard pitched from his saddle. They picked him up and carried him into the room they had vacated so abruptly. The bullet had ranged through his body just above his heart and a thin, bright-red stream jetted from the wound as they laid him on Jim East's soogans.

The poker players resumed their seats. The cartridges they were using for chips rattled as they shoved their bets into the middle of the blanket. Tom O'Phalliard raised his voice.

"Damn you, Pat Garrett, I hope you burn in hell."

"Raise you ten", the sheriff addressed Tom Emory, the others having dropped out.

"And ten," Emory answered.

Jim East gave O'Phalliard a cup of water and the dying man drank noisily. His head sank back but his voice came in a strained monotone consigning the lanky sheriff to hell's worst torments. He went on and on. The curses grew fainter. At last they stopped.

Toward morning snow began to fall and by dawn had obliterated all tracks. After hiring a Mexican to dig a grave, the posse buried Tom O'Phalliard in the old military graveyard. They slept the rest of the day, taking turns at guard. Late that evening, Bud Wilcox a rancher, brought word that Billy the Kid and his crew had stopped at his ranch early that morning to replace a horse. He said the posse would find them holed up at Stinking Springs at the head of Arroya Tiaban.

The night was bitterly cold when the posse left Fort Sumner. A few miles from town, they came upon a dead horse that was identified as Dave Rudabaugh's. They left Wilcox at his ranch and pressed on against a bitter wind until they were fifteen miles from Fort Sumner. Here Garrett halted them in the bed of the Arroya Taiban. He picked Lee Hall, Tom Emory and Jim East to proceed with him and left the rest of the posse with the horses.

The picked men crept up the gulley, silent as the Apaches who previously had ranged these hills, until the rank odor of sulphur water reached their nostrils and they saw the little house outlined against the sky. Dawn was just beginning to show along the eastern horizon. They worked their way, on their bellies, up the bank until they lay just beneath its edge, within ten yards of the building. The house had no windows, the door only opening. They lay on their bellies and watched the house while the cold crept through their clothes and bit to the bone. The eastern sky turned a delicate pink. A man could now see to line his rifle sights.

Three horses stood hitched to the poles of the porch. Now and then, one stamped or blew loudly. Suddenly the ears of all three pricked forward and a faint sound came from within the stone walls. The door opened and Charlie Bowdre emerged carrying a nose-bag. His dark, sallow face was turned toward the hiding men and from where they lay, the posse could look straight into the black eyes some had seen alight with mirth many times in those noisy evenings two years before at Tascosa.

"Hands up!" Garrett yelled!

Bowdre's hand was falling to his six-gun when Lee Hall and the sheriff fired. Bowdre staggered back a pace, stumbled against the door which flew open and half fell inside the house. The posse heard Billy the Kid's boyish voice.

"Charlie, they got you. Get out there and get one of the s-o-b's before you die."

Charlie Bowdre came reeling back across the threshold. The door slammed behind him. He walked straight toward the bank, swaying from side to side. The men laying there watched him across their rifle sights. They could see his feet were dragging and his fingers fumbling with his gun butt. His face was grey and little beads of sweat showed on his forehead. Then his knees buckled and he pitched forward dead.

The posse then shot at the ropes holding the horses, and, when only two galloped away, Garrett shot the other down in front of the door.

He then sent Hall after the rest of the posse. When the others arrived, they surrounded the building and Garrett called on the outlaws to surrender. Billy the Kid politely told him to go to hell.

A silence fell that lasted through the day with but one exception. Toward the middle of the afternoon, a subdued thumping, at the rear of the house, caused Jim East and Lee Hall to hurry there. When a movement, in the rock wall, showed where the outlaws were trying to pick a loop-hole, they lined their rifles on the spot and fired. The hammering stopped.

Dusk was settling when the posse caught sight of a flutter of white above the roof. The beleaguered men had tied a handkerchief to a pole and raised it through the fireplace chimney. Pat Garrett crawled to the brink of the arroya, and, after assuring the outlaws they would be taken safely to Santa Fe, the door opened and Billy the Kid and his gang filed across the threshold with their arms in the air. Some slight confusion occurred when Barney Mason, who the year before had been a member of the Kid's gang, wanted to shoot the outlaw out of hand, but he was quickly covered by the rifles of Jim East and Lee Hall before putting his idea into effect.

The next day in Beaver Smith's store captors and prisoners lined up at the little bar. The Kid smiled boyishly at East, pointed to his confiscated rifle, and told him that it was his for a keepsake. Smith's lamentations filled the air. The Kid owed him a forty dollar bill for whiskey and cartridges, not counting the damage he'd done to Smith's tinware, and he felt the Kid should give him the rifle in partial payment.

They talked of the old days during the long ride to Puerto de Luna, and Jim East also fell under the spell of that boyish affability that the others had felt at Tascosa. The Kid didn't seem to mind that each mile was bringing him nearer to

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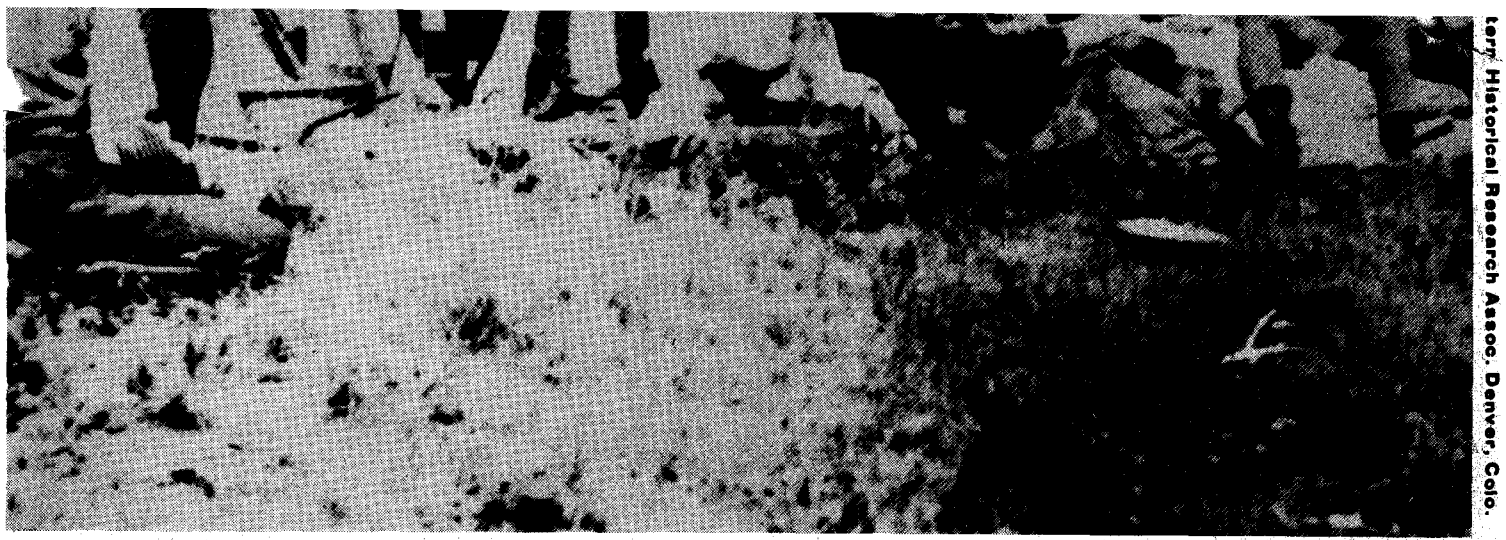

Terry Historical Research Assoc. Denver, Colo.

Rare photo of the LX Ranch chuckwagon on the range.

Santa Fe where the gallows waited.

Puerto de Luna boasted only one eating place. Across the street from this stood an unoccupied building with one long room. Here the prisoners, shackled two by two were locked. Jim East was assigned as guard while the other members of the posse ate. The four captives, chained in pairs, sat before the fireplace and East perched himself on a pile of wood with the length of the room between himself and the others. As time passed, the kid wanted a smoke and asked Jim for the makings. He had to fumble in his pocket for them, and, keeping up a steady chatter, the Kid and Rudabaugh moved in on East. This was brought to a halt when Jim threatened to shoot them if they took one more step. At this, the Kid laughed and he and Rudabaugh rejoined their companions at the fire. If Jim East cherished any uncertainties as to their intentions, he was relieved of them within four months, when the young outlaw trapped his armed jailer by very much the same ruse and killed him with his own gun.

They continued the journey to Las Vegas through a blinding blizzard and reached the town half-frozen and nearly starved. Of the original posse, Garrett had retained Jim East and Tom Emory to help him guard the prisoners, whom they locked up that night in the little adobe jail. According to Garrett, if they could get the prisoners on the train next day, they were

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as good as through with the job. There was an excellent reason for that "if". Dave Rudabaugh had killed Juan Lopez, the jailer, a year before while liberating a companion. His victim had been a popular man in town.

There was no trouble that night, but the deputies stayed awake, just in case. The next day, towards noon, they took their prisoners to the railroad in East Las Vegas and put them on the train.

Suddenly the sleepy town awoke, a murmur came down the street that swelled to a roar as more than fifty men swept around the corner of the little railroad's station. Every man was armed.

This mob, when confronted by Garrett, East, Emory, and, with three heavily armed townsmen backing them, decided to let the law take its course. The train pulled out of Las Vegas just slightly behind schedule. As the station receded, the prisoners and their captors settled thoughtfully in their seats for the ride to Santa Fe.

The new grass was sprouting when Jim East joined the round-up wagons that next spring. Here he heard the story of Charley Siringo's recovery of the cattle, and he answered the questions of his fellow cowboys. They had heard the details of the fighting and the capture of Billy the Kid, but there was one thing lacking that they wanted to know. Yes, Jim East told them, the governor had given them five hundred dollars in gold when they delivered the prisoners. What did they do with the money? Why, fiddled, danced and ate for a whole month. After that, he had gone to the sand-hill country scouting for the Army against the Mescalero Apache.

That year, Jim East bossed a wagon crew for the LX during the summer. The following year, 1882, Cape Willingham's term as the first sheriff of Oldham County was drawing to an end. Conditions were changing on the Panhandle. New outfits were establishing themselves along the Canadian. The range was becoming crowded. Eastern and British capital was coming into the country and the era of absentee ownership was beginning. The days when every owner knew cattle and their ways and every cowboy was blindly loyal to his employer were nearing their end. With this came uneasiness, and there were mutterings of dissatisfaction and rumors of systematic rustling. Things were becoming complicated.

Tascosa had flourished. It was now a roaring cowtown with camp followers in its Hogtown, and, on the benchland, the inevitable increase in respectability. Such times of change, with their accompaniment of conflict between the old and new, demand wise rulers. And, although there were the courts, the sheriff was the active administrator of justice. On his personality depended the peace of the community. As election drew near, the men of Oldham County looked around for a person who could keep his head amid the bickering of factions. They chose Jim East.

The wide experience which enabled him to understand the ways of those who wanted to settle their property rights by lawsuits, as well as those who had previously "swung a wide loop", had much to do with his election. He was also handy with a six-shooter and had never learned the meaning of fear.

Jim East was elected sheriff of Oldham County in 1882 and served in office from December 9, 1882 until the fall election of 1886.

He was married to Nettie Bouldin, a member of a pioneer Douglas, Arizona family December 6, 1884 in Dodge City. They returned to Tascosa and took up residence in the rooms provided by the County at the courthouse.

In 1886, while still sheriff, Jim East was hired by Lee and Scott as General Manager of their huge LS brand. Although Jim East was a good trail and round-up hand, he was given little opportunity to prove his ability as a manager. The range was overstocked when he took over and the hard winter of 1886-87 caused a great loss of cattle, not only on the LS range, but throughout the region and East was replaced.

East, after losing the election in 1886, bought a bar in Tascosa. In 1889 he was said to have killed a gambler named Jim Clark. There were conflicting stories concerning this. Some claimed that East's bartender shot Clark and that Jim took the blame because of his influence in the town. He pleaded self-defense and was never brought to trial.

He sold out not long after this, and he and his wife moved to Channing, Texas where they resided a number of years. Around 1900 the Easts, having no children of their own, moved to Douglas, Arizona, so Mrs. East could be closer to her immediate family.

Although Jim was supposedly retired, he served two terms as Chief of Police of Douglas, and at the time of his death, was police court judge.

A few weeks prior to his death, Jim East cleaned out his desk at home. All his private papers were taken into the yard where he burned them. It is said these papers contained his version of his life and the life of the early day cowboy of the Texas Panhandle. Just what history lost through this, no one will ever know.

James Henry East died in Douglas, Arizona, June 13, 1930 at the age of 77. Too much can never be written about a man whose meanest trick was to steal seventeen kernels of corn from his horse's feed bag. These he parched at the fire and ate them while his companions slept. This occurred during the winter trek across New Mexico on the trail of Billy the Kid. ●RW

* * *

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DURKEE STAGE

(continued from page 17)

Lee had even tried to counter her wicked influence by having a personable and effective minister from Baker come out to hold services. All to no avail. "So long as Molly Burgett continues to prosper down in Rainbow Gulch, it takes more than preaching and singing to purify the atmosphere of Mormon Basin."

Such was the history and setting of the Rainbow mine on that fateful morning when the brazen robbers struck.

The stage had just rounded a turn in the road about halfway between the mine and Rye Valley. The time was 9:30 a.m. A slight man was standing in the middle of the road, wearing a blue bandanna handkerchief for a mask. He pointed the muzzle of a revolver at Moorehouse and ordered him to "hand over that gold, Slim."

Slim was not slow in complying. Then, he was instructed, "Now, drive on and don't turn back."

He did glance back as he drove off. What he saw was a second masked bandit emerging from behind a tree, also carrying a gun.

Mrs. Freitag admitted that she was frightened. "I was grateful that the men left me alone. I sat tight and kept quiet." She observed that the men took off on foot in the direction of Pedro Mountain.

That no time was lost by Moorehouse in continuing on his way was noted by Ray Stephenson whose place was near the scene of the holdup. "I heard the horses running hard. I thought it must be a runaway."

When Moorehouse reached Rye Valley, he telephoned Lee at the mine. The sheriff at Baker was notified. He made fast time despite roads not meant for automobile travel. Moorehouse, meanwhile, found another driver to take the stage on to Durkee, and he returned to Rainbow with the sheriff.

Soon a posse from Baker under Deputy Sheriff Nelson and another sent out by Sheriff Brown of Malheur County were combing the area for clues. Lee organized his off-shirt miners to help in the search.

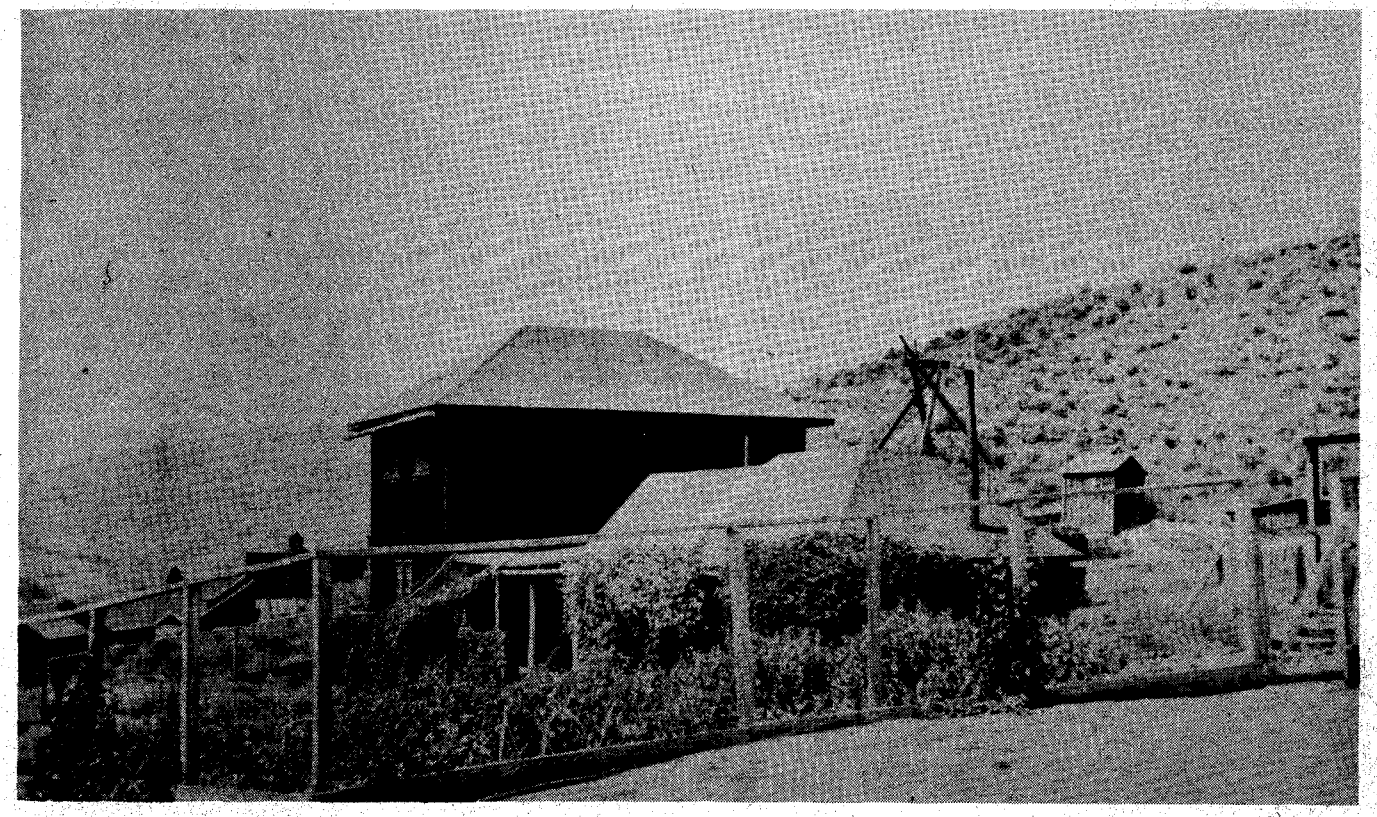
Lee surmised that the on-foot bandits would not carry the heavy sack far. In all likelihood they would attempt to hide the gold and plan to come back later to cut it into manageable pieces for sale a little at a time.

His theory proved to be correct. While the searchers were combing the slope of the mountain, footprints were found. They led to a giant sagebrush. There in a large badger hole which had been poorly concealed with rocks, sticks and dirt was the gold. Nearby, was the blue coat worn by the holdup man.

Lee and the sheriff decided to make a "phony" brick out of lead and amalgam. They placed it carefully in the hole and staked out a watchman to observe the "plant."

More reconnoitering produced finds of the robber's black hat, gun, and blue bandanna mask.

Lee suggested to the sheriff, "I have a hunch that Molly Burgett had something to do with this." Molly was not unknown to the law officers. She



Carl H. Connet Collection.

Home of Superintendent Lee at the Rainbow Mine.

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Courtesy Democrat Herald, Baker, Oregon.

Bill Phelan, present owner of the Rainbow and Sunday Hill mines, with Dr. Lloyd Staples of the University of Oregon Geology Department. Geology students comb the area during field trips.

had been taken in a number of times on bootlegging charges and was even then on parole from the latest charge.

Acting on the tip, Deputy Sheriff Nelson combed Molly's shack thoroughly for evidence. He asked to see her gun. She lifted the mattress and expressed great surprise that the gun was gone from its customary hiding place.

The stage driver's recollection that the gunman called him "Slim" led to the assumption that the robbery was committed by a local man. He thought the voice might be that of Joe Carlson. Footprints and the blue coat also pointed to Carlson. One of the miners testified that he had seen Carlson about half an hour after the holdup making his way to his tent.

Carlson had recently been hanging around Molly's establishment and doing odd jobs for her. Described as around 30 years old, five feet tall, with a soft voice, he bore little resemblance to a tough stick-up man.

Sheriff Anderson considered the evidence sufficient to implicate Carlson and Molly, so took them off to the county jail in Baker.

Anderson, upon notification of the stage robbery, had taken the precaution of alerting the marshal in Huntington to hold for questioning any suspicious looking character who might arrive on the Mormon Basin-Huntington stage.

When "Sourdough Bill" Halder stepped from the stage, the marshal promptly arrested him. The stage driver said he had picked him up about 10:00 a.m. as he was walking along the road.

A few days later W.G. "Ed" McCoy was taken into custody and indicted by the grand jury along with the others.

At the trial held several weeks later in Baker, Joe Carlson was tried first. He was held guilty by a jury which took less than an hour to arrive at a verdict.

Molly Burgett, Bill Halder and Ed McCoy were tried jointly on June 25, 1915. The prosecution brought out that Halder had been seen with Carlson and Molly at her cabin the night before. Halder had also been seen in conversation with Carlson the next morning at his tent about 8:30 a.m. The sheriff testified that he had taken Halder from the jail back to the scene of the robbery and without hesitation was led to a rock under which was hidden his 22-caliber

(continued on page 68)

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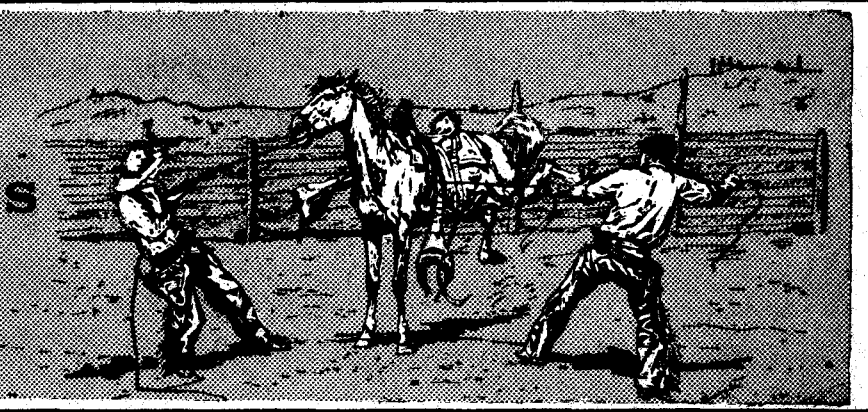
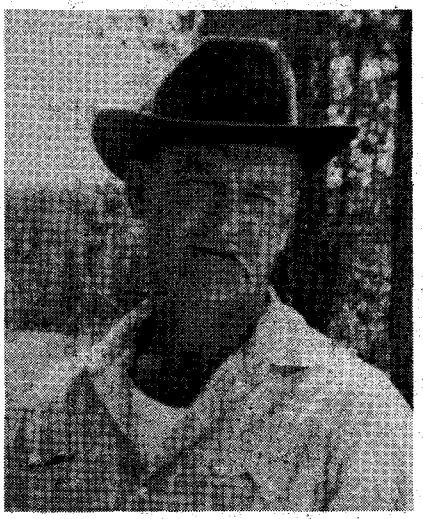
The Editor's Corral



INTRODUCING OUR WRITERS



REX BUNDY

Rex was born in Towner, North Dakota in 1914 and in the early 1930's rode in rodeos at Calgary, Belle Fourche and Miles City. He was a true Westerner. He has worked in the great outdoors of the West having been employed by the Forest Service as a lookout, trail maintenanceman and telephone maintenanceman. Rex has also worked as a truck driver and a dude packer. He is now a "roughneck" in the oil fields.

Rex served in the Marine Corps during World War II and at present is vice president of the Amerindian & Western Historical Research Association. He has always been an avid researcher of Western material and is now putting this research work to good use by writing articles for various Western publications including REAL WEST. His latest effort, "JIM EAST, WESTERN LAWMAN" appears in this issue of REAL WEST.

I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPER

NEZ PERCE ELUDES U.S. ARMY

The Nez Perces Indians stampeded 130 horses from General Howard's advance camp on the 20th and, on being pursued by the troops, an engagement occurred in which several officers and soldiers were wounded. On the 24th Howard reached Virginia City, and General Sherman was at Helena, Montana.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 8, 1877

DEATH OF BRIGHAM YOUNG

Brigham Young died at Salt Lake City, Utah, on Wednesday afternoon August 29th, in the 77th year of his age.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 15, 1877

SITTING BULL REENTERED THE U. S.

It was rumored that Sitting Bull, with 1,000 Sioux warriors, had reentered the United States from Canada, for the purpose of joining Chief Joseph in the war in Idaho.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 15, 1877

PRESCOTT, CAPITAL OF ARIZONA

Prescott, the capital city of Arizona, our latest El Dorado, is situated in a small valley or basin, surrounded on all sides by mountains, and has a picturesque location. At the first glance it strikes the tourist as being an extremely home-like place, recalling many of the features of a New England or Western New York village. The population is now about 4,000, and is increasing with wonderful rapidity, as the fertile valleys adjacent and the rich mining districts round about are filling up. Most of the houses are of brick and wood, two or three stories in height, solidly constructed, and exhibiting good architectural taste. There are few Mexicans and Indians, and in consequence adobe structures are a novelty. The city is 155 miles east of the Colorado River, 250 miles northeast of Yuma, and about the same distance northwest of Tucson, the second city in the Territory.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 15, 1877

DEATH OF CRAZY HORSE

Crazy Horse, a Sioux chief, was arrested, and on attempting to escape was stabbed with a bayonet, from which wound he died.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 22, 1877

HORSE THIEVES HANGED

Three men were found hanging from a tree in Texas, and one of them was placarded: "They stole horses; here is where we found them, and here is where we left them."

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 22, 1877

BISHOP DUBOIS RELEASED BY INDIANS

Bishop Dubois of Galveston, was twice captured by the Texan Indians. Once the savages tied him to a tree and were preparing to burn him to death, when he pleaded with them, speaking the Spanish language; told them he was a chief, and asked to see their chief. He was sent for, and the good bishop represented himself as chief in the Church, whereupon he was released.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 29, 1877

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

WANTS INFORMATION ABOUT OMOHUNDRO

Dear Sirs:

In the REAL WEST ANNUAL 1970, in the story "Truth and a Buffalo Bill Play," there is a picture of a "Texas Jack Omohundro."

My father, Earl Pruitt, now 86, has told us many times of his grandmother, Candace Omohundro. As this is an unusual name, I'd like to hear from anyone by this name or anyone knowing anything about it.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Homer Simmons,
6195 Simmons Creek Road,
Tillamook, Oregon 97141

IN DEFENSE OF THE INDIAN

Dear Sir:

It is impossible for me to remain silent any longer. May I please be permitted to pose several questions to P.K. Romaine and other Custer admirers?

1. Would you be willing to follow a leader who not only graduated at the very bottom of his class but had a history of disobeying orders?
2. Would you be willing to follow a leader who was court-martialed for shooting deserters on the spot instead of taking them alive for trial?
3. Would you be willing to follow a leader who had a habit of abandoning distressed troopers to save his own skin? I hold as chief example, the Black Kettle massacre.
4. Would you be willing to follow a vain self-centered, glory seeking leader?

If so, then heaven help you if you ever do follow such a leader.

This Romaine person and others obviously fail to read the history books with an open mind and an unprejudiced heart. There have always been problems of peaceful and war-type conflicts, generation gaps between young and old, even trouble with drunkenness. These problems are not solely among the Indians but were and still are, common among whites and people of other nations, too.

The Indian might have been wrong in a lot of things he did, but he was not all bad. The white man (and General George A. Custer is included) was also far from perfect. This Custer cult has set Custer up as some sort of ideal person, but it is time they found out he was just a man vulnerable to mistakes. Unfortunately his were mostly costly. I cannot condemn Custer for what he did, but neither can I condone it with such open/or secretive admiration. Neither do I condemn or condone the Indians' activities. Even though they had a much greater reason for fighting. They were fighting for what was being taken away from them. The white man was fighting from greed for land and riches alone.

Sincerely yours,
Nancy C. Hall,
1103 Marlboro Lane,
Oklahoma City, Okla. 73116

WANTS INDIAN DESIGN BLANKETS

Dear Sir:

For a number of years, the J. C. Penny Co., Sears, Roebuck & Co. and Montgomery Ward sold cotton blankets, well made and with colorful Indian designs in their familiar geometric patterns.

In late years I cannot find these blankets anywhere. I wonder if you or your readers know of any source where they can be purchased? Any information you can supply will be gratefully appreciated.

Very truly yours,
Ross Moorhead,
P. O. Box 200,
Plains, Montana 59859

A LETTER OF PRAISE

Dear Sirs:

I received a notice today to renew my subscription to Real West. We thoroughly enjoy every issue we received from the first subscription. They are read and reread more than any other reading material in our home. The articles you published are all good, informative and interesting and we enjoy them very much. We would like to see more articles on horses and riding equipment. All the members of our family are great lovers of horses and love to ride.

Although I'm not quite old enough to remember a whole lot about the old West and "The Good Old Days" as they were called, I remember quite a bit being a young man on a farm. I remember getting water from an old windmill and milking cows by hand and doing field work with horses.

I am trying to locate and purchase one or a pair of percussion type revolvers or hand guns such as ones used on old sailing ships. These are very rare as you know and I was hoping some of your readers could refer me to someone who has a pair for sale.

Thank you for your time and attention
Rodger J. Anderson,
1111 N.E. 74th Ave.
Portland, Oregon 97213

LOOKING FOR THOMAS W. SOLLOCK

Dear Sir:

I read your wonderful magazine. I hope wherever my daddy is, he reads your magazine so he will know I am looking all over the world for him. My daddy left El Paso, Texas May 5, 1953 when I was only one year old. Now I am 19 years old and I long to know where he is and hope some of your readers may know him. His name is Thomas W. Sollock. It would be the happiest day of my life to know where my daddy is. I love him truly.

Sincerely,
David Marvin Sollock,
7206 Dale Road,
El Paso, Texas 79915

STRANGE COLORADO STORIES

Dear Sir:

The article by Mr. Fink in the January issue of Real West about stories and legends of Colorado was very interesting. For many years I have heard of two strange things that happened there. I do not know if they have been published.

I think it was in Central City, Silver City or in Silverton that there was a mine called the Lost Ghost Mine. The strange thing here was the old mine petered out and a man

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came to town and hired a crew and dug a new shaft, then in a short time fired the crew and left. This was done several times. Finally they found the richest gold deposit in America. Some time later it was learned that a woman who was a seeress in New York had sent a man to Colorado to look for this ghost mine. It has been reported as true to me by the most reliable people in Denver. Neither the man nor the seeress had ever seen Colorado before.

The other strange story that happened was about a photographer who had TB and went into the mountains with his wife for the winter, and in the spring when the folks went up to see if he survived, they found him in excellent health. He told the folks that his wife had died in the winter while he was out cutting wood. He came into the cabin and found her on the bed. He made a coffin out of boards torn from a shed. Before closing the coffin he decided to take a picture of her. They were both orphans and he had taken no photos of her since they were married. He tilted the coffin against the wall and took the photo. He took the plates to town and had them developed. When he came back later for the picture he was told that the plates had not turned out well. He pushed the photographer aside and walked into the dark room. Picking up the plates, he stated, "I know they were okay", and held them to the light. He fell backward in a dead faint. After being aroused they both looked at the plates and found her eyes were blurred. She had been in a coma and he put her in a coffin and in a snow bank for preservation for later burial. She had frozen to death.

Sincerely,
G.H. Iken,
4 So. 4th St.,
Tomahawk, Wis. 54487

SAWMILLS IN CALIFORNIA

Dear Sir:

In the story "The Mighty Redwoods" by Cy and Jeannie Martin (Jan. '71 Real West), the authors state, and I quote: "In 1848, before the discovery of gold, there was not a sawmill in California – what little lumber previously required was whipsawed, or more generally, split or hewed out by hand." Unquote.

Don't they know that gold was discovered *at a sawmill?*

Now I quote from the 1970 World Almanac, page 652: "Gold, discovered at Sutter's sawmill Jan. 24, 1848, set off the historic Gold Rush and gave initial impetus to California's development, but petroleum is the leading mineral product today." Unquote.

Isn't the statement in the story incorrect?

Please print my letter, for, as a would-be writer, I just dearly love to see my name in print.

Sincerely,
Don Upton
Rt. 2, Box 182-A
Dardanelle, Arkansas 72834

Writers Cy and Jeannie Martin overlooked the sawmill operated by Sutter when writing their article.

COLONEL VARDAMAN COCKRELL AND GENERAL FRANCIS COCKRELL

Dear Sirs:

Have just read in your September 1970 issue of Real West the article: "Allen Parmer, Quantrill Guerrilla", by Carl W. Breihan. It was a fine piece. We "Confederate Citizens of Missouri" are always happy to see any item dealing with our statehood as the thirteenth Confederate State.

However....One error stands out in the otherwise fine story:

At the battle of Lone Jack (August 16, 1862, the Commander of the Confederate forces was Colonel Vardaman Cockrell, not Francis Marion Cockrell. They were brothers. Francis held the rank of Brigadier General and to my knowledge was never in command in Missouri. Quoting from the book "The Civil Government of the United States and the State of Missouri" and "The History of Missouri from the Earliest Times to the Present" by Perry S. Rader, published by E.W. Stephens at Columbia, Missouri in 1897, "His (General F.M. Cockrell's) gallantry and bravery at Vicksburg, Mississippi, and Franklin, Tennessee, have made his name historic for almost all time."

General F.M. Cockrell became a U.S. Senator from Missouri in January 1875. He is buried in Warrensburg, Missouri. I have personally seen a copy of his commission while visiting in the home of his son, Ewing Cockrell in Warrensburg. His grandson, Francis M. Cockrell, is a writer for TV and the movies.

Colonel Vardaman Cockrell was never a U.S. Senator and raised no higher than Colonel and remained under the command of General Price of Missouri. In the records of the war and histories he is referred to as Colonel "Vard" Cockrell. An article appeared in THE DAILY STAR-JOURNAL of Warrensburg, Missouri, August 19, 1966 listing Vard as a commander.

I am so certain of my facts because my aunt married the nephew of both the General and the Colonel. But please set this straight. We love both of them and want your fine magazine to be historically correct.

Yours in the memory of the Confederate States of America.

Rev. Alvin Lee Baker,
Route 1, Box 50-C,
Sedalia, Missouri 65301

REMEMBERS WESTERN PULPS

Dear Editor:

I have only recently come across your excellent magazine and have now placed an order with the Newsagent to make sure of not missing a copy.

About 30 years ago I often bought western magazines, mostly fictional stories, but with some facts. I think one popular author was a Robertson. I have a strong nostalgic desire to get hold of a copy or two again. As you print specimen covers of much earlier Western magazines, can you help me find some of the kind I remember? How I wish now I kept them instead of passing them on! There was one I preferred to all the rest, but I just can't remember its name.

With best wishes, Yours faithfully
S. F. Burden,
7 Barlow Road,
Chichester, Sussex, England

There were many Western pulp mag-a zines. Off hand I can remember the following: Maybe one of them will revive your memory. Wild West Weekly, Western Story Magazine, Nickel Western, Fifteen Western Tales, Round-up, West, Western Aces, Ranch Romances, Thrilling Western, Smashing Western, The Western Rangler, Gunsmoke Western, Complete Western, Two Gun Western, Lariat, Surefire Western, Popular Western, Real Western, Red Seal Western, Famous Western and Cowboy Short Stories. I'm sure the readers can add to this list ad infinitum. ●RW

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INDIANS STORY

(continued from page 8)

back-tracks of man."

As far back as 1643, Roger Williams, who founded Rhode Island, realized that Indians and white settlers would have to learn to understand each other better if they were to get along. To that end, he published a book of Indian words and phrases translated into English for the use of settlers, observing, in his introduction, that, "a little Key may open a Box, where lies a bunch of Keyes."

Unfortunately, Williams' little Indian-English dictionary contained a vocabulary useful only in talking with local Indians, chiefly the Narragansetts. The other dozens of tribal languages weren't even touched on - or dreamed of - at that time and place. So it was that Roger Williams "Key" to one Indian language did not fit any other.

The saddest, stormiest passages in Indian history were just beginning, and most of them were never described from an Indian point of view. But among the many records of the following 250 years, bits and pieces of Indian history were set down by interested people. It was nearly always done in translation, through interpreters, and sometimes from the unreliable memories of old men, but the Indians themselves tell a very compelling story.

Two Leggings, a Crow Warrior, vividly remembered a boyhood visit to a trading post:

"When we arrived at the trader's I remember the store seemed strange to me. I could not understand how anyone could live in such a stuffy place with such a low roof."

Dreams of glory are common to all boys. Two Leggings, a poor orphan boy, was no exception:

"As a boy I spent my evenings listening to the stories of our warriors and medicine men. I wanted to be just as brave and honored, and the following day would train myself that much harder running and riding and playing war games with my friends."

Smithsonian Institution.

Two Apache braves, followers of Geronimo.

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At last, at about age 16, the youngster was allowed to join a raiding party. The night before, he was filled with excitement:

"Rolling up in my robe that night I thought that now I was poor and unknown, but soon people would be talking about me. And if I was not killed, some day I would become a chief with many honors and horses and property."

Big Thunder of the Wabanakis also recalled many of the old ways:

"In the olden time our garments were made of moose-skin and fur, our pouches were the skins of animals, our dishes were of wood and bark. Before the coming of white men, our knives and tomahawks and all our tools were of stone. With a stone knife we cut open the moose and with a tool of stone we skinned him. We fished with a bait of stone, well-greased with moose-tallow, on a line of moose-sinew. Our lives were simple and glad, and our marriages were happy. Man and woman made their vow to the Great Spirit. In our old religion we believed that the Great Spirit who made all things is in everything, and that with every breath of air we drew in the life of the Great Spirit."

Religion was very important in the life of every Indian. Although there were numerous variations, most Indians had a reverent feeling for God, whom they called by different names, such as the Great Spirit, Great Mystery, Great Spirit Father, First Worker, or Old Man, - one God who had power over all.

There were many Indian versions of the Creation; this interesting one comes from the Pima Indians:

"In the beginning there was only darkness everywhere - darkness and water. And the darkness gathered thick in places, crowding together and then separating, crowding and separating until at last out of one of the places where the darkness had crowded there came forth a man. This man wandered through the darkness until he began to think; then he knew himself and that he was a man; he knew that he was there for some purpose."

This version amazingly described the earth as round, starting as a ball of sap or "gum of the wood:"

"Then the man took the ball from the stick and put it down in the darkness under his foot, and as he stood upon the ball he rolled it under his foot and sang:

"I make the world, and lo!
The world is finished.
Thus I make the world, and lo!
The world is finished.'

"So he sang, calling himself the maker of the world. He sang slowly, and all the while the ball grew larger as he rolled it, till at the end of his song, behold, it was the world."

Songs were also important in Indian life. These people without a written language had songs for all occasions, - wars, births, burials, victory, prayer and love. Among the most beautiful were the wind songs of the Kiowa. Home-Comer, a Kiowa Indian, explained what they were:

"There are different kinds of war-songs. Wind-Songs are war-songs made while the men are on the war-path, and are sung by those at home who think of the distant warriors, or by the men on the war-path who think of their loved ones at home. As a mother sings a lullaby to the child in her arms, even so she sings to the absent son far away. 'Ah, my poor boy!' might she croon. 'Alone on the prairie - how hard are thy days!' So might the maiden sing, thinking of her lover; so might the young warrior sing, thinking of the maid.

"Such songs are called Wind-Songs because they are songs of loneliness and longing like the open prairie where there is only the sweep of the wind."

One wind song, sung by Eagle, Chief of the Kiowas, is filled with that loneliness and longing:

"I have but one love,
I have but one love,
I have but one love,
And he is far away,
On the war-path, e-ye, e-ye!
Lonely are the days and weary."

In another mood was the Navajo "Song of the Earth," which was, in part:

"Now the Mother Earth
And the Father Sky,
Meeting, joining one another,
Helpmates ever, they.
All is beautiful,
All is beautiful,
All is beautiful, indeed."

The Indians needed spiritual strength, for their life was hard. It was a constant struggle to avoid death by disease, starvation, or at the hands of enemy tribes.

The coming of white settlers added new problems. The Indians, living close to the earth in a nearly Stone Age culture, struggled to understand the white man's standards.

Said a council of Delawares in 1793: "Money to us is of no value, and to most of us unknown..."

A few years before, in 1787, Pachgantschilias, a Delaware chief, had told some Christian Indians:

"I admit that there are good white men, but they bear no proportion to the bad; the bad must be the strongest, for they rule. They do what they please. They enslave those who are not of their color, although created by the same Great Spirit who created them. They would make slaves of us if they could; but as they cannot do it, they kill us. There is no faith to be placed in their words. They are not like the Indians, who are only enemies while at war, and are friends in peace. They will say to an Indian, 'My friend, my brother!' They will take him by the hand, and at the same moment destroy him. And so you will also be treated by them before long. Remember that this day I have warned you to beware of such friends as these. I know the Long-Knives. They are not to be trusted."

Other Indians in various regions came to agree with this view, although at first they may have been favorably impressed. The great Chief Joseph of the

(continued on page 72)

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(continued from page 6)

he was heralded as the bravest of the top-notch fighting men by whites and Indians alike.

He was destined to go on to more brilliant exploits. Unfortunately, few of them have been heralded in history and very little about this mysterious and unusual mountain man is known.

Michael Bourdon is supposed to have grown up around York Factory on the western shores of Hudson's Bay. Due to the several ways his name was recorded his birthplace and family are difficult to determine. His mother was an Indian or at least a part-blood, but of what tribe?

He is listed as early as 1804 by the Northwest Company of Canada. Yet there appears nothing in the company's record to identify him beyond all doubt. On the contrary, again it is the same old misspelling of his name that hampers solving the mystery of one of the first and important Rocky Mountain men. The various names mean nothing, except that the personal descriptions are always of the same man in the identical set of circumstances.

Thus he emerges brilliantly from a few scratches of enlightened history as a most unusual man. What he did and where on the fantastic and fighting Rocky Mountain stage of fur trapping and Indian trading during the first quarter of the 19th century is very definite.

When David Thompson established trading posts which were outfitting points for his trapper brigades on the upper Columbia River drainage, he was a valued assistant. These posts, more often a mere supply camp, were extended to Lake Pend d'Oreille in what became Idaho and on Clark's Fork in what is now Montana. Bourdon already knew this vast region and the Indians inhabiting it.

He is at this time described as of medium size, a craggy faced man with some semblance of a beard, weighing about 150 pounds, blue eyed, five feet, six inches tall and as tough as leather. Of his honesty and integrity there never existed any doubt.

As a guide and scout, without Bourdon it is likely that the Northwest Company could not have reached the rich fur bearing areas that they did. Their posts and camps were actually easily defended forts in hostile country. Bourdon was the man who selected the sites with a knowledgeable view as to how Indian attacks could be expected.

After the Blackfeet fight in buffalo country east of the Rockies the large party started passing down the Columbia. It did not get far before the unruly and angry Blackfeet made a second attack. This was a slashing raid, intent solely on cutting in long enough to obtain valuable property, goods and livestock. They also made another onslaught after the extended, slow moving party gained deep into what is now Oregon. In both instances Bourdon took Indians and halfbreeds to repel them.

What he immediately engaged in thereafter is not known. History is blank about him for the next year. But it is for certain that being the active man he was, that he was hunting, trapping, fighting enemies of the Flatheads, going on horse stealing raids against other tribes and probably in between times engaged by the Northwest Company on one pursuit or another.

Photo furnished by author.

A trapper leading out the fur and trading brigade.

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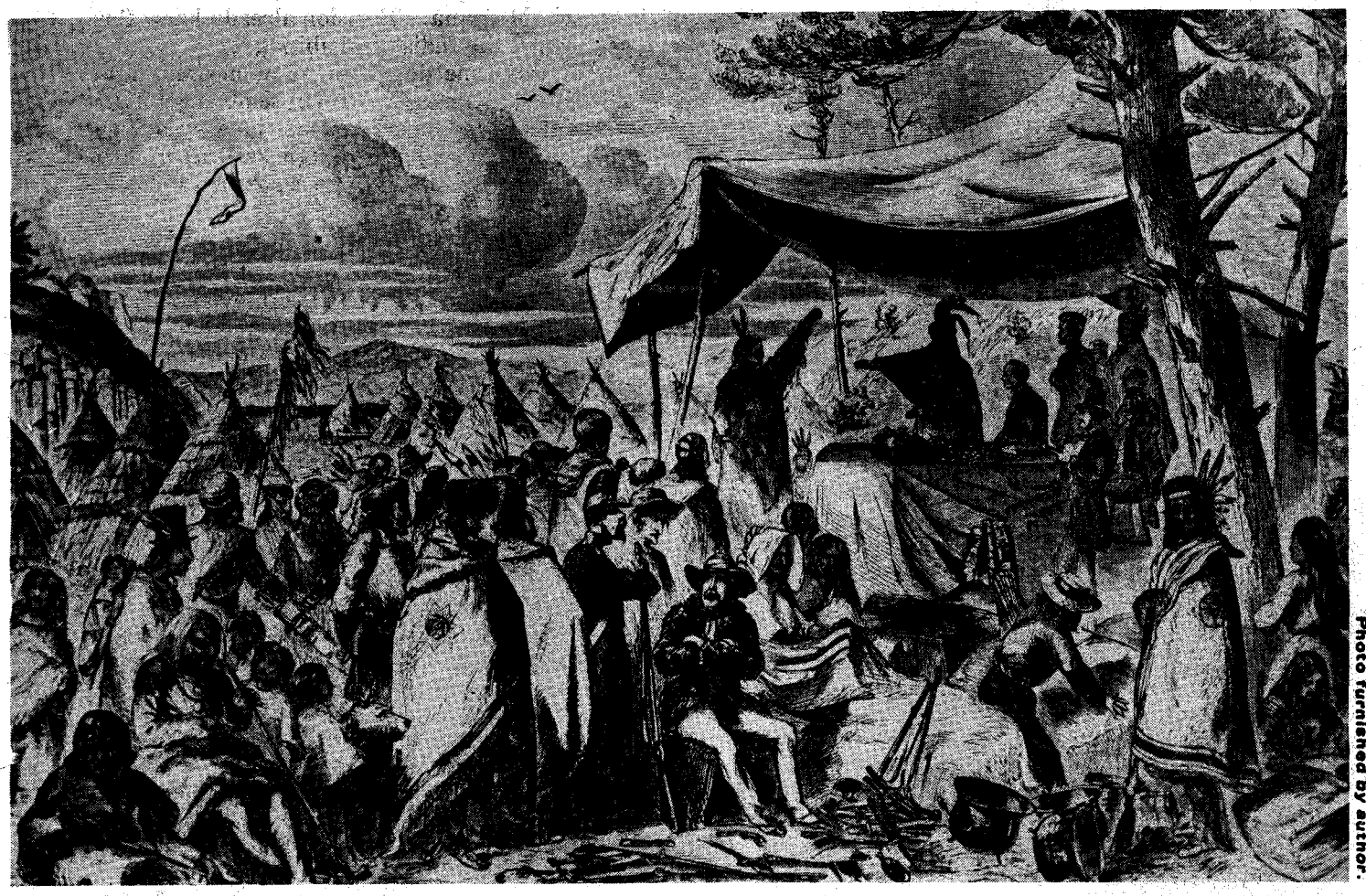

Photo furnished by author.

A fur brigade rendezvous.

A few of his comings and goings are mentioned in Thompson's journals later published in London. The items are niggardly and Thompson appears reluctant to give him any real credit for his accomplishments in the great wilderness.

Trading ventures were going badly for the Northwest Company due to short sighted directorial policies and wars between Indian tribes in the fur country. Thompson was "jacked" up by the absentee directors for failure to bring in the minimum of 2,500 beaver plews, considered profitable for a season of trapping.

In any event, Bourdon was summoned to Thompson's headquarters, then at Astoria. The main problem and a decided deterrent to trapping streams of the upper Rockies was a long standing war between the Flatheads and Blackfeet to the east. Without some kind of a peace settlement there would be no furs brought out of the mountains.

There exists considerable doubt as to who arranged it, probably Bourdon. But history records that on February 29, 1812, Thompson managed to obtain a council between the Flatheads and the Blackfeet. It took place somewhere in what is now eastern Oregon.

It is believed that at this time Bourdon had two and likely three Flathead squaws. This was typical of a mountain man owning considerable means in visible property such as ponies, wealth recognized by all Indians.

He served as interpreter from English into both languages for Thompson and back into English individually. After distribution of presents and general talks for four days an agreement was reached.

By this peace treaty, all verbal and not written, the Flatheads would be allowed to hunt east of the Rockies. They could also trap beaver and the Northwest Company would establish outposts from which their brigades could hunt and take furs. This was all in territory the Blackfeet tribes arbitrarily claimed.

It appears that Thompson fully believed the agreement binding, at least for a couple of years. In this he was gullible but trying desperately to beat the inroads of American competition coming overland across the great plains and up the wide Missouri River.

Bourdon cautioned him that the wily and murderous Blackfeet would keep no agreements whatever. Their promise on anything was wholly undependable and subsequent events proved him entirely correct.

Having pulled off what he considered a binding treaty, Thompson left the pacific northwest never to return. Soon thereafter Bourdon accompanied MacDonald and his Flatheads on

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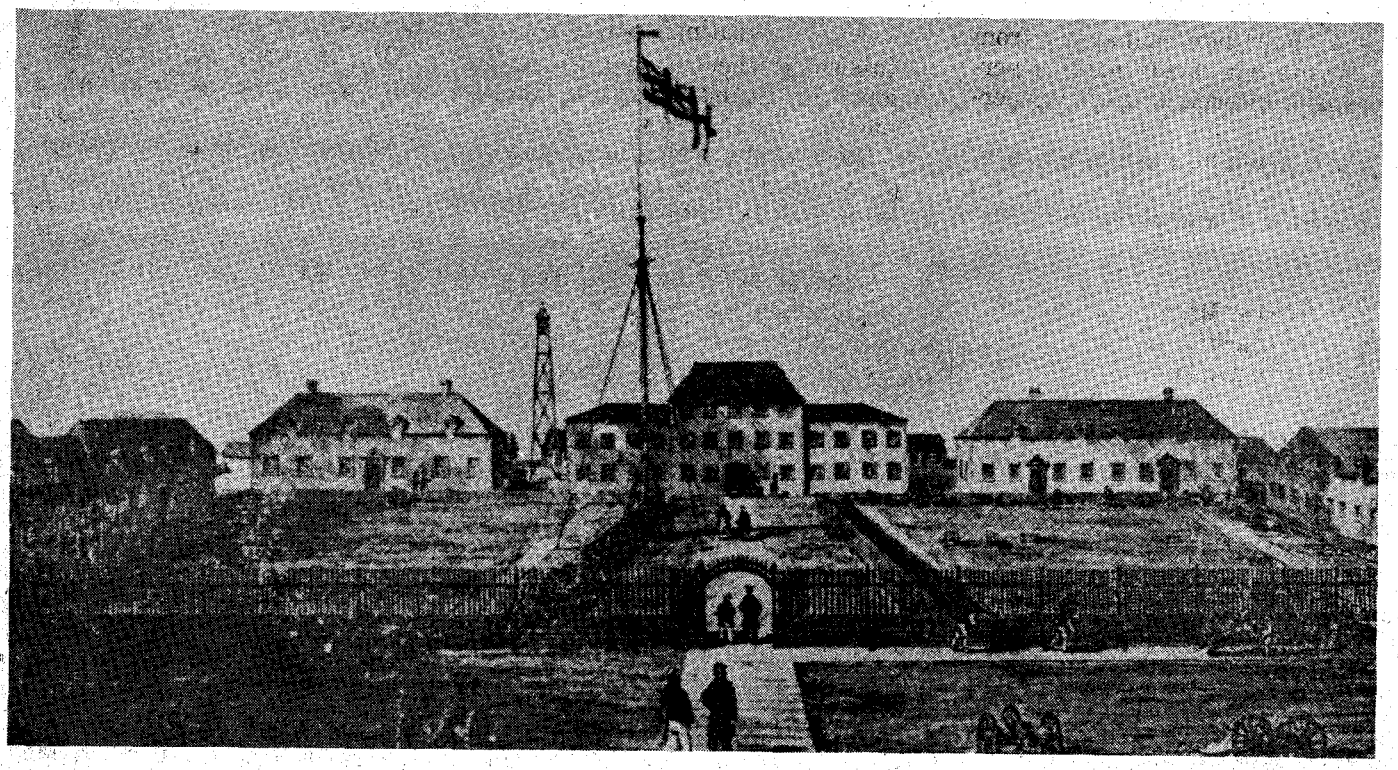

Photo furnished by author.

York Factory on the western shore of Hudson Bay where Michael Bourdon was supposed to have been born.

another buffalo hunt east of the Rocky Mountains in August 1812.

They passed up the Columbia and then along Snake River into buffalo country. For three weeks hunters brought down every day as many of the shaggy animals as the squaws could butcher after the hides were stripped off by the use of ponies.

Dried meat was being packed and special delicacies of buffalo carcasses prepared for returning home when the terrible Blackfeet appeared.

About five hundred charged into the outflung encampment on an early morning. The hunters had just departed for the days buffalo kill. Bourdon was slow starting and a little to the rear, not far from the encampment.

Discovering the developing Blackfeet attack as it boiled out of low hills to the north, he dispatched fast riding messengers to bring back the hunters.

In the encampment MacDonald was just emerging from his skin tepee when the first Blackfeet charged in. Startled and surprised, he returned inside for weapons and opened fire.

This seems to have been a serious mistake for the Blackfeet immediately concentrated on him. Although killing four Indians while resolutely defending that part of the straggled encampment, MacDonald was quickly overwhelmed. Thrown to the ground, he was disarmed and secured a prisoner.

That small section of camp tepees was easily captured. Yelling their heads off in triumph, a fire was built in the open. The valiant Mac Donald was stripped and prepared to be tortured and killed by burning.

At this critical stage (which MacDonald deliberately refrained from mentioning in his personal accounts) Bourdon and five *voyageurs* and ten Flatheads charged through so unexpectedly they caught the Blackfeet at a decided disadvantage. After emptying their firearms they resorted to other weapons, knifed and lanced all Blackfeet opposing them.

The famous charge of the light Brigade at Balaklava nearly forty years later was nothing in sheer bravery compared to those few men against much more overwhelming odds. Breaking through the triumphant, blood lusting Blackfeet, MacDonald was rescued in the very nick of time, suffering only affront to his dignity, a fact which he never forgot.

The Blackfeet were then chased from the encampment and the area. The buffalo hunt continued to the end without further interruption.

After return to Astoria down the Columbia, Bourdon became an important employee of the Northwest Company. This was most unusual for a French-Canadian halfbreed in any British owned company. Yet he occupied a minor office and was given credit for many exploits. He acted as chief interpreter and because of his influence in the fur trade, he handled business at several of the company's far distant wilderness posts.

He was dispatched as peacemaker to the company's short lived post on Flathead Lake in Montana in 1813. He remained there in comparative ease for the next two years, managing to stave off all raids by Indians. But not long after his departure continual warfare among the tribes resulted in closing the trading post.

Although working under sev-

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eral bully-boy managers from Canada who knew nothing personal concerning his past performances, his deeds on the records made his position untouchable. He also did almost all of the Indian trading at the posts, being able to speak their languages.

In 1816 MacKenzie returned to the pacific northwest. He first reorganized the upper Columbia and Snake River country fur trade, and then consolidation of the Northwest Company and Hudson's Bay Company as one, the two powerful British rivals for the Rocky Mountain fur trade.

At this time Bourdon was recognized as the most prominent of the mountain fur trappers and by his employers as "a young man of unusual success in positions of leadership" among British led trading enterprises far beyond which any French-Canadian citizen ever attained.

Records of both fur trading companies describing Bourdon as *young* reads like a joke. On rejoining MacKenzie in 1816 he was somewhere past fifty years of age.

After visiting and re-establishing the business of various fur trading posts in the pacific northwest (which included western Montana) MacKenzie led out a trapping brigade for the 1818-1819 season. The leader of the mountain men, composed of whites, halfbreeds and Indians was Bourdon.

In those early years trapper brigades moved in encampments of around a thousand people, some times more. They included camp helpers, squaws, children, a herd of extra horses, dogs, travois hauling skin lodges and equipment. The large force was vitally necessary for protection against enemy Indians.

This was the type of entourage that MacKenzie led into the mountains and then south in the fall of 1818. Trapping was successful in all the streams down into Idaho. The party progressed on until the spring of 1819, which found them on the Snake River.

By February with winter temperatures often far below zero, beaver was becoming scarce. Bourdon took twenty trappers farther southward and they took plenty of prime beaver from a number of streams.

One day while out alone Bourdon came face to face with a grizzly bear that had come out of hibernation. He had been setting traps through ice in a beaver pond. His gun leaned against a tree safely at a distance. He turned off the lake ice and unexpectedly right into a giant grizzly.

Both were probably mutually surprised but the bear charged first. Drawing his long bladed knife, the only weapon on him, Bourdon swerved aside to safety but barely.

Turning on the grizzly he inflicted two serious wounds and was then knocked down. The huge bear fell on him with all fours and he became splattered with blood from the animals wounds. Yet he managed to keep finding a vital place in which to insert the knife to the hilt.

He reported to fellow trappers, "By gar! I no theenk me outlive theese bar!"

But he did, the dying grizzly soon growing too weak to fight, whereupon he twisted out from under the brute.

It was at this time that Bourdon named the stream where he

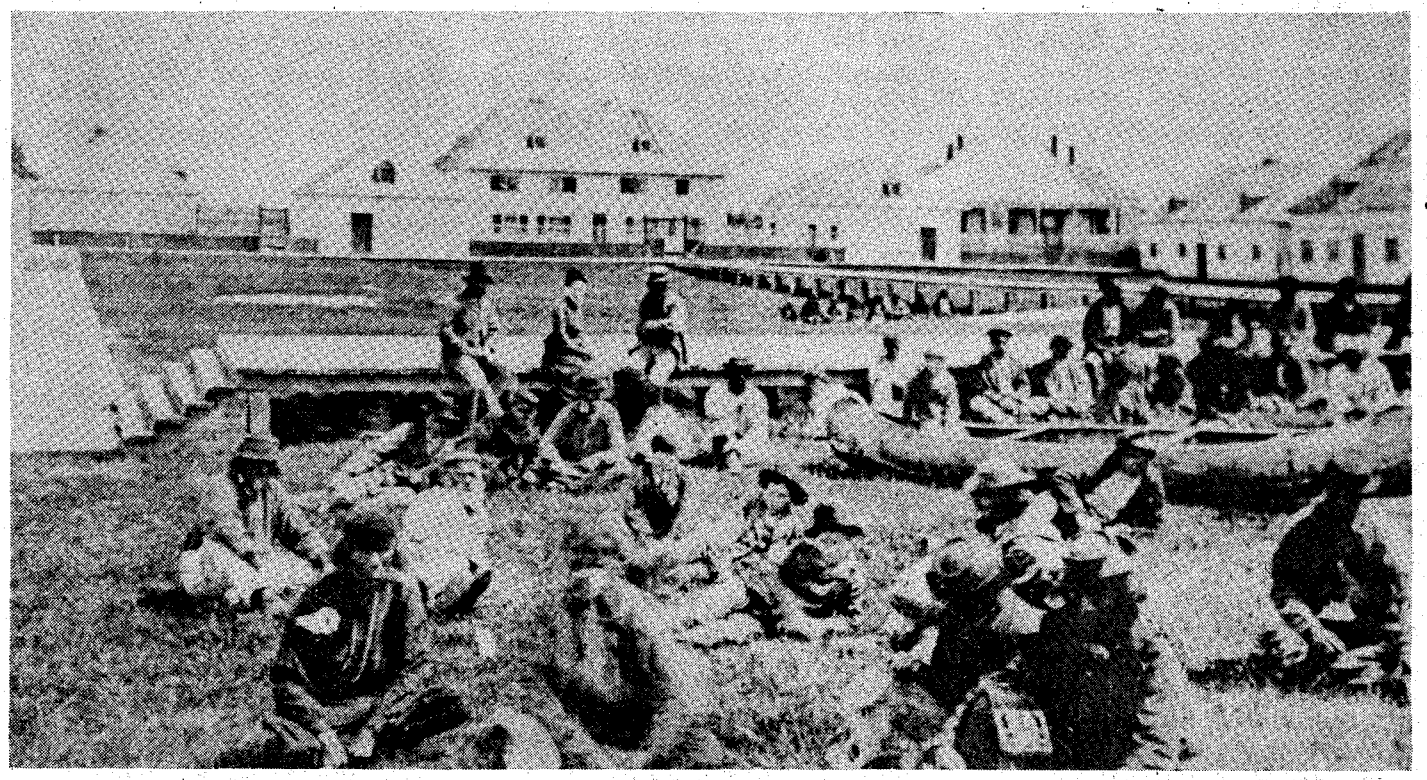

Photo furnished by author.

Norway House in western Canada where Bourdon was officially authorized to be employed as a minor official in the Northwest Fur Company.

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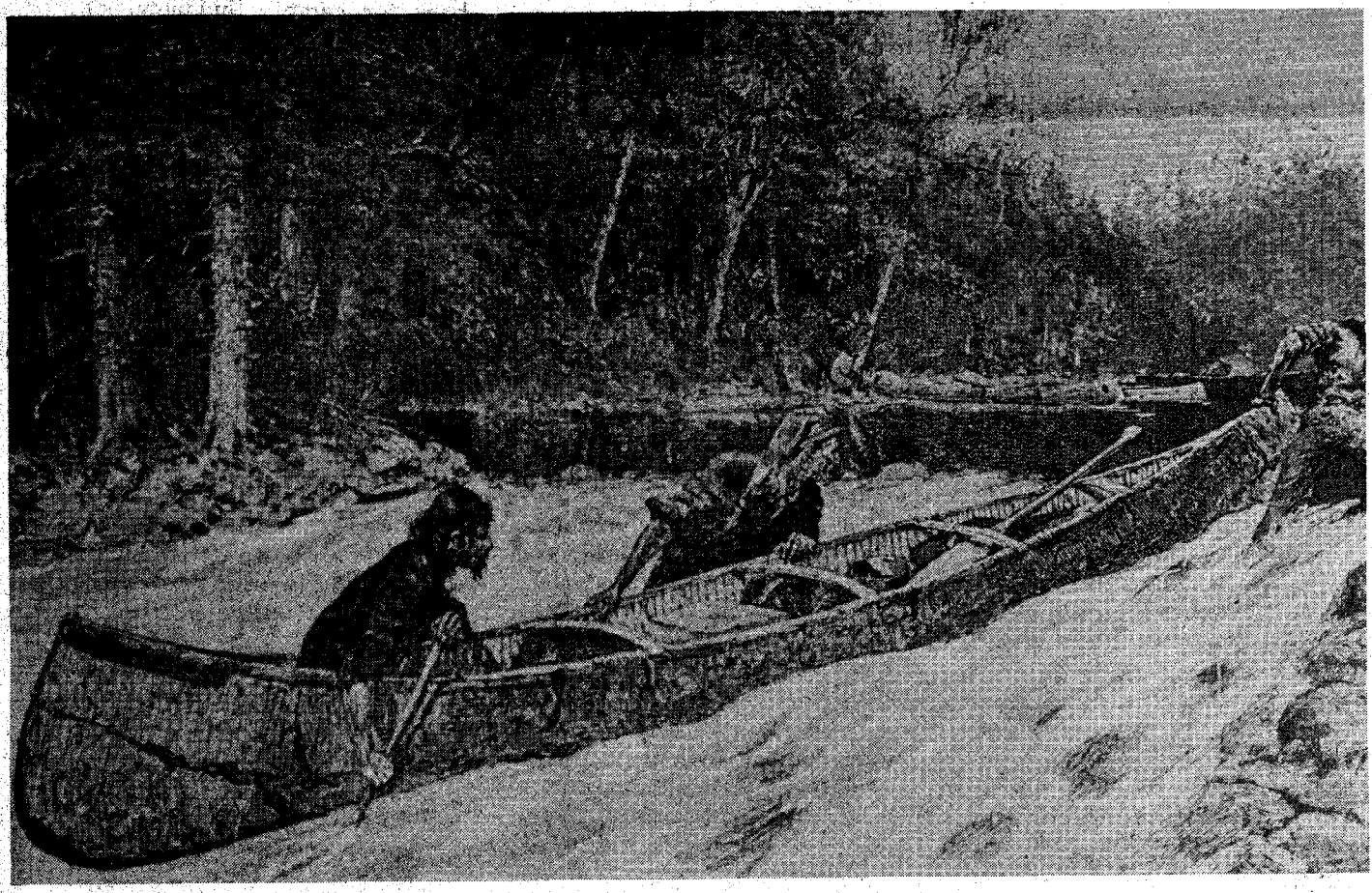

From painting by Frederic Remington Courtesy New York Public Library.

Trappers used canoes to work many of the beaver streams.

trapped the beaver, Bear River. It runs from Idaho down into Utah largely through Cache Valley. The fur trappers at the same time also named what is now sometimes called Blacksmith River, the Middle Fork of the Bear, Bourdon's River.

The valley also received it's name during this period. On preparing to depart a small *cache* was made by several French-Canadians, thus "Cash" Valley.

It is interesting to note that these same names were purportedly given by William H. Ashley's party of fur trappers in 1824. Some histories, notably those of Utah, specifically state that the Ashley party discovered Bear River and Cache Valley. Obviously the Ashley trappers already knew most of the names for the area from Pete Skene Ogden's report.

In any event the earliest record of white men on Bear River and in Cache Valley is this Hudson's Bay Company report of 1818-1819. On each side of the fertile valley are mountains more than 9,000 feet elevation. On the lower slopes and down into the foothills is found a most unusual species of tree in the Rocky Mountain country. Here amid giant evergreens are maples.

MacKenzie was transferred to another assignment. Bourdon was placed in charge of what had become known as the Snake River brigade. This position he held for only a few years.

In Hudson's Bay Company records the brigade is described as one of "free trappers," composed of whites, halfbreeds and unreliable Indians (Iroquois). It was indeed a motley crew of unreliable men. Probably no one but Bourdon could have controlled them and brought north to the post the many thousands of beaver pelts that they did.

The company records also declare that having Bourdon take the trappers out early for each fur season kept them from mischief making. This was in the first 1820's from Spokane House.

Management of the brigade by Bourdon was authorized by a meeting of staid British directors at Norway House, Lake Winnipeg, Canada, July 8, 1921. Their decision was to "engage Michael Bourdeau (sic) at the lowest rate for which he may agree."

Under this order Bourdon departed Spokane House with a very inefficient crew of misfit mountain trappers. Each one was issued ponies, traps and supplies for which he was expected to pay about ten times their actual worth. To this Bourdon objected to the factor in charge but failed to obtain any reduction. Indeed, he considered that the trapper was robbed on both ends of the agreement made with Hudson's Bay Company, for his equipment and supplies, and on the low price of the pelts when turned in, which indeed they were. American fur companies were paying twice as much for beaver.

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The gabby attitude of the company on this expedition led to the practice of caching half of the trappers furs before making their return. They were then recovered and sold to American fur brigades.

Bourdon led his motley host across the Rockies into western Montana and finally down into southeastern Idaho. No halt was made until back on his old stamping grounds, Bear River.

The fur catch was extraordinarily good. It was so much so that one night fourteen of his unlovely trappers deserted. Traveling northeast they hit the Missouri and went on downstream to St. Louis. There the beaver and other furs were sold for two or three times what Hudson's Bay Company would have paid them.

The desertion left Bourdon short-handed and he was forced to cache more than a thousand furs to be picked up by a later expedition.

All the way back to Spokane House he experienced more trouble. When five trappers concluded to cut loose in the middle of the night with more than their caught furs and extra ponies and provisions besides, he did not hesitate. Two were shot in their tracks in the act of stealing property. The others were drummed out of camp by an impromptu court of mountain men, but given arms and ammunition along with a pony and grub.

Indians of one tribe or another consistently attacked the brigade while on the trail. Guards had to be placed in the van ahead to protect the entourage of the column which as usual contained squaws and children.

Some of the men assigned to guard duty deserted, taking nothing more with them than what was carried on their mounts. An unexpected late snow storm held up the brigade two weeks while crossing the Bitterroot Mountains.

Despite all the hardships, desertions and Indian attacks, Bourdon arrived back at the post with more than 4,500 beaver pelts. This was more than any brigade had ever taken.

MacKenzie had a different policy of fur trapping than approved by the company directors. While he had to hold to their stipulation on prices, especially those paid trappers, his methods were frowned upon handling the brigades. The rich returns from Bourdon's expedition not only sustained his policies but prevented the company's trading and trapping in the pacific northwest from being abandoned altogether.

Shortly, there was issued a directive from Canadian headquarters "that due to Michel Bourdon's engagement last fall, authorization is given to send a larger party into the Quarter (Snake River) country."

Meanwhile Bourdon guided a summer expedition back to recover the cached furs. This return was fatal to the courageous intrepid mountain man.

It is reported that the party was headed by Finnan MacDonald in 1822, with *six company servants.* These must have been greenhorn, minor officials. Bourdon had with him sixty squawmen and Indians for the fighting that he knew inevitable.

Hardly did the party enter Idaho than the terrible Blackfeet struck in a night attack. Several trappers and Indians were killed. It was recorded that no "Britishers" were touched.

Not two days travel later the Bannocks attacked. Then the Blackfeet charged the party a second time, which was an omen of what was to follow.

On reaching upper headwaters of Henry's Fork of the Snake the expedition went into camp. A party entered Cache Valley, recovering the furs cached there. The brigade then spread out, preparing to trap the winter of 1822 - 1823.

Bourdon made constant scouts and warned that Blackfeet spies lurked in the vicinity. It then comes as a surprise that he and five trappers were caught completely unawares.

In the afternoon after setting traps on a stream they started back for camp. Suddenly not less than 200 Blackfeet charged them in a complete surround.

No time existed to fort up or make a stand where they could defend themselves adequately. The six were soon overrun and killed.

When they failed to show up in camp a party was sent out the following morning to look for them. Their mutilated and scalped bodies were found. Ground evidence showed that they must have killed at least twenty Blackfeet before going under. The Indian dead had been taken away.

So died the premier mountain man, Michel Bourdon, who's deeds and exploits of the pacific frontier have been largely lost to history. ●RW

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DURKEE STAGE

(continued from page 56)

automatic, only 100 yards from the hold-up.

In taking the stand in her own defense, Mrs. Burgett tried to pin the holdup on McCoy. She claimed he hatched the plot, and she had given him her gun. She testified that McCoy had been eating and sleeping at her house.

McCoy, when called to testify, denied all of Mrs. Burgett's accusations. He stated that he slept in a room adjoining the stables and ate at the mine boarding house. He gave a clear and concise story of his actions on the day of the holdup. His testimony was backed up by fellow mine worker Svante Anderson and by Superintendent Lee, who declared that McCoy had been with him continuously from 7:00 to 4:00 p.m., the day of the robbery.

Despite defense Attorney A.A. Smith's repeated attempts, he was unable to shake McCoy from a single detail of his testimony.

As a result the jury found McCoy free of any complicity in connection with the stolen bullion.

Halder's defense was that he knew nothing of the robbery. He could not, however, give an account of his movements from the time he left Carlson's tent until overtaken by the stage. He had no reply when asked why if he was going to Huntington he was found walking instead of boarding the stage at the mine.

After three hours' deliberation, the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty" for Mrs. Burgett and Halder. It was not unexpected. The Baker *Morning Democrat* reported that when Mrs. Burgett was told that Carlson had been convicted, she said, "Well that means Old Bill and I are up against it, too." The report added that her remark was spicily embellished with unprintable language.

When the judge sentenced her, Joe Carlson and Bill Halder to the state penitentiary "for a period of time without limitation, not less than three years and not more than fifteen," Molly was quite philosophical. The newspaper quoted her as saying, "I've lived a fast life. Now I'm 48 years old and unattractive, so I guess the 'pen' is as good as any place."

Sheriff Anderson was rewarded for his efforts in turning up the stolen bullion by a check of $1,000 from the mine's insurer, the National Surety Company.

The women at Rainbow were said to have heaved sighs of relief when the Burgett place was finally boarded up.

When the gold-bearing vein found at 300 feet seemed to be non-existent at lower levels, the U.S. Smelting and Refining Company decided not to exercise its option to buy and began in 1915 to phase out operations. Lee was sent to Colorado, and his promising career as a mining engineer was cut short with his death of the "flu" in 1918.

Bill Phelan, an Irishman, handsome with curly hair and blue eyes and with a brogue as refreshing as a breeze direct from County Kerry, was among the few who stayed on. He had a way with the men, and his funny stories added to his popularity. Lee found him exceedingly intelligent and one day remarked, "It wouldn't surprise me if he owns most of Mormon Basin some day, including the Rainbow mine."

The prophecy was to come true!

In 1920 quite by accident Phelan discovered the Sunday Hill mine. He had offered to show some men from Baker around. Rather than carry the two remaining sticks of dynamite left from blasting, he set them off. The next day returning to retrieve his auger, he noticed some good looking quartz. Upon crushing and panning it, he decided it was pretty good gold.

Sunday Hill located approximately one mile northwest of Rainbow got its unique name because the early placer miners habitually picnicked there since they refused to work on Sundays.

About 40 men worked at the mines in the 1920s. Phelan almost sold out to the owners of the Rainbow for $75,000, but instead was talked into a consolidation. The depression came along making mining unprofitable. Phelan finally sued to collect pay for his assessment work. It took him 11 years to break the consolidation and he became the owner of the Sunday Hill and Rainbow mines.

It was 1949 before the mines operated again. During the years of idleness, the tunnels had caved in, the buildings went to ruin, and the machinery that did not rust was stolen. Most of the cabins and buildings at the Rainbow had been torn down and carted off. The remaining buildings had burned.

The barracks at the Sunday Hill mine remained intact, and each summer since 1956 they have teemed with activity. With the cooperation of Bill Phelan, Dr. Lloyd Staples of the University of Oregon School of Geology takes up to 22 students there to study the geology of the area. They make geologic maps and examine the metamorphic rocks.

Dr. Staples considers the Mormon Basin one of the most interesting geologic formations in Oregon. He says for most students it is their first chance to get involved in mining. They become so enthusiastic that they often work 15 hours a day. As Staples put it, "They really work us profs."

Bill Phelan enjoys lending "experienced" unofficial instruction. He infuses the students with his own conviction that there is still gold to be found in Mormon Basin. Who knows, one of these students may strike it rich!

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Files of the *Morning Democrat*, Baker

Mabel Lee: *The Rainbow Years*

Dr. Lloyd Staples, University of Oregon Geology Department.

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

Q. What was the Indian reaction to the telegraph? D. Doyle, Mount Auburn, N.Y.
A. After its initial installation, and for quite some time, the telegraph mystified the Indians and commanded their awe. However, by the latter 1800's they had figured out its basic operation, and the first action upon jumping the reservation or engaging in extended hostilities would be to cut the wires. Sometimes they would remove a small piece of wire and cleverly replace it with a thin strip of rawhide so finely spliced that it would take the Army's telegraph men days to discover the location of the break.

Q. Why were the Apaches so difficult to subdue? T. Monroe, New Orleans, Louisiana.
A. First, the terrain of operations. It was a thousand miles of sandy hilly country and the Apache knew every inch of it. Each brave had several tough wiry ponies trained like dogs. The Apache stamina was phenomenal; they carried almost nothing but arms and ammunition whereas the trooper had a heavy American horse, loaded with forage, rations, and camp equipment. The Apache could and did go for as long as forty-eight hours without water and if necessary could live on the cactus. The average limit of travel for the troopers was twenty-five miles a day; the Apache could go seventy. He traveled in small bands, scattering at the first sign of close pursuit. They were the world's experts in guerrilla warfare.

Q. Did the Indians practice polygamy? J. Facer, Portland, Maine.
A. Most tribes did; however, it was not too extensive for the possession of more than one wife required greater wealth and imposed greater requirements for generosity.

Q. What kind of rodent was a Mine Rat? J. Herlihy, El Paso, Texas.
A. During the early days of Western mining, these were rats introduced accidentally into the mines with the hay delivered therein to feed the mules used for hauling the cars. Their presence was not resented by the miners for, when the rats scurried out of the mine, it was a definite warning of danger to the miners.

Q. What was the purpose of the "coup stick"? C. Tallman, Clifton, N.J.
A. A coup stick could be the warrior's hand, his bow, his lance, or certain paraphernalia created especially for touching an enemy. The purpose was to touch, and points were awarded. For instance, the first to touch an enemy was allowed to wear a golden eagle feather upright at the rear of the head. The second to touch could wear the feather tilted to the left; the third won the right to wear an eagle feather horizontally, while the fourth could wear a buzzard feather hung vertically. Coups were awarded for touching, not killing, except in hand to hand combat. The bravery required for such close contact was the criterion.

Q. Please describe "milling" as applied to cattle. C. Blacklock, East Orange, N.J.
A. Milling is the enforced marching of cattle in a compact circle in order to prevent a stampede. As the cattle "mill around", they wind themselves into a narrowing mass which becomes tighter and tighter until they can no longer move.

Q. What is "monkey style" riding? D. Forrest, Reno, Nevada.
A. A method of riding in which the rider grasps the horn of the saddle with one or both hands, pushes himself sideways out of the saddle, and stands on one stirrup with the knee rigid, his other leg resting midway between hip and knee across the seat of the saddle. His flexed knee and both hip joints absorb any shocks.

Q. In a recent biography I read of taking "snoose". What is it? C. Barry, Minneapolis, Minn.
A. Snoose is a strong peppery moist snuff once very popular with loggers. It was introduced by Scandinavians and is unlike the conventional dry snuff.

Q. Did you ever hear of a game called "thimblerig"? M. Riger, New Britain, Conn.
A. Yes, and so did you, only under the name "shell game". It was a game popular in the early West. It consisted of hiding a dried pea under three receptacles, shifting them about, and the player would bet as to which receptacle hid the pea. In its early days, the thimblerigger used thimbles as the receptacles; later, he used English walnuts.

Q. In an article on anthropology I read recently, the author mentioned the etiquette of Indians. Did they have any? D. Murphy, Boise, Idaho.
A. Yes, indeed, as do most primitive societies. Indians etiquette demanded that young people should defer to elders when speaking. Also that one should knock on the teepee before entering, that men should sit cross-legged while women should sit with their legs on the side. Also that one should enter a teepee on the right and leave on the left.

Q. Can you furnish examples of Indian names which we have retained? S. Monroe, Somerset, Mass.
A. There are hundreds, but here are some: Yo-sem-i-ty from which we get Yosemite (and which means "grizzly bear"); Ouchage (Osage); Messouri (Missouri); Ouaouia (Iowa); Ouaeache (Wabash); Ni-bthaska (Nebraska); Ouisconsink (Wisconsin); Ute (Utah); Oklahoma (which means "red people"); and M-chweaming (Wyoming).

Q. What is an Appaloosa horse? F. Austin, Orange, N.J.
A. The Appaloosa is a breed originally developed by the Nez Perce Indians in the Palouse, or Pelouse, River country. Its distinguishing characteristics are color spots on the rump, a lack of hair on the tail and inside the thigh, much white in the eye and pink on the nose.

Q. I recently read the term "ghost cord" as applied to horses. Are you familiar with it? G. Sullivan, Concord, N.H.
A. A ghost cord is a thin string tied about the horse's tongue and gums, and thence passed below the lower jaw and up to the rider's hand. It is used by some horsemen as a pun-

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BUTCH CASSIDY

(continued from page 50)

in Helena, Montana, were unsigned and therefore, useless. Curses of rage greeted this discovery, but Butch took it as a joke. Seizing a handful of the new bills, he threw them into a can of hot coffee. He then took them out and let them dry in the sun. Now the bills bore an aged appearance. Later a forger was engaged by the gang to sign the proper names to the bills, and many of them were actually put into circulation. The money divided, Butch told his men to separate. Harvey Logan had an aunt living in Kentucky so that outlaw headed east. However, before he reached his destination he was arrested for carrying a concealed weapon, but before his real identity could be established he added insult to injury by making his escape and taking the sheriff's horse in his getaway.

The Knoxville *Sentinel* of June 27, 1903, bore these headlines:

> Bandit Logan was last seen five miles from City Saturday. . . .
>
> He was riding leisurely along a by road having left the pike -- spoke to no one he met.

A reward notice and description also appeared:

> As to the reward for Logan, Sheriff Fox on Saturday night offered $500 reward for his recapture, and the Great Northern Railway and express Company offers $500, and United States Marshal Austin offers $250. This makes $1250, but the one who captures him, it said, would do better to turn him back to Montana or Wyoming, where he can be disposed of at from $2000 to $5000. There are rewards ranging from $1000 to $6000 for his arrest alone. The reward to Knoxville parties, will, of course, not be paid, as his conviction was not completed. He was to have been re-sentenced July 10.

Following is the description of Logan sent out by the Pinkertons:

Age, 36 years (1901)
Height, 5 ft. 7 1/2 inches.
Build, medium
Nose, prominent, large, long and straight.
Color of hair, dark brown.
Style of beard, clean shaven.
Eyes, dark.
Weight, 145 to 160 lbs.
Complexion, dark, swarthy,
Marks, has gun-shot wound on wrist; talks slowly.

The tiger of the Wild Bunch headed west and it is claimed that he was surrounded by a posse near Rifle, Colorado, and that he committed suicide on June 8, 1904, rather than be captured. The body was taken to Glenwood Springs, Colorado, where Dectective Lowell Spence identified it as Harvey Logan, and it was buried in the Potters Field there. Many have doubted this man was Logan. In 1911, a man suffering from pneumonia was received at a Denver hospital and he gave the name of Harvey Logan. There were people there who identified him as Kid Curry (whose real name was Harvey Logan.) This man died in the hospital and was buried in Denver.

After leaving Fort Worth, Ben Kilpatrick and Laura Bullion came to St. Louis, Missouri. Soon after their arrival there, stolen currency began circulating in the city. Several weeks passed and then the money was traced to Kilpatrick and Laura. The two were arrested and a large amount of the stolen currency recovered. Tried at the fall term of court, Ben was found guilty and sentenced to serve twelve years in the Federal Prison at Atlanta, Georgia. He was delivered there in November of 1901. Laura Bullion also was found guilty and sentenced to five years in the Tennessee penitentiary.

In early March of 1912 Ben Kilpatrick was released from prison. He drifted back to Ozona, Texas, where he had relatives. Also there was a former cellmate of Ben's, a man named Ole Beck. It was not long before they were cooking up plans to rob an express car. On March 13, 1912, near Sanderson, Texas, they held up a train, and while they were in the express car looking over the contents of a package, Ben made the fatal mistake of taking his eyes off the express messenger for a brief moment. Dave Truesdale, a brave and resourceful man, was looking for a means to halt the robbery. Close at hand lay a heavy mallet. Truesdale seized it and struck the outlaw a fierce blow on the head. Kilpatrick's skull crushed like an eggshell and he fell dead. Now armed with the bandit's revolver, the messenger waited for Beck to put in his appearance. Ole Beck, impatient at the delay, soon put his head through the doorway, and Truesdale blasted him into eternity. The two outlaws were taken into Sanderson, where photos were taken of them. They then were buried in the town's Potters Field.

Butch Cassidy and Harry Longbaugh saw the handwriting on the wall, and decided to take that long-planned trip to South America. With them went Etta Place. In February of 1901 the three of them registered at a New York rooming house at 325 East 14th Street, giving the names of Jim Lowe and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Place. It was also at this time that Etta and Harry had their picture taken at the De Young's Studios at 826 Broadway. Some time later Harry and Etta booked passage on the *S. S. Soldier Prince*, bound for Buenos Aires. Butch Cassidy was to follow in the summer. Cassidy eventually did reach South America via Galveston, Texas on a tramp steamer as part of its crew.

In South America, near Chubut, Argentina, the men purchased a rancho, and for the next four years remained peaceful. But the wily Pinkertons were still on the trail. One of their operators, F. P. Dimaio, located Butch, Harry and Etta. Somehow they received a warning cable from someone and quickly disposed of their holdings and fled to La Paz, Bolivia. In 1907, we find Butch and Harry working at the Concordia

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Tin Mines at La Paz, but soon various robberies began to take place and suspicion was centered on the Americans. On leaving the tin mines, the two outlaws worked for Penny & Duncan, at the Huanuhia silver mines, but they soon tired of the monotony of routine and resigned.

In the spring of 1909 Butch and Harry replenished their dwindling cash reserve by waylaying and robbing a mule train of gold coin intended for the payroll at the Aramayo Mines near Queshisla, in southern Bolivia.

A week later two Americans drifted into the little Indian village of San Vicente. Heavy, unkept beards concealed their features; their clothing was covered with mud and almost cut to shreds, but the heavy Colts swinging at their hips were shiny and in good condition. Despite their appearance of poverty, the two men were well supplied with gold. They were afoot and leading a large gray mule, heavily laden with canvas bags. In front of the only small inn the town had, the two men asked to be served outside. This strange request, coupled with the ominous look of their weapons, and the fact that the innkeeper recognized the mule as being the property of the Aramayo Mines, quickly aroused his suspicions. As soon as the two Americans had left, he hurriedly sent a message to a nearby detachment of cavalry.

Butch and Harry decided to rest at a nearby patio in the town, but before they could get comfortable, a Bolivian Army captain named Agular, walked into the patio to question them. Before the officer could start asking questions he was riddled with bullets and fell dead to the ground. Taking refuge in an adobe building, Cassidy and Sundance opened fire again and sent the soldiers scurrying for cover.

"We got to get our rifles and ammunition, Sundance, we left them with the mule across the patio."

Sundance made a dash for the rifles, picked them up with several belts of ammunition and raced back towards the adobe fort. The soldiers fired as Longbaugh ran and he fell, wounded in the side and in the groin. Cassidy dashed out and dragged Longbaugh back into the hut. Throughout the night the two Americans held out, and when the soldiers called for a surrender, no sound was heard.

Oppressive silence followed the demand; then came two blasts, followed by dread silence. The bugle sounded the charge and into the patio dashed the troopers. No one opposed them. In the building they found Butch Cassidy and Harry Longbaugh dead. Harry's face was covered with a coat and on removing it, the soldiers saw a small, round hole in the center of the forehead. A similar hole appeared in the forehead of Cassidy. Their ammunition low, Butch had saved the last two cartridges for dispatching his friend Longbaugh and himself out of this world. Perhaps Sundance already was dead when the bullet entered his brain, but Cassidy, as always, wanted to make sure.

The death of the two notorious American outlaws was received with wide acclaim throughout the land, and the cable wires to the United States sizzled for hours with the news. Another received the news with a different view, She was Etta Longbaugh.

The bodies of Cassidy and Longbaugh were buried in the small cemetery at San Vicente; nothing elaborate, simply a crude cemetery with a rusty iron fence and wooden headboards.

The Wild Bunch...most of their kind are gone forever. But as the eerie night winds moan through the canyons and valleys of the desolate Hole-in-The Wall, Brown's Hole and the Robber's Roost country, the old residents say you can picture them entering and leaving...entering and leaving...the Long Riders of the Outlaw Trail, galloping forever through the pages of history...writing a legend that will endure as long as the mountains stand and the rivers flow their courses through the Butch Cassidy domain... ●RW

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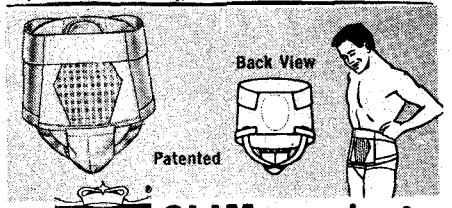

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INDIANS STORY

(continued from page 61)

Nez Perce recalled some of the earliest dealings of his people with non-Indians:

"All the Nez Perces made friends with Lewis and Clark, and agreed to let them pass through their country, and never to make war on white men. This promise the Nez Perces have never broken. No white man can accuse them of bad faith and speak with a straight tongue."

But it was a different story later, when settlers came to stay on Indian land. At a peace council, the famous Shawnee chief, Tecumseh, invited General William Henry Harrison - "Old Tippecanoe" - to sit on a bench with him. As they talked, the Chief edged closer and closer to the General until Harrison objected.

"How would you enjoy being pushed all the way off, Brother?" asked Tecumseh. "That is the way the whites are treating my people - pushing them off their own lands. The Indians do not enjoy it either. They object, but their objections mean nothing."

Black Kettle, a Cheyenne chief, remarked bitterly:

"I once thought that I was the only man that persevered to be the friend of the white man; but since they have come and cleaned out our lodges, horses, and everything else, it is hard for me to believe white men any more..."

Doubts gave way to fears, and many tribes determined to fight to save their way of life, or die in the attempt. Some Indian leaders were reluctant to get into combats which seemed futile and unavoidably disastrous to their people. Captain White Eyes of the Delawares told his warriors:

"If you will go out in this war, you shall not go without me. I have taken peace measures, it is true, with the view of saving my tribe from destruction; but if you think me in the wrong, if you give more credit to runaway vagabonds than to your own friends - to a man, to a warrior, to a Delaware - if you insist on fighting the Americans - go! and I will go with you. And I will not go like the bear-hunter, who sets his dogs on the animal to be beaten about with his paws, while he keeps himself at a safe distance. No; I will lead you on; I will place myself in the front; I will fall with the first of you! You can do as you choose; but as for me, I will not survive my nation. I will not live to bewail the miserable destruction of a brave people, who deserved, as you do, a better fate."

The next issue of Real West concludes Mrs. Shulsinger's article with quotations from Red Cloud, Geronimo, Old Crow and other famous and not so famous Indian leaders. ●RW

AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

clothing. In the far north, robes of tanned skin and fur were worn in winter, and in the south similar robes were made of cloth woven from twisted bark or mountain sheep wool. The blankets were ornamented with black, blue and yellow designs, by the Chilkat, a Tlingit tribe. Blankets of this kind were highly valued by all the other Coast tribes and worn on ceremonial occasions. A poncho of tightly woven matting and a broad-brimmed hat were worn on rainy days. The people went barefoot in the summer. They had a war armor made of thick folded hides, overlapping slats, or heavy rods of wood. They also wore a wooden helmet. This was good protection against arrows, bone knives and clubs. ●RW

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EDITOR'S CORRAL

(continued from page 57)

TRAIN ROBBERY AT BIG SPRINGS, NEBRASKA

On September 19, an eastward-bound passenger train was stopped and robbed by thirteen masked men at Big Springs, Neb., a water station, 162 miles east of Cheyenne. There are only one or two houses beside the station. The robbers arrived in the evening, and took possession of everything. They tore the telegraph instruments out, and threw them away. The red lights were then hung out to stop the train, which reached there about eleven o'clock. The train stopped, and the robbers took possession. They secured $65,000 in coin and about $500 in currency from the express car. The through safe, which they left untouched, contained a very large sum of money. The passengers in the coaches were then visited, and deprived of their cash and valuables. It is stated that $1,300 in cash, four gold watches and a ticket to Chicago were taken from passengers; one of whom lost a gold watch and $480. The arrival of a freight train evidently interfered with their plans, for, after putting out the fire in the locomotive of the express, they mounted and rode away, without disturbing the occupants of the sleeping-car. On the following day the Union Pacific Railroad and Express Companies offered a reward of $10,000 for the arrest of the thieves and the recovery of the money; a pro rata of the reward to be paid for the recovery of any portion of the money, or the capture of any of the robbers. The sheriffs of the surrounding counties, and commanding officers of military posts throughout Nebraska and Wyoming and along the Union Pacific Railroad have been informed of the robbery and everything possible will be done to effect the arrest of its perpetrators.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
Oct. 6, 1877

CATTLE SHIPMENTS

The shipments of Texas cattle over the Kansas Pacific Railroad average 1,500 per day.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
October 8, 1870

●RW

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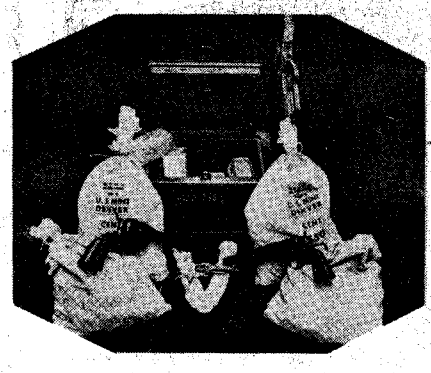

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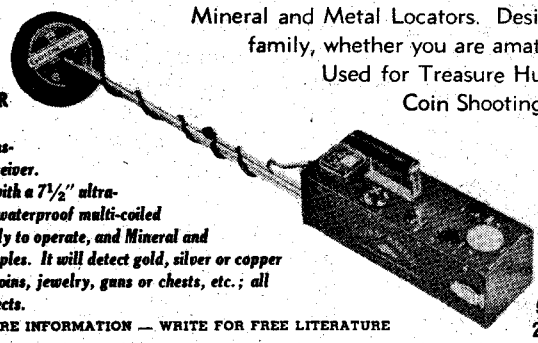

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

(continued from page 69)

ishment for bucking and can be extremely painful. There are many styles of ghost cords, but this is the most common. Most ranchers do not approve of them.

Q. Did the Indians practice divorce? P. Cotter, Scranton, Pa.

A. Yes, they did, in a very simple way. The Sioux, for instance, would "beat the drum" - that is, when a man wished to divorce his wife, he would choose some public occasion like a dance, and beat upon a drum, and announce that their union was over.

Q. What is the origin and desirability of Brahma cattle? R. Devereux, Natick, Mass.

A. This breed is imported from India, China or Africa, and is popular in the Southwest. It is highly resistant to flies and ticks and the effects of desert heat.

Q. What did Quantrill, the guerilla chief, look like? E. Hawkins, El Centro, Calif.

A. According to descriptions left by people who knew him, William Clarke Quantrill had blue eyes, weighed about 171 pounds, had a gaunt expressionless face and a lean body.

Q. What kind of vehicle was the "celerity wagon"? M. Kelly, Hartford, Conn.

A. A celerity wagon was used extensively on the Butterfield Stagecoach Line. It was a "mud wagon" and was used on heavy roads and rugged mountain country where a regular coach might capsize. It was comparatively light, had a trim body with a firm duck superstructure provided with roller flaps at the sides.

Q. How many kinds of Sioux Indians were there, and did their names mean anything special? E. Cochrane, Elgin, Ill.

A. The Sioux nation about a century ago, which was their peak, was composed of seven major divisions; the Oglala (Scatter One's Own); the Sichangu (Burnt Thighs); the Miniconjou (Those Who Plant By The Stream); the Hunkpapa (Those Who Camp At The Entrance); the Sihasapa (Black Feet); the Itazipcho (Without Bows); and the Oohenonpa (Two Boilings or Two Kettles). The Sichangus are now known as the Brules. ●RW

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JESSE JAMES

(continued from page 33)

band was tracked into Jackson County, where, as usual, every trace of them disappeared. A party of detectives went to Monegraw Springs in search of the outlaws and found two of the Younger Brothers, who promptly disarmed them, and compelled the possemen to have coffee with them. Bob Younger told the officers this before allowing them to depart:

"You know that my brother Cole was accused of being in the band who robbed the Iowa railroad train which occurred July 21, 1873. At that time, my brothers and I were all down at the bottom at Monegraw Springs in St. Clair County, Missouri. The robbery was committed on Monday and Sunday we attended preaching. This we could prove by a great many people of Greenton Valley, Lafayette County, Missouri, and Reverend Mr. Smith, who was here as in this very same hotel at the time on a visit."

On the day after the robbery five of the bandits, or, at least, believed to have been them, ate dinner at the home of a farmer named Stuckeye, in Ringgold County. He described the men as follows:

1. Seemed to be the leader; five feet seven or eight inches tall, light hair, blue eyes, heavy sandy whiskers, broad shoulders, short nose, a little turned up; high broad forehead; looked to be well educated, not used to work; age thirty-six to forty.

2. Tall and lithe, with light complexion, high forehead, light brown hair, long, light whiskers, almost sandy, long, slender hands that certainly had not done much hard work, nose a prominent Roman. He was very polite and talked little. Looked thirty-six years old.

3. Slender, five feet nine or ten inches tall, hair cut short and of a light brown color, straight nose, uncouth and sarcastic in speech, brown eyes, and wearing a hard, dissipated countenance. Middle-aged, and wore dark clothes.

4. Dark complexion, dark hair, clean shaved, five feet eight inches tall, heavy set, straight, black eyes, straight nose, good looking, but appeared dissipated. Middle-aged, and wore light pants, hat, and vest, and dark coat.

5. Five feet ten inches tall, large, broad shoulders, straight, blue eyes, reddish whiskers. Roman nose. Middle-aged, and very pleasant in appearance.

These descriptions fit those of Frank and Jesse James, Clell Miller, Jim and Bob Younger. What happened to the other two men remained a moot question. It was definitely known that the seven outlaws were together when they rode through Missouri.

Others also wanted to get into the act. The Kansas City *Times* received communications supposedly implicating other people, but nothing much came of this. The most prominent accusation was that of Jack Bishop, when he wrote in to the paper and accused Ike Flannery of being one of the band.

After the Adair train robbery the outlaws enjoyed a long period of inactivity, and were not heard from again until the early part of 1874.

Of all the holdups and robberies attributed to the James-Younger band of outlaws there is still some material evidence connected with some of the crimes. The bank buildings robbed at Liberty, Missouri and Russellville, Kentucky are still standing; the old iron safe in Ste. Genevieve could tell an interesting story, and in Northfield there is a piece of the scalp from one of the robbers on display. Several revolvers dropped in a hasty getaway after the bank robbery at Huntington, West Virginia are resting comfortably in a museum.

The only bit of such evidence connected with the Adair train robbery is a simple, gold signet ring which had been tossed away by the robbers in the Nodaway River bottom as they rode off

(Continued on next page)

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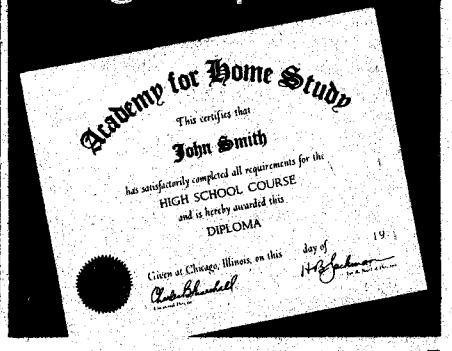

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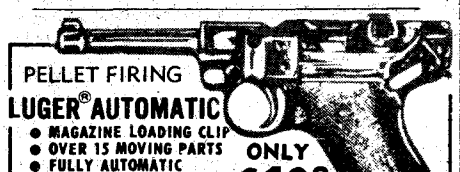

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JESSE JAMES

(continued from page 75)

from the scene of the train wreck. It belongs to Elmer Johnson of Greenfield, Iowa, and has been in his family for three generations.

It seems that Elmer's father, then a boy of about ten, was returning home with his father, Jehu Johnson. As they rode across an unfarmed area in their wagon young Johnson spied something on the ground. On investigation he found that it was a bunch of cheap rings. Mr. Johnson gave each of his children one of the rings and turned the remainder over to the postmaster. No one has ever learned what happened to the rest of the rings.

At Adair, Iowa on Wednesday and Thursday, July 21-22, 1954, the train robbery was reenacted in a gigantic celebration. Many oldtimers declared the crowds which thronged Adair during the festivities were the largest to ever attend a celebration there. One feature of the activities was the unveiling of the marker at the robbery site. The marker is not in memory of the outlaw band, but a monument commemorating the first train robbery west of the Mississippi River. It stands some 25 miles northwest of Greenfield, a few miles west of Adair on Highway 6, on a cut-off lane which leads to a knoll. Thereon are mounted three markers...one an old engine wheel and a section of a century-old track...the other a plaque which reads: "The Adair Train Robbery, World's First Robbery of a Moving Train-Committed Here on July 21, 1873, by the notorious Jesse James and his Gang of Outlaws." The present Rock Island tracks run just a short distance beyond the markers. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

The Adair News
Personal Visit to this area
Contemporary newspapers
My own writings relative to the life of the Jameses

CAMP BAKER

(continued from page 14)

killed along with Captain William Logan.

On December 30, 1878, Camp Baker witnessed the permanent planting of the flag pole and experienced the redesignation as Fort Logan - in honor of the valiant officer who died fighting the Nez Perce. In 1879 the Seventh Infantry was replaced by a company of the 3rd United States Regiment of Infantry under Captain Daingerfield. However, the sun was about to set, Indian troubles were past history and the need for the Smith River post had ceased to exist. Fort Logan was officially decommissioned in 1880. In 1881 the property was purchased by Judge and Mrs. William Gaddis who converted the excellent facilities into a successful ranch. Gaddis had formerly been a storekeeper at Fort Logan.

Actually, although no shots ever threatened the sturdy blockhouse, the Camp Baker - Fort Logan installation posed a strong threat to tribal war chiefs and its very presence served to keep the peace. Seven soldiers died at the post, none from enemy action, and were interred at the post cemetery. These men were ultimately re-interred at the Custer Battlefield National Cemetery to rest beside other deceased veterans of the Indian Wars.

Today both the Camp Baker and Fort Logan sites are on private property. Mrs. Nancy Berg operates a ranch at Logan and the old headquarters building, sturdy in spite of its years, serves as her Summer home. The site of the original Camp Baker, overlooking the Smith River, is on the picturesque ranch of Walter Johnston. ●RW

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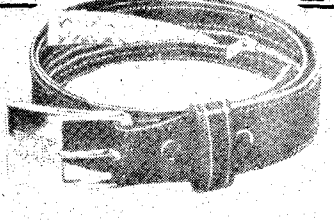

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This engrossing autobiography is a major addition to the history of the Yaquis from 1896 to 1907 and to the study of ethnic relations and cultural development in the Southwest. Except for some protective inaccuracies, the chronicle is absolutely authentic factually, culturally, and psychologically. Thus, as well as being a contribution to history, it is also a contribution to the understanding of Yaqui personality patterns. There is certainly nothing now in print which constitutes such a clear exposition, and the book will be a pioneer presentation of these complex phenomena.

THE HOE AND THE HORSE ON THE PLAINS
A Study of Cultural Development among North American Indians
by Preston Holder
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This study centers on two native modes of life of the Plains Indians with special reference to the effects of contact with peoples of European origins. Many Plains Indians developed a nomadic hunting pattern using the horse as an aid, but a few groups held to their old way of life as simple village gardeners, with the result that their numbers dwindled rapidly. The author seeks to determine why this branching out existed and to ascertain the cultural factors which fostered stability and change, and in doing so offers a new point of view concerning the folkways of the Plains Indians.

LORD OF BEASTS,
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Buffalo hunter extraordinary, preserve of Bison, seeker of musk ox in wolf-haunted reaches of the Arctic, of cougars in Grand Canyon, of rhino, giraffe, lion, and gorilla on the African veldt, Buffalo Jones also founded a Kansas town, ran the Cherokee Strip, and spanked recalcitrant bears in Yellowstone. In this documented biography, episodic and fast-paced, one of the giants of the West speaks--in his own words, in newspaper headlines, in letters, in the firsthand reports of such articulate friends as Zane Grey and Emerson Hough, in the vivid writing of the authors, whose creative perception enabled them to mold history into a saga.

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Albert Maurer, Publisher,
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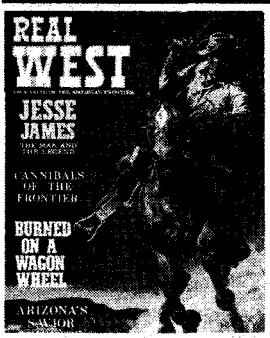

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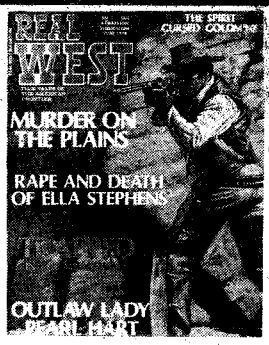

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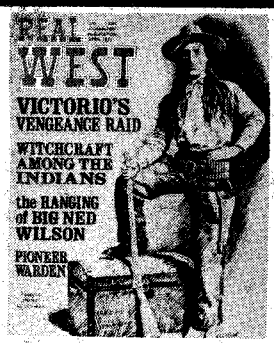

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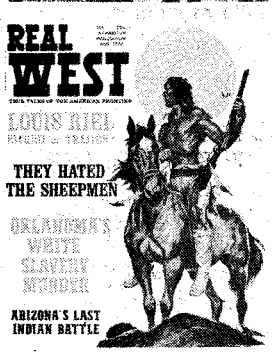

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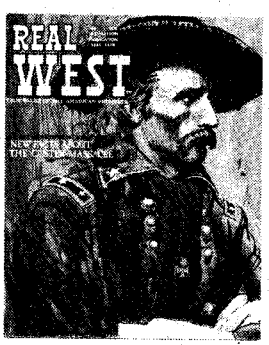

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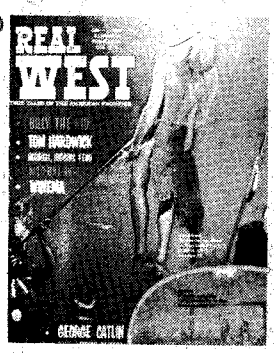

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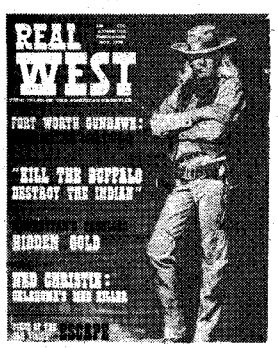

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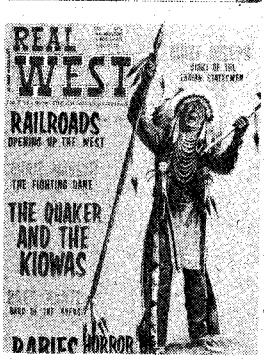

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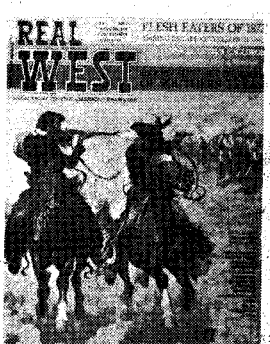

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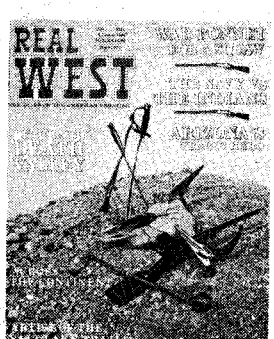

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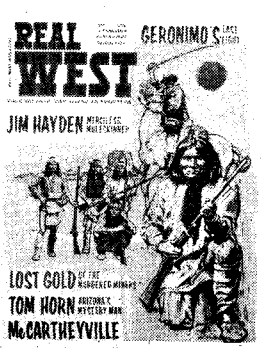

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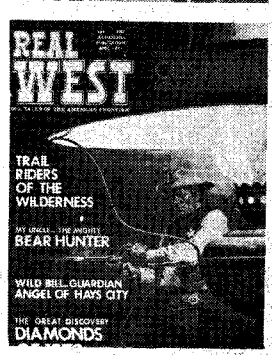

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GUNS

(continued from page 20)

by a man with a Winchester. Clell Miller and Bill Chadwick were killed in front of the bank as they stood guard for Jesse and Frank James and the three Younger brothers inside the building. The survivors bolted for freedom after Jesse James had shot Mr. Heywood, the cashier, for refusing to open the vault.

The decimated outlaws fled town on horseback, ducking low in their saddles in a vain effort to escape a shower of buckshot and birdshot. Bob Younger was so badly wounded that he could not travel, and the valiant James Boys lit out by themselves to save their hides. The three Youngers, along with Sam Wells--alias Charlie Pitts--were surrounded in a woods by their pursuers, and in the ensuing fight Wells was killed and Cole and Jim Younger wounded.

All three of the Younger brothers received life sentences in the Minnesota Penitentiary. The James brothers got clear away, obtaining an old wagon and team of horses and posing as farmers as they drove back to their home stamping grounds in Missouri. Later, Jesse and Frank hit the holdup trail again and continued their lawless ways until Jesse was murdered in 1881 and, shortly thereafter, Frank surrendered to Governor Crittenden of Missouri. The abortive attempt to rob the bank at Northfield in 1876 had marked the high point of their 15-year career of robbery and murder.

And so the efficient but unglamorous scattergun played a far larger role in the building of the West than most writers care to admit. Looking back on those shotgun-toting citizens of yesteryear, one can only wish that they were around today to help enforce law and order where needed. ●RW

BRADFORD'S LETTER

(continued from page 34)

to have acted as much of a deterrent.

A multiplicity of questions popped into my mind. The most tantalizing being did Pvt. Bradford "go to California" or did he serve out his enlistment and receive an honorable discharge? Or was his destiny a tragic one? Could be the "Shyans" or "Kiwars" eventually took his scalp?

A search of pension records showed that on a form filled out in 1883, Bradford eliminated his time spent with the frontier army. Evidence seemed to be pointing to the possibility that he did indeed desert, however, further efforts proved he was honorably discharged at Fort Lyon, Colorado Territory in 1870. His pension application states a claim for total disability stemming from a disease incurred during the Civil War. This lends credence to the idea that he was trying to cover up some kind of sickness when he rejoined the army in 1867.

It would be nice if one could report William W. Bradford returning home to fall in love with and marrying one of those "two good looking girls below our house." Alas, to the disappointment of romantics Bradford remained a bachelor until his death in 1901.

For several years he had been confined to the Eastern Branch, National Home for Disabled Veterans and classed as an invalid. He did not die there though. Some time before his demise he finally got around to "deserting." A communication from one of the officials at the National Home to the Commissioner of Pensions in Washington, D. C. contains this notation concerning Bradford: "Dropped from the rolls by order of the Board of M., Sep. 1, 1900, for absence without leave over 60 days."

Maybe Bill Bradford was on his way to California when he died. I'd certainly like to think so. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

George Hart Western Americana Collection.

National Archives.

DAN WILLIAMS

(continued from page 43)

Kennedy had dispatched a Constable King to do the job. But Dan shot a splinter from a door frame near the officer's head to show his determination not to leave. At that time there was no other contest.

Dan told Thela to gather their things and they would leave, probably the next day. It was not to be.

"Dan Williams in there?" came a gruff inquiry, next morning. "You're under arrest for shooting at Officer King. . ."

Dan started to protest and Sergeant Bannister unsnapped his revolver holster. Thela rushed at him, waving her hands, "Stop, stop." The officer shot reflexively, putting a bullet in Thela's forehead. She fell forward, dead. Dan snatched up his rifle, for which he had now stolen shells. His first shot struck the policeman in the chest. Dan also shot another and killed him before being taken into custody. He gave one backward glance at the dead Thela then surrendered without further difficulty.

There were many who attested to his simplicity and God-fearing ways but the ways of the law in the north were inexorable when an officer was killed. The Peace River country must be freed of Dread Dan Williams.

The jury filed back in with a verdict of guilty. Not long afterwards, March 29, 1880, at Fort Saskatchewan, Dread Daniel Williams was hanged.

"Lawd, help Yore poor Dan. He needs Yo now," he beseeched just before being strangled. ●RW

Reference Sources:

Daniel Williams, by Peter Frenchen

Strange Empire, by Joseph Howard

Beaver, Kings & Cabins, by Constance Skinner

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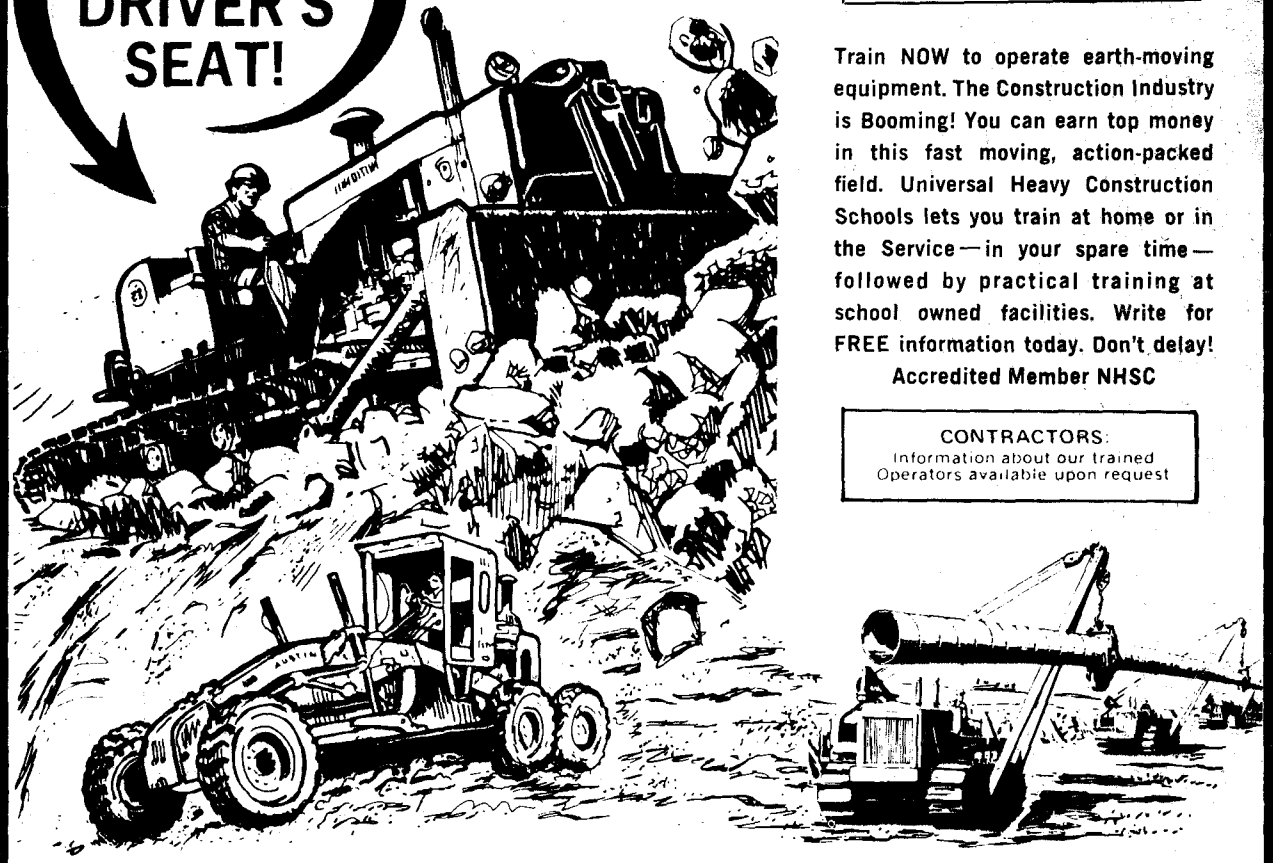

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